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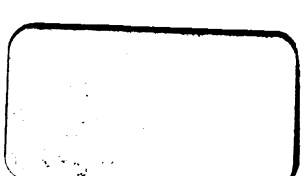

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Erasmi Colloquia Selecta.

THE

SELECT COLLOQUIES

OF

ERASMUS.

WITH AN

English Translation, as literal as possible.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF

BEGINNERS IN THE LATIN TONGUE.

BY JOHN CLARKE,

Author of the Essays upon Education and Study.

THE TWENTY THIRD EDITION, CORRECTED.

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PREFACE.

I NEED observe nothing here about the neceſſity of Literal Tranſlations *of* Latin *Authors for the uſe of beginners in the* Latin *tongue, having already ſaid ſo much to that purpoſe in my* Diſſertation *upon the ſubject, and in my* Eſſay upon the Education of Youth in Grammar-Schools. *Thither, therefore, I muſt refer my reader, if he want ſatisfaction in the matter: for if that will not ſatisfy him, nothing I can add farther to the point will ſignify any thing. It is to me a wonder it ſhould be neceſſary to ſay any thing in ſo plain a caſe. For this method of proceeding with beginners does ſo viſibly recommend itſelf by its great eaſineſs, both for teacher and learner, that it is really ſurpriſing the world ſhould not long ſince have hit upon what lies ſo obvious to common ſenſe; and I ſhould have much ado to think any man could, upon the leaſt conſideration, fail of being convinced of the reaſonableneſs and neceſſity of it, did I not conſider that prejudice has a ſtrange influence upon the minds of men, and that it*

has been commonly found somewhat difficult to beat them out of a road they have been used to. The only reason I can imagine, why this method has not been taken long before this, is the difficulty of translating any thing in Latin *literally, and at the same time tolerably into our* English *tongue. A* Literal Translation, *it was thought, would look ridiculous, and bring no great credit to its author; and therefore, no body was willing to stoop to a piece of drudgery, how useful and necessary soever, that was not likely to turn much to the undertaker's reputation. For we see in the teaching of other languages, where the manner of expression lies not so cross to that of the* English *tongue, but that they will commonly admit of an easy* literal translation, *translations have been thought necessary, and constantly used.*

It is impossible, indeed, Literal Translations *should be every where easy, handsome, smooth* English; *but whoever considers the vast usefulness of them, and that they are not designed to teach boys* English, *but* Latin, *by informing them in the precise and proper import of the words in that language (which they visibly do, with vastly more expedition, as well as ease to both master and scholar, than any other method that can be taken*

taken with them); I say, whoever considers this, will not be offended at the stiffness and awkwardness of the language here and there, which is unavoidable in the way of translation.

The Reader will here find the most comical and diverting dialogues of Erasmus, *published exactly in the same method with my* Corderv: *that is to say, the translation is as literal as it well can be made, and the order of the* Latin *words altered and accommodated to the* English *tongue. All concerned in the instruction of young boys in the* Latin *tongue cannot but be sensible how much their progress is retarded by the difficulty arising from the perplexed intricate order of the words in that language. This is a continual rub in their way, that hinders them, at least, to speak within compass, half in half. This, therefore, I have here removed, that they may not be confounded and discouraged by a difficulty that occurs almost every where, and which they cannot get over without that continual assistance which no master can give them, to keep them constantly going on; or if he could, yet it would be a needless piece of drudgery, since it may be saved by this contrivance.*

THE FOLLOWING BOOKS,

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ERASMI

COLLOQUIA SELECTA.

NAUFRAGIUM.

A. NARRAS horrenda; est istuc navigare? Deus prohibeat ne quidquam tale veniat unquam in mentem.

THOU tellest dreadful Things; is that sailing? God forbid that any such Thing should come ever into my Mind.

B. Imo quod memoravi hactenus, est merus lusus præ his, quæ nunc audies.

Nay, what I have related hitherto, is mere Play, in Comparison of these Things which now you shall hear.

A. Audivi plus satis malorum. Inhorresco te memorante, quasi ipse interfim periculo.

I have heard more than enough of evils. I tremble whilst you relate, as if I myself were present in the Danger.

B. Imo, acti labores sunt jucundi mihi. Ea nocte quiddam accidit quod ex magna parte demit spem salutis nauclero.

Nay, past Labours are pleasant to me. That Night something happened, which in a great Measure took away the Hopes of Safety from the Master.

A. Quid *obsecro?* What, *I pray you?*

B. Erat *sublustris* nox, *et* quidam *e nautis* stabat *in galea*; nam *sic* vocant, *opinor*; circumspectans, *si* viderat *quam* terram. *Quædam* sphæra *ignea* cœpit *adsistere* huic; *id* est *tristissimum* ostentum *nautis*, si *quando* ignis *est* solitarius, *felix* cum *geminus*. Vetustas *credidit* hos *esse* Castorem *et* Pollucem.

It was *a Moonshine* Night, *and* one *of the Sailors* stood *upon the Round Top*; for *so* they call it, *I think*; looking about *if* he could see *any* Land. *A certain* Globe *of Fire* began *to stand by* him; *that* is *a very sad* Sign *to the Sailors*, if *at any Time* the Fire *is* but one, *a happy one* when *there are two*. Antiquity *believed* these *to be* Castor *and* Pollux.

A. Quid illis *cum* nautis, *quorum* alter *fuit* eques, *alter* pugil?

What have they to do *with* Sailors, *of which* one *was* a Horseman, *the other* a Boxer?

B. Sic *visum est* poetis. *Nauclerus*, qui *assidebat* clavo, *inquit*, Socie, *(nam* nautæ *compellant* se mutuo *eo* nomine*) videsne* quod *sodalitium* claudat *tibi latus?* Video, *respondit* ille, *et* precor *ut* sit *felix*. Mox *igneus* globus *delapsus* per *funes*, devolvit *se* usque ad *nauclerum*.

So *it seemed good* to the Poets. *The Master*, who *sat* at the Helm, *says*, Comrade, *(for* Sailors *call* one another *by that* Name*) do you see* what *Company* covers *your Side?* I see, *answered* he, *and* I wish *that* it may be *lucky*. By and by *the fiery* Globe *sliding* along *the Ropes*, rolls *itself* to *the Master*.

A. Num

A. Num ille exanimatus eſt *metu?*

Was he not killed *with Fear?*

B. Nautæ *aſſuevere* monſtris. *Ibi* commoratus *pauliſper*, volvit *ſe* per *margines* totius *navis*, inde *dilapſus* per *medios foros* evanuit. Sub *meridiem* tempeſtas *cœpit* incrudeſcere *magis* ac *magis*. Vidiſtine *Alpes* unquam?

Sailors *are uſed* to ſtrange Things. *There* ſtaying *a little while*, it rolled *itſelf* along *the Edges* of the whole *Ship*, after that *ſlipping* through *the Middle of the Decks*, it vaniſhed away. About *Noon* the Storm *began* to rage *more* and *more*. Have you ſeen *the Alps* ever?

A. Vidi.

I have ſeen them.

B. Illi *montes* ſunt *verrucæ*, ſi *conferantur* ad *undas* maris. *Quoties* tollebamur *in altum*, licuiſſet *contingere* lunam *digito*. Quoties *demittebamur*, videbamur *ire* recte *in tartara*, terra *debiſcente*.

Thoſe *Mountains* are *Mole-Hills*, if *they be compared* to *the Waves* of the Sea. *As oft as* we were lifted up *on high*, one might *have touched* the Moon *with a Finger*. As oft as *we were let down*, we ſeemed *to go* directly *into Hell*, the Earth *gaping*.

A. O inſanos *qui* credunt *ſe* mari!

O mad Folks, *who* truſt *themſelves* to the Sea!

B. Nautis *luctantibus* fruſtra *cum* tempeſtate, *tandem* nauclerus *totus* pallens *adiit* nos.

The Sailors *ſtruggling* in vain *with* the Tempeſt, *at length* the Maſter *all* pale *came to* us.

A. Is *pallor* præsagit *aliquod* magnum *malum.*

That *Paleneſs* preſages *ſome* great *Evil.*

B. Amici, *inquit,* deſii *eſſe* dominus *meæ* navis; *venti* vicere; *reliquum eſt* ut *collocemus* noſtrûm *ſpem* in Deo; *et* quiſque *paret* ſe *ad extrema.*

Friends, *ſaith he,* I have ceaſed *to be* Maſter *of my* Ship; *the Winds* have conquered; *it remains* that *we place* our *Hopes* in God; *and* every one *prepare* himſelf *for Extremities.*

A. O concionem *vere* Scythicam!

O Speech *truly* Scythian!

B. Autem *in primis,* inquit, *navis* eſt *exoneranda,* ſic *neceſſitas* jubet, *durum* telum: *Præſtat* conſulere *vitæ,* diſpendio *rerum,* quam *interire* ſimul *cum* rebus. *Veritas* perſuaſit: *plurima* vaſa *plena* precioſis *mercibus* projecta ſunt *in mare.*

But *firſt* quoth he, *the Ship* is *to be unloaded*; to *Neceſſity* commands, *a hard* Weapon: *It is better* to take Care *of Life,* with the Loſs *of Goods,* than *to periſh* together *with* our Goods. *Truth* perſuaded; *very many* Veſſels *full* of precious *Wares* were thrown *into the Sea.*

A. Hoc *erat* vere *facere* jacturam.

This *was* truly *to make* Loſs.

B. Quidam *Italus* aderat, *qui* egerat legatum *apud regem Scotiæ,* huic erat *ſcrinium* plenum *argenteis* vaſis, *annulis,* panno, *ac* ſericis *veſtimentis.*

A certain *Italian* was there, *who* had been Embaſſador *with* the King *of Scotland*; he had *a Box* full *of ſilver* Veſſels, *Rings,* Cloth, *and* Silk *Cloaths.*

A. Nolebat

A. Nolebat *is* decidere *cum* mari?

Would not *he* compound *with* the Sea?

B. Non, *sed* cupiebat *aut* perire *cum* suis *amicis* opibus, *aut* servari *simul* cum *illis*; itaque *refragabat*.

No, *but* he desired *either* to perish *with* his *beloved* Riches, *or* to be saved *together* with *them*; *therefore he refused*.

A. Quid *dixit* nauclerus?

What said the Master?

B. Liceret tibi *per nos*, inquit *ille*, perire *solum* cum *tuis*; sed *non æquum est*, ut *nos* omnes *periclitemur* causa *tui* scrinii, *alioque* dabimus *te* præcipitem *in mare* una *cum* scrinio.

You might *for us*, quoth *he*, perish *alone* with *your Things*; but *it is not fit* that *we* all *should be endangered* for the Sake *of your* Box, *otherwise* we will throw *you* headlong *into the Sea*, together *with* your Box.

A. Orationem *vere* nauticam!

A Speech *truly* Sailor-like!

B. Sic *Italus* quoque *fecit* jacturam, *precans* multa *mala* superis et inferis, *quod* credidisset *suam* vitam *tam barbaro* elemento; *paulo* post *venti* facti *nihilo* mitiores *nostris* muneribus, *rupere* funes, *dejecere* vela.

So *the Italian* too *made* Loss; *wishing* many *evil Things* to those above *and* below, *that* he had trusted *his* Life *to so barbarous* an Element: *A little* after *the Winds* made *nothing* milder *by our* Presents, *broke* the Ropes, *tore away* the Sails.

A. O calamitatem!

O Calamity!

B. Ibi *rursus* nauta *adit* nos.

There *again* the Sailor *comes to* us.

A. Concionaturus? To make a Speech?

B. Salutat. *Amici*, inquit, *tempus* hortatur *ut* uniuſquiſque *commendet* ſe *Deo*, ac *præparet* ſe *morti*. Rogatus *à* quibuſdam *non* imperitis *nauticæ* rei, *ad quot* horas *crederet* ſe *poſſe* tueri *navem*, negavit *ſe* poſſe *polliceri* quidquam, ſed *non* poſſe *ultra* tres *horas*.

He ſalutes us. *Friends*, ſays he, *the Time* exhorts *that* every one *commend* himſelf *to God*, and *prepare* himſelf *for Death*. Being aſked *by* ſome *not* unſkilled *in the ſailing* Buſineſs, for *how many* Hours *he believed* he *could* maintain *the Ship*, he denied *that he* could *promiſe* any Thing, *but* that he could not *above* three *Hours*.

A. Hæc *concio* erat *etiam* durior *priore*.

This *Speech* was *even* harder *than the former*.

B. Ubi *locutus eſt* hæc, *jubet* omnes *funes* incidi, *ac* malum *incidi* ſerra, *uſque* ad thecam, *cui* inſeritur, *ac* devolvi *ſimul* cum *antennis* in mare.

When *he had ſaid* this, *he orders* all *the Ropes* to be cut, *and* the Maſt *to be cut* with a Saw, *cloſe* by the Caſe, *into which* it is put, *and* to be tumbled *together* with *the Sail Yards* into the Sea.

A. Cur hoc? Why this?

B. Quia *velo* ſublato *aut* lacero, *erat* oneri, *non* uſui; *tota* ſpes *erat* in clavo.

Becauſe *the Sail* being taken away *or* torn, *it was* a Burden, *not* of Uſe; *all* our Hope *was* in the Helm.

A. Quid *interea* vectores?

What *in the mean Time did* the Paſſengers?

B. Ibi

B. Ibi *vidisses* miseram *faciem* rerum. *Nautæ*, canentes *salve* regina, *implorabant* virginem *matrem*, appellantes *eam* stellam *maris*, reginam *cæli*, dominam *mundi*, portam *salutis*, ac *blandientes* illi *multis* aliis *titulis*, quos *sacræ* literæ *nusquam* tribuunt *illi*.

There *you would have seen* a miserable *Face* of Things. *The Sailors*, singing *God save you* O Queen, *implored* the Virgin *Mother*, calling *her* the Star *of the Sea*, the Queen *of Heaven*, Lady *of the World*, Harbour *of Safety*, and *flattering* her *with many* other *Titles* which *the Holy* Scriptures *no where* attribute *to her*.

A. Quid illi *cum* mari, *quæ* nunquam *navigavit*, opinor?

What has she to do *with* the Sea, *who* never *sailed*, I believe?

B. Venus *olim* agebat *curam* nautarum, *quia* credebatur *nata ex* mari; *quoniam* ea *desiit* curare, *virgo* mater *est* suffecta *huic* matri, *non* virgini.

Venus *formerly* took *Care* of the Sailors, *because* she was believed to be *born* of the Sea; *because* she *has ceased* to take Care, the *Virgin* Mother *is* substituted *to this* Mother, *not* a Virgin.

A. Ludis.

You banter.

B. Nonnulli *procumbentes* in *tabulas* adorabant *mare*, effundentes *quicquid* olei *erat* in undas, *blandientes* illi *non* aliter *quam* solemus *irato* principi.

Some *falling down* upon *the Boards*, worshipped *the Sea*, pouring *whatsoever* Oil *there was* into the Waves, *flattering* it *no* otherwise *than* we use to do *an angry* Prince.

A. Quid

A. Quid *aiebant?* What *did they say?*

B. O clementiſſimum *mare!* O generoſiſſimum *mare!* O formoſiſſimum *mare!* miteſce, *ſerva.* Occinebant *multa* hujuſcemodi *ſurdo* mari.

O moſt merciful *Sea!* O moſt noble *Sea!* O moſt rich *Sea!* grow mild, *ſave us.* They ſung *many Things* of this Kind *to the deaf* Sea.

A. Ridicula *ſuperſtitio!* Quid *alii?*

Ridiculous *Superſtition!* What did *others?*

B. Quidam *nihil* aliud *quam* vomebant, *plerique* nuncupabant *vota.* Aderat *quidam* Anglus, *qui* promittebat *aureos* montes *virgini* Walſingamicæ, *ſi* attigiſſet *terram* vivus. *Alii* promittebant *multa* ligno *crucis*, quod *eſſet* in *tali* loco, *alii* rurſus *quod* eſſet *in* tali *loco.* Idem *factum eſt* de *virgine* Maria, *quæ* regnat *in* multis *locis*, et *putant* votum *irritum*, niſi *exprimas* locum.

Some did *nothing* elſe *than* vomit, *moſt* put up *Vows.* There was preſent *a certain* Engliſhman, *who* promiſed *golden* mountains *to the Maid* of Walſingham, if he touched *Land* alive. *Others* promiſed *many Things* to the Wood *of the Croſs*, which *was* in *ſuch* a Place, *others* again to that *which* was *in* ſuch *a Place.* The ſame *was done* as to *the Virgin* Mary, *who* reigns *in* many *Places*, and *they think* the Vow *to no Purpoſe*, unleſs *you expreſs* the Place.

A. Ridiculum! *quaſi* divi *non habitant* in *cælis.*

Ridiculous! *as tho'* the Saints *do not dwell* in *the Heavens.*

B. Erant *qui* promitterent *ſe* fore *Car-*

There were *who* promiſed *that they* would be *thuſianos.*

thuſianes. Erat *unus* qui *polliceretur* ſe *aditurum* Jacobum, *qui* habitat *Compoſtellæ*, nudis *pedibus* et *capite*, corpore *tantum* tecto *ferrea* lorica, *ad hæc*, emendicato *cibo*.

Carthuſians. There was *one* who *promiſed* that he *would go to* James, *who* dwells at *Compoſtella*, bare *Foot* and *Head*, with his Body *only* covered *with an Iron* Coat of Mail, *beſides this*, begging *his Meat*.

A. Nemo *meminit* Chriſtophori?

Did nobody *mention* Chriſtopher?

B. Audivi *unum* non *ſine* riſu, *qui* clara *voce*, ne *non exaudiretur*, polliceretur *Chriſtophoro*, qui *eſt* Lutetiæ *in ſummo templo*, mons *verius* quam *ſtatua*, cereum *tantum* quantus *eſſet ipſe*. Cum *vociferans* hæc *quantum* poterat, *inculcaret* identidem; *qui* forte *aſtabat* proximus, *notus* illi, *tetigit* eum *cubito*, ac *ſubmonuit*, Vide *quid* pollicearis, *nametiamſi* facias *auctionem* omnium tuarum *rerum*, non fueris ſolvendo. *Tum* ille *inquit* voce *jam* preſſiore, *videlicet*, ne *Chriſtophorus* exaudiret, *Tace*, fatue; *an credis* me *loqui* ex animo? Si ſemel *con-*

I heard *one* not *without* ſmiling, *who* with a clear *Voice*, leſt *he ſhould not be heard*, promiſed *Chriſtopher*, who *is* at Paris *on the Top of a Church*, a Mountain *more truly* than *a Statue*, a Wax Candle, *as big* as *he was himſelf*. When *bawling out* this *as hard as* he could, *he inculcated it* now and then; *he that* by Chance, *ſtood* next, *known* to him, *touched* him *with his Elbow*, and *adviſed him*, Have a Care *what* you promiſe, *for though* you make *an Auction* of all your *Goods*, you'll not be able to pay. *Then* he *ſays* with a Voice *now* lower, *to wit*, leſt *Chriſtopher* ſhould hear, *Hold your Tongue*, you Fool; *do you think* I *ſpeak* from my Heart? *If* once I *touch*

tigero

tigero terram, *non daturus sum* ei *sebaceam* candelam.

Land, *I'll* not give him *a Tallow* Candle.

A. O crassum *ingenium!* suspicor *fuisse* Batavum.

O gross *Wit!* I suspect *he was* a Dutchman.

B. Non, *sed* erat *Zelandus.*

No, *but* he was *a Zealander.*

A. Miror *Paulum* Apostolum *venisse* nulli in mentem, *qui* navigarit *ipse* olim, *et*, nave *fracta*, desilierit *in terram*, nam *is* haud ignarus *mali* didicit *succurrere* miseris.

I wonder *that Paul* the Apostle *came* into nobody's Mind, *who* sailed *himself* formerly, *and*, the Ship *being wrecked*, leaped out *upon Land:* For *he* not being ignorant *of Evil* has learnt *to succour* the miserable.

B. Erat *nulla* mentio *Pauli.*

There was *no* Mention *of Paul.*

A. Precabantur *interim?*

Did they pray *in the mean Time?*

B. Certatim. *Alius* canebat, *salve* regina; *alius*, credo *in Deum.* Erant *qui* habebant *quasdam* peculiares *preculas*, non *dissimiles* magicis, *adversus* pericula.

Hardly. *One* sung, *God save you* O Queen; *another*, I believe *in God.* There were *who had some* peculiar *Prayers*, not *unlike* magical ones, *against* Dangers.

A. Ut *religiosos* afflictio *facit!* Secundis rebus, nec Deus

How *religious* Affliction *makes us!* In Prosperity, *neither* God *nor* Saint *comes*

nec

nec divus *venit* in mentem: *Quid* tu *interea?* nuncupabas *vota* nulli *divorum?*

into our Mind: *What did* you *in the mean Time?* Did you make *Vows* to none *of the Saints?*

B. Nequaquam.

Not at all.

A Cur *ita?*

Why *ſo?*

B. Quia *non pactſcor* cum *divis.* Nam *quid* eſt *aliud* quam *contractus* juxta *formulam?* Do *ſi* facias, *aut* faciam *ſi* facias. *Dabo* cereum, *ſi* enatem; *ibo* Romam, *ſi* ſerves.

Becauſe *I do not bargain* with *the Saints.* For *what* is it *elſe* than *a Contract* according to *Form?* I give *if* you would do, *or* I will do *if* you would do, *I will give you a* Wax Candle *if* I ſwim out; *I will go to* Rome, *if* you ſave me.

A. At *implorabas* præſidium *alicujus* divi?

But *you implored* the Protection *of ſome* Saint?

B. Ne *id* quidem.

Not *that* indeed.

A. Quamobrem?

Why?

B. Quia *cælum* eſt *ſpatioſum.* Si *commendaro* meam *ſalutem* cui *divo,* puta *Sancto* Petro, *qui* fortaſſe *audiet* primus, *quod* aſtet *oſtio;* priuſquam *ille* conveniat *Deum,* priuſquam *exponat* cauſam, *ego jam periero.*

Becauſe *Heaven is ſpacious.* If *I recommend* my *Safety* to any *Saint,* ſuppoſe *to Saint* Peter, *who* perhaps *will hear* firſt, *becauſe* he ſtands *at the Door*; before *he* goes to *God,* before *he declares* my Caſe, *I am already ruined.*

A. Quid *facitba, igitur?*

What *did you do* then?

B. Adi-

B. Adibam *recte* Patrem *ipsum*, dicens, *Noster* pater, *qui* es *in* cœlis. *Nemo* divorum *audit* citius *illo*, aut *donat* libentius *quod* petitur.

I went *directly* to the Father *himself*, saying, *Our* Father, *which* art *in* Heaven. *None* of the Saints *hears* sooner *than he*, or *gives* more willingly *what* is asked.

A. Sed *interea* non conscientia reclamabat tibi? *Non verebaris* appellare *eum* patrem, *quem* offenderas *tot* sceleribus?

But *in the mean Time*, did not your Conscience cry out against you? *Were you not afraid* to call *him* Father *whom* you had offended *with so many* Crimes?

B. Ut *dicam* ingenue, *conscientia* deterrebat *nonnihil*; sed *ex* recipiebam *animum*, cogitans *ita* mecum; *est* nullus *pater* tam *iratus* filio, *quin* si *viderat* eum *periclitantem* in torrente *ac* lacu, *ejiciat* arreptum *capillis* in ripam. *Inter* omnes *nullus* agebat *se* tranquillius *quam* quædam *mulier*, cui erat *infantulus* in sinu, *quem* lactabat.

That I *may speak* ingenuously, *my Conscience* did terrify me *a little*; but *by and by* I recovered *my Courage*, thinking *thus* within myself; *There is* no *Father* so *angry* with a Son, *but* if *he see* him *in Danger* in a Torrent, *or* Lake, *he would throw him out*, taken *by the Hair*, upon the Bank. *Amongst* all *none* behaved *himself* more quietly *than* a certain *Woman* who had *a Child* in her Bosom *which* she suckled.

A. Quid *illa*?

What did *she*?

B. Sola *nec* vociferabatur, *nec* flebat, *nec* pollicitabatur: tantum

She alone *neither* bawled, *nor* wept, *nor* promised: *Only* embracing *her*

tantum complexa *puellum* precabatur *tacite*, Interea, *dum* navis *illiteretur* vado *subinde*, nauclerus *metuens* ne *tota solveretur*, cinxit *eam* rudentibus *a prora*, et *a puppi*.

Child, she prayed *silently*. In the mean Time, *whilst* the Ship *was knocked against* the Bottom *now and then*, the Master *fearing* lest *it should be all broke*, begirt *it* with Cables *at the Head*, and *at the Stern*.

A. O misera præsidia!

O miserable Helps!

B. Interim *exoritur* senex sacrificus, *sexaginta* annos *natus*, nomen *erat* Adamus: *is* abjectis *vestibus* usque ad *indusium*, abjectis *etiam* ocreis, *et* calceis, *jussit*, ut omnes *pararemus* nos *itidem* ad natandum. *Atque* ita *stans* in medio *navis*, concionatus est *nobis* ex Gersone *quinque* veritates *de* utilitate *confitendi*; hortatus *omnes*, ut *quisque* præpararet *se* et *vitæ* et *morti*. Aderat *et* quidam *Dominicanus*. Confessi sunt *his* qui *volebant*.

In the mean Time *starts up* an aged Priest, *sixty* Years *old*, his Name *was* Adam: *He* having cast off *his Cloaths* to *his Shirt*, having cast off *likewise* his Leather Stockings *and* Shoes, bade us all *prepare* ourselves *in like Manner* to swim. *And* so *standing* in the Middle *of the Ship*, he preached *to us* out of Gerson *the five* Truths *concerning* the Usefulness *of confessing*: exhorting *all*, that *every one* should prepare *himself* beth *for Life* and *Death*. There was present *also* a certain *Dominican*. They confessed *to those* that *would*.

A. Quid *tu*?

What did *you*?

B. Ego *videns* omnia *plena* tumultus,

I *seeing* all Places *full of* Tumult, *confessed* silently con-

confeſſus. ſum tacite *Deo*, damnans *apud* eum *meam* injuſtitiam, *et* implorans *ejus* miſericordiam.

to God, condemning *before* him *my* Unrighteouſneſs, *and* imploring *his* Mercy.

A. Quo *migraturus*, ſi *periiſſes* ſic?

Whither *would you have gone*, if *you had died* ſo?

B. Committebam *hoc* Deo *judici*. Nam *neque* volebam *eſſe* judex *mei ipſius*: tamen *quædam* bona *ſpes* interim *habebat* meum *animum*. Dum *hæc* aguntur, *nauta* redit *ad nos* lachrymabundus. *Quiſque* paret *ſe*, inquit, *nam* navis *non erit* uſui *nobis* ad *quartam* partem *horæ*. Nam *jam* convulſa *aliquot* locis, *hauriebat* mare. *Paulo* poſt, *nauta* renunciabat *nobis*, ſe *videre* procul *ſacram* turrim, *adhortans* ut *imploraremus* auxilium *divi*, quiſquis *eſſet* præſes *ejus* templi. *Omnes* procumbunt, *et* orant *ignotum* divum.

I left *this* to God *my Judge*. For *neither* would I *be* the Judge *of myſelf*: Yet *ſome* good *Hopes* in the mean Time *poſſeſſed* my *Mind*. Whilſt *theſe Things* are doing, the *Sailor* returns *to us* weeping. *Let every one* prepare *himſelf*, ſays he, *for* the Ship *will not be* of Uſe *to us* for *a fourth* Part *of an Hour*. For *now* being broken *in ſeveral* Places, *it lets in* the Sea. *A little* after *the Sailor* tells *us*, that he *ſaw* far off a *ſacred* Turret, *adviſing* that *we ſhould implore* the Aſſiſtance *of the Saint*, whoſoever *was* the Preſident *of that* Church. *All fall* down, *and* pray to *the unknown* Saint.

A. Si *compellaſſetis* nomine, *fortaſſis* audiſſet.

If *you had ſpoke to him* by his Name, *perhaps* he would have heard you.

B. Erat

B. Erat *ignotum.* Interim *nauclerus* dirigit *navem* (jam *laceram*, jam *combibentem* undas *undique*, ac *plane* dilapſuram; *ni* fuiſſet *ſuccincta* rudentibus,) *eo* quantum *poteſt.*

It was *unknown.* In the mean Time *the Maſter* ſteers *the Ship* (now *torn*, now *drinking in* the Waters *on all Sides*, and *plainly* ready to fall in Pieces, *unleſs* it had been *girt* with cables,) *thither* as much as *he can.*

A. Dura *conditio* rerum.

A hard *Condition* of *Affairs.*

B. Provecti ſumus *eo* ut *incolæ* ejus *loci* proſpicerent *nos* periclitantes; *ac* procurrentes *catervatim* in extremum littus, *togis* ſublatis, *ac* galeris *impoſitis* in lanceas, *invitabant* ad ſeſe; *ac* brachiis *jactatis* in cœlum, *ſignificabant* ſe *deplorare* noſtram *fortunam.*

We advanced *ſo far*, that *the Inhabitants* of that *Place* ſaw *us* in Danger; and running out *in Companies* to the Edge of the Shore, *with their Coats* lifted up, *and* Hats *put* upon Lances, *they invited us* to them; *and* with *their* Arms *toſſed up* towards Heaven, *ſignified* that they *lamented* our *Fortune.*

A. Expecto *quid* evenerit.

I wait to know *what* happened.

B. Jam *mare* occupaverat *totam* navim, *ut* futuri eſſemus *nihilo* tutiores *in navi* quam *in mari.*

Now *the Sea* had ſeized *the whole* Ship, *that* we were like to be *no* ſafer *in the Ship* than *in the Sea.*

A. Heic *confugiendum erat* ad *ſacram* anchoram.

Here *you were to fly* to *the holy* anchor.

B. Imo

B. Imo, *ad* miſeram. *Nautæ* exonerant *ſcapham* aqua, *ac* demittunt *in mare.* Omnes *conantur* conjicere *ſe* in hanc, *nautis* reclamantibus *magno* tumultu, *ſcapham* non eſſe *capacem* tantæ *multitudinis*; quiſque *arriperet* ſibi *quod* poſſet *ac* nataret. *Res* non patiebatur *lenta* conſilia, *alius* arripit *remum*, alius *contum*, alius *alveum*, alius *ſitulam*, alius *tabulam*: ac *quiſque* nitentes *ſuo præſidio*, committunt *ſe* fluctibus.

Nay, *to* the miſerable one. *The Sailors* empty *the Boat* of the Water, *and* let it down *into the Sea.* All *endeavour* to throw *themſelves* into it, *the Sailors* remonſtrating againſt it *with great* Tumult, *that the Boat* was not *capable* of ſo great *a Number*; that every one *ſhould take* to himſelf *what* he could *and* ſwim. *The Thing* did not admit *ſlow* Counſels; *one* takes *an Oar*, another *a Boat-Hook*, another *a Sink*, another *a Bucket*, another *a Board*; and *every one* reſting upon *their Security* commit *themſelves* to the Waves.

A. Quid *interim* accidit *illi* mulierculæ, *quæ* ſola *non ejulabat?*

What *in the mean Time* happened *to that* poor Woman, *who* alone *did not cry out?*

B. Illa *pervenit* prima omnium ad littus.

She *came* firſt *of all* to the Shore.

A. Quî *potuit?*

How *could ſhe?*

B. Impoſueramus *eam* repandæ *tabulæ*; et *alligaveramus* ſic, *ut* non poſſet *facile* decidere; *dedi-*

We had ſat *her* upon a bent *Board*, and *had tied her* ſo, *that* ſhe could not *eaſily* fall off; *we gave* her *a Board* in her Hand, *which*

mus

mus illi *tabellam* in manum, *qua* uteretur *vice* remi; *ac* precantes *bene*, exposuimus *in fluctus*, protundentes *conto*, ut *abesset* a navi, *unde* erat *periculum*; illa *teneus* infantulum *læva*, remigabat *dextra*.

she might use *instead* of an Oar, *and* wishing her *well*, we placed her *upon the Waves*, thrusting her forward *with a Pole*, that *she might be at a Distance* from the Ship, *from whence* there was *Danger*: She *holding* her Child *with her left hand*, rowed *with her right*.

A. O virginem!

O stout Lass!

B. Dum *jam* nihil *supereſſet*, quidam *avulsit* ligneam *statuam* virginis *matris*, jam *putrem*, atque *excavatam* a soricibus *et* complexus *eam* cœpit *natare*.

When *now* nothing *remained*, one *pulled down* a wooden *Image* of the Virgin *Mother*, now *rotten*, and *hollowed* by the Rats, *and* embracing *it*, began *to swim*.

A. Pervenit ſcapha *incolumis*?

Did the Boat get *safe*?

B. Nulli *periere* prius.

None *were lost* sooner.

A. Quo *malo* fato *id factum eſt*?

By what *ill* Fate *happened that*?

B. Priusquam *poſſet* liberare *ſe* a *magna* navi, *ſubverſa eſt* illius vacillatione.

Before *it could* deliver *itself* from the *great* Ship *it was overset* by its tottering.

O male factum! *quid* tum?

O ill done! *what* then?

B. Ego

B. Ego, *dum consulo alios*, pene perierum.

I, *whilst* I take Care of *others*, had well nigh perished.

A. Quo pacto?

After what Manner?

B. Quia *nihil* supererat *aptum* natationi.

Because *nothing* was left *fit* for swimming.

A. Illic *subera* fuissent *usui*.

There *Cork* would have been of *Use*.

B. In eo *articulo* rerum, *maluissem* vile *suber*, quam *aureum* candelabrum. *Tandem* venit *in mentem* circumspicienti, *de ima* parte *mali*; quoniam *non poteram* eximere eam *solus*, adscisco *socium*: ambo *innixi* huic *committimus* nos *mari*, sic *ut* ego *tenerem* dextrum *cornu*, ille *lævum*. Dum *jactamur* sic, *ille* sacrificus, *nauticus concionator*, injecit *se* medium *in* nostros *humeros*: *erat* autem ingenti *corpore*. Exclamamus, *quis* ille *tertius?* is *perdet* nos omnes; *ille* contra *inquit* placide, *sitis* bono *animo*, est sat spatii, *Deus* aderit *nobis*.

In that *Juncture* of Affairs, *I had rather have had* mean *Cork* than a *Golden* Candlestick. *At last* it came *into* my *Mind*, as I was looking about, *to think of the low* Part *of the Mast*; because *I could not* get it out *alone*, I take *a Companion*: We both *leaning upon* that, *commit* ourselves *to the Sea*, so *that* I *held* the right *End*, he *the left*. Whilst *we were tossed about* so, *that* Priest, *the Sea Chaplain*, threw *himself* in the Middle *upon* our *Shoulders*. And *he was* of a huge *Body*. We cry out, *Who's* that *third?* He *will ruin* us all: *He*, on the other Hand, *says* smoothly, *Be* of good *Courage*, there is Room enough, *God* will be *with us*.

A. Cur

A. Cur *ille cœpit* esse *natator* tam *sero?*

Why *did he begin* to be *a Swimmer* so *late?*

B. Imo *futurus erat* cum *Dominicano* in scapha; *nam* omnes *deferebant* hoc *honoris* illi; *sed* quamquam *confessi erant* invicem *in navi*, tamen *obliti* nescio *quid* circumstantiarum *confitentur* rursus *in ora* navis, *& alter imponit* manum *alteri*; interim *scapha* perit; *nam* Adamus *narravit* hæc *mihi*.

Nay, *he should have been* with *the Dominican* in the Boat; *for* all *gave* this *Honour* to him; *but* although *they had confessed* to one another *in the Ship*, yet *having forgot* I do not know *what* Circumstances, *they confess* again *upon the Edge* of the Ship; *and* one *lays* his Hand *upon the other*; in the mean Time *the Boat* is lost; *for* Adam *told* this *to me*.

A. Quid *actum est* de Dominicano?

What *became* of the Dominican?

B. Is, *ut* idem *narrabat*, implorata *ope* divorum, *abjectis* vestibus, *committit* se *nudum* natationi.

He, *as* the same *told me*, having implored *the Help* of the Saints, *having cast off* his Cloaths, *committed* himself *naked* to Swimming.

A. Quos *divos* invocabat?

What *Saints* did he invoke?

B. Dominicum, *Thomam*, Vincentium; *sed* confidebat *imprimis* Catharinæ *Senesi*.

Dominick, *Thomas*, Vincent; *but* he trusted *chiefly* in Catharine *of Sens*.

A. Christus non veniebat *illi in mentem?*

Did not Christ come *into his Mind?*

B. Ita *sacrificus* narrabat. So *the Priest* told me.

A. Enataſſet *melius* ſi *non abjeciſſet* ſacram *cucullam*; ea *depoſita*, quî *potuit* Catharina *Seneſis* agnoſcere *eum?* Sed *perge* narrare *de te.*

He would have ſwam out *better*, if *he had not thrown off* his holy *Cowl*; that *being put off*, how *could* Catherine *of Sens* know *him?* But *go on* to tell *of yourself.*

B. Dum *volvoremur* adhuc *juxta* navim *volventem* ſe *huc* atque *illuc* arbitrio *fluctuum*, clavus *frangebat* ejus *femur*, qui *tenebat* lævum *cornu*: ſic *ille* revulſus eſt. *Sacrificus* precatus *illi* æternam *requiem*, ſucceſſit *in locum illius*, adhortans *me*, ut *tuerer* meum *cornu* magno *animo* ac *moverem* pedes *ſtrenue*. Interim *potabamus* multum *ſalſæ* aquæ. *Neptunus* temperaverat *nobis* non *tantum* ſalſum *balneum*, ſed *etiam* ſalſam *potionem*; quanquam *ſacrificus* monſtabat *remedium* ei rei.

While *we were rolling* as yet *nigh* the Ship *rolling* itſelf *hither* and *thither*, at the Pleaſure *of the Waves*, the Helm *broke* his *Thigh* who *held* the left *End*. So *he* was knocked off. *The Priest* wiſhing *him* eternal *Reſt*, ſucceeded *in his Place*, adviſing *me*, that *I ſhould take Care of* my *End* with great *Courage*, and *move* my Feet *ſtrenuouſly*. In the mean Time *we drank* much *ſalt* Water. *Neptune* had mixed *for us* not *only* a ſalt *Bath*, but *alſo* a ſalt *Drink*, tho' *the Priest* ſhewed *a Remedy* for that Thing.

A. Quid *obſecro?* What *I beſeech you?*

B. Quo-

B. Quoties *unda* occurreret *nobis*, ille *oppoſuit* occipitium *ore* clauſo.

As oft as *a Wave* met *us* he *oppoſed* the back part of his Head *with his Mouth* ſhut.

A. Narras *mihi* ſtrenuum *ſenem*.

You tell *me* of a ſtout *old Fellow*.

B. Ubi *natantes* ſic *aliquamdiu*, promoviſſemus *jam* nonnihil, *ſacrificus*, quoniam *erat* miræ *proceritatis*, inquit, *ei* de bono *animo*; ſentio *vadum*. Ego, *non auſus* ſperare *tantum* felicitatis, *inquam*, abſumus *longius* a littore, *quam* ut *vadum* ſit *ſperandum*. Imo, *inquit*, ſentio *terram* pedibus; *eſt*, inquam, *fortaſſis* aliquod *e ſcriniis*, quod *mare* devolvit huc; Imo, *inquit*, ſentio *plane* terram *ſcalptu* digitorum. *Cum* nataſſemus *adhuc* aliquamdiu, *ac* ſentiret *vadum* rurſus, *tu fac* inquit, *quod* videtur *tibi* optimum *factu*, ego *cedo* tibi *totum* malum, *et* credo *me* vado, *ſimulque* expectato *deceſſu* fluc-

When *ſwimming* thus *ſome Time*, we had advanced *now* ſomething, *the Prieſt*, becauſe *he was* of wonderful *Tallneſs*, ſays, *be* of good *Courage*, I feel *the Bottom*. I, *not daring* to hope for *ſo much* Happineſs, *ſay*, we are *farther* from the Shore, *than* that *the Bottom is to be hoped for*. Nay, *ſays he*, I perceive *Earth* with my Feet. *It is*, ſay I, *perhaps* ſome *of the Boxes*, which *the Sea* has tumbled *hither*: Nay, *ſays he*, I perceive *plainly* the Earth *with the Scratching* of my Toes. *When* we had ſwam *as yet* ſome Time, *and* he perceived *the Bottom* again, *Do you*, ſaith he, *what* ſeems *to you* beſt *to be done*, I *give* you *the whole* Maſt, *and* truſt *myſelf* to the Bottom, *and at the ſame Time* having waited *the going in* of the

tuum, *sequutus est* pedibus *quanto* cursu *potuit*. Rursus *undis* accedentibus *complexus* utrumque *genu* utraque *manu*, obnitebatur *fluctui*, occultans *sese* sub undis, *quemadmodum* mergi *et* anates *solent*; rursus *fluctu* abeunte, *promicabat & currebat*. Ego *videns* hoc *succedere* illi, *jam imitatus*. Stabant in *arena*, qui *fulciebant* se *adversus* impetum *undarum*, prælongis *hastilibus* porrectis *inter se*, robusti *viri*, et *assueti* fluctibus, *sic* ut *ultimus* porrigeret *hastam* adnatanti; *ea* contacta, *omnibus* recipientibus *se* ad littus, *pertrahebatur* tuto *in siccum*. Aliquot *servati sunt* hac ope.

Waves, *he follows* on his Feet *with as great* Pace *as he could*. Again *the Waves* coming on, *embracing* both *Knees* with both *Hands*, he opposed *the Wave*, hiding *himself* under the Water, *as* your Sea Gulls *and* Ducks *use to do*; again *the Wave* going back, *he sprang out* and *ran*. I *seeing* this *succeed* with him, *imitated it*. There stood *on the Sand*, who *propped* themselves *against* the Force *of the Waves*, with long *Poles* stretched *between them*, strong *Men*, and *used* to the Waves, *so* that *the last* held *a Pole* to him that swam towards him; *that* being touched, *all* betaking *themselves* to the Shore, *he was drawn* safely *on dry Ground*. Some *were saved* by this Means.

A. Quot?

How many?

B. Septem. *Verum* duo *ex his* soluti sunt *tepore*, admoti *igni*.

Seven: *But* two *of these* fainted away *with the Warmth*, being set by *the Fire*.

A. Quot *eratis* in navi?

How many *were you* in the Ship?

B. Quin-

B. Quinquaginta octo.

Fifty *eight.*

A. O ſævum *mare!* ſaltem *fuiſſet* contentum *decimis*, quæ *ſufficiunt* ſacerdotibus; *reddidit* tam *paucos* ex *tanto* numero?

O cruel *Sea!* at leaſt *it might have been* content *with the Tythes*, which *ſuffice* the Prieſts; *did it return* ſo *few* out of *ſo great a* Number?

B. Ibi *experti ſumus* incredibilem *humanitatem* gentis, *ſuppeditantis* nobis *omnia* mira *alacritate*, hoſpitium, *ignem*, cibum, *veſtes*, viaticum.

There *we experienced* the incredible *Humanity* of the Nation, *furniſhing* us *with all Things* with wonderful *Chearfulneſs*, Lodging, *Fire* Meat, *Cloaths*, Proviſions, for our Way home.

A. Quæ *gens* erat?

What *Nation* was it?

B. Hollandica.

Holland.

A. Nihil *humanius* iſta, *cum* tamen *cincta ſit* feris *nationibus*. Non repetes *Neptunum* poſthac, opinor.

There is none *more civil* than that, *tho'* yet *it be ſurrounded* with ſavage *Nations*. You will not go again to *Sea* hereafter, *I ſuppoſe.*

B. Non *niſi* Deus *adimat* ſanam mentem *mihi*.

Not *unleſs* God *take away* my Wits *from me.*

A. Et *ego* malim *audire* tales *fabulas* quam experiri.

And *I* had rather *hear* ſuch *Stories* than *know them by Experience.*

ERASMI
COLLOQUIA SELECTA.

DIVERSORIA.

A. CUR *ita visum est* pleriſque *commorari* biduum *aut* triduum *Lugduni?* Ego *ingreſſus iter semel*, non conquieſco, *donec* pervenero *quo* conſtitui.

WHY *does it ſeem good* to moſt People *to ſtay* two Days *or* three *at Lyons*; I *having entered upon* a Journey *once*, do not reſt, *till* I come *whither* I deſigned.

B. Imo *ego* admiror *quenquam* poſſe *avelli* illinc.

Nay *I* wonder *that any one* can *be got* from thence.

A. Quamobrem *tandem?*

What for *at length?*

B. Quia *illic* eſt *locus* unde *ſocii* Ulyſſis *non poterant* avelli; *illic* Sirenes. *Nemo* tractatur *melius* ſuæ *domi*, quam *illic* in pandocheo.

Becauſe *there* is *the Place* from whence *the Companions* of Ulyſſes *could not* be drawn away; *there are* the Sirens. *No body* is treated *better* at his own *Home*, than *there* in an Inn.

A. Quid *fic?*

What *is done?*

B. Aliqua *mulier* aſtabat *menſæ* ſemper,

Some *Woman* ſtood by *the Table* always *to divert*

quæ

quæ exhiliraret convivas *facetiis* ac *leporibus*. Primum *materfamilias* adibat, *quæ* salutabat, *jubens* nos *esse* hilares, *et* boni consulere *quod* apponeretur. *Filia* succedebat *huic*, elegans *mulier*, moribus *ac* lingua *adeo* festivis, *ut* posset *exhilarare* Catonem *ipsum*. Nec *confabulantur* ut *cum* ignotis *hospitibus*, sed *velut* cum *olim notis* et *familiaribus*.

the Company *with Wit* and *Drollery*. First, *the good Woman of the House* came to us, *who* saluted us, *bidding* us *be* merry, *and* take in good Part *what* was set before us. *The Daughter* succeeded *her*, a neat *Woman*, of Humour *and* Tongue, *so* merry, *that* she might *divert* Cato himself. Nor *do they talk* as *with* unknown *Guests*, but *as* with *People formerly known to them*, and *familiar Friends*.

A. Agnosco *humanitatem* Gallicæ *gentis*.

I perceive *the Civility* of the French *Nation*.

B. Quoniam autem *illæ* non poterant *adesse* semper, *quod* munia *domestica* essent *obeunda*, ac *reliqui* convivæ *consalutandi*, quædam *puella* adstabat *continenter*, instructa *ad* omnes *jocos*. Una *erat* satis *excipiendis* omnium *jaculis*: Hæc *sustinebat* fabulam, *donec* filia *rediret*; nam *mater* erat *natu grandior*.

But because *they* could not *be present* always, *because* the Business *of the House* was *to be minded*, and *the rest* of the Guests *to be saluted*, a certain *Girl* stood by *constantly* furnished *for* all *Jests*. She alone *was* sufficient *to receive* all *their Darts*; She *kept up* the Farce, *till* the Daughter *returned*; for *the Mother* was *elderly*.

A. Sed *qualis* erat *apparatus* tandem?

But *what* was *your Provision* at last; *for* the

nam venter *non explatur* fabulis.

Belly *is not filled* with Tales.

B. Profectu *lautus*, ut *ego* miror *illos* posse *accipere* hospites *tam* vili: *rursus* convivio *peracto*, alunt *hominem* lepidis *fabulis*, ne *quid* tædii *obrepat*. Videbar *mihi* esse *domi*, non *peregre*.

Truly *dainty*, that *I* wonder *that they* can *entertain* Guests *so* cheap: *Again* the Feast *being ended*, they treat *a Man* with pretty *Stories*, lest *any Thing* of Weariness *should creep upon him*. I seemed to *myself* to be *at home*, not *abroad*.

A. Quid *factum* est in cubiculis?

What *was done* in the Chambers?

B. Illic *aderant* aliquot *puellæ* nusquam non, *ridentes*, lascivientes, *lusitantes*: ultro *rogabant*, si *habuerimus* quid *vestitum sordidarum*, lavabant *eas*, ac *reddebant*. Quid multis? *Videbamus* nihil *illic* præter *puellas* ac *mulieres*, nisi *in stabulo*, quanquam *puellæ* irrumpebant *ethuc frequenter*. Complectuntur *abeuntes*, ac *dimittunt* tanto *affectu*, quasi *emunes* essent *fratres*, aut *propinquæ* cognationis.

There *were* some *Girls* every where, *laughing*, wantoning, *playing*: Of their own Accord *they asked us*, if *we had* any *foul Cloaths*, they washed *them*, and *gave us them again*. What needs many Words? *We saw* nothing *there* besides *Girls* and *Women*, but *in the Stable*, altho' *the Girls* broke in *too* hither *frequently*. They embrace *Men departing*, and *dismiss them* with so much *Affection* as if *they all* were *their Brethren*, or *of near* Relation.

A. Fortassis *isti* mores *decent* Gallos:

Perhaps *those* Manners *become* the French:

more,

mores Germaniæ *arridunt* mihi *magis* utpote *masculi*.

the Manners of Germany *please* me *more*, as being *masculine*.

B. Nunquam contigit *mihi* videre *Germaniam*: quare, *quæso* te, *ne graveris* commemorare, *quibus* modis *excipiant* hospitem.

It never happened *to me* to see *Germany*: Wherefore, *I pray* you, *do not think much* to relate *after what* Manner *they entertain* a Guest.

A. Nescio *an* sit *ubique* eadem *ratio* tractandi: Narrabo quod *ego vidi*. Nemo *salutat* advenientem, *ne* videantur *ambire* hospitem. *Nam* existimant *id* sordidum, *et* indignum *Germanica* severitate. *Ubi* inclamaveris *diu*, tandem *aliquis* profert *caput* per *fenestram* æstuarii (*nam* degunt *in his* fere *usque ad* æstivum *solstitium*) non *aliter* quam *testudo* prospicit *e testâ*. Is *est* rogandus, *an* liceat *diversari* illic. *Si* non renuit, *intelligis* locum *dari*: commonstrat *manu* mota, *roganti-bus* ubi *sit stabulum*. Hîc *licet tibi* tractare *tuum* equum *tuo* more, *nam* nullus *famulus*

I know not *whether* there be *every where* the same *Manner of* Treatment. *I will tell* what *I have seen*. Nobody *salutes a* Man upon his coming, *lest* they should seem *to court* a Guest. *For* they think *that* mean, *and* unworthy *of the German* Gravity. *When* you have called *a long Time*, at last *some body* puts *his Head* through *the Window* of a Stove (*for* they live *in them* almost *till the* Summer *Solstice*) no *otherwise* than *a Snail* looks *out of its Shell*. He *is* to be asked, *whether* you may *inn* there. *If* he does not refuse, *you understand* a Place *is allowed you*. He shews *with his Hand* moved, *to those that ask* where *the Stable is*. There *you may* manage *your* Horse *after your*

admovet *manum*. Si *eſt* celebrius *diverſorium*, ibi *famulus* commonſtrat *ſtabulum*, atque *etiam* locum *minime* commodum *equo*. Nam *ſervant* commodiora *venturis* præſertim *nobilibus*. Si *cauſeris* quid, *audis* ſtatim, *Si non* placet *quære* aliud *diverſorium*. Præbent *fœnum* in urbibus *ægre* et *parce*, nec *vendunt* multo *minoris*, quam *avenam* ipſam. *Ubi* conſultum eſt *equo*, commigras *totus* in hypocauſtum, *cum* ocreis, *ſarcinis*, luto. *Id eſt* unum *commune* omnibus.

Manner. *For* no *Servant* puts to *a Hand*. If *it be* a famous *Inn*, there *a Servant* ſhews *the Stable*, and *alſo* a Place *not at all* convenient *for a Horſe*. For *they keep* the more convenient *for thoſe that are to* come, eſpecially *Noblemen*. If *you find fault* with any Thing, *you hear* preſently, *If* it do not pleaſe you, *ſeek* another *Inn*. They afford you *Hay* in the Cities *with Difficulty*, and *very ſparingly*, nor *do they ſell it* for much *leſs* than Oats themſelves. *When* Proviſion is made *for your Horſe*, you go *altogether* into a Stove, *with* your Boots, *Baggage*, Dirt. *That is* one *common* to all.

B. Apud *Gallos* deſignant *cubicula*, ubi *exuant* ſeſe, *exterganr*, calefaciant, *aut* quieſcant *etiam*, ſi *libeat*.

Among *the French* they ſhew People *Chambers*, where *they may ſtrip* themſelves, *wipe*, warm themſelves, *or* reſt *too*, if *they pleaſe*.

A. Hic *nihil tale*. In hypocauſto *exuis* ocreas, *induis* calceos. *Si* vis, *mutas* induſium; *ſuſpendis* veſtes *madidas* pluvia *juxta* hypocauſtum; *ipſe*

Here's *no ſuch Thing*. In the Stove *you put off* your Boots, *put on* Shoes. *If* you will, *you change* your Shirt; *you hang up* your Cloaths, *wet* with rain, *nigh* the Stove; *you* place yourſelf admoves

admoves te *ut* ficceris. *Est* et *aqua* parata, *si* libeat, *lavare* manus; *sed* ita *munda* plerumque, *ut* alia *aqua* sit *quærenda* tibi, *qua* abluas *eam* lotionem.

by it, *that* you may dry. *There is* also *Water* ready, *if* you please to wash your Hands; *but* so *clean* for the most Part, *that* other *Water* is *to be sought* by you, *with which* you may wash off *that* Washing.

B. Laudo *viros* effœminatos *nullis* deliciis,

I commend *the Men* effeminated *with no* Delicacies,

A. Quod *si* tu *appuleris* ad *quartam* horam a meridie, *tamen* non cœnabis *ante* nonam *et* nonnunquam *decimam.*

But *if* you *arrive* at the fourth *Hour* after Noon, *yet* you will not sup *before* the ninth, *and* sometimes *the tenth.*

B. Quamobrem?

What for?

A. Apparant *nihil*, nisi *videant* omnes, *ut* ministrent *omnibus* eadem *opera.*

They provide *nothing*, unless *they see* all, *that* they may serve *all* with the same *Trouble.*

B. Quærunt *compendium.*

They seek *the shortest Way.*

A. Tenes. *Itaque* frequenter *octoginta* aut *nonaginta* conveniunt *in* idem *hypocaustum*, pedites, *equites*, negociatores, *nautæ*, aurigæ, *agricolæ*, pueri, *fœminæ*, sani, *ægroti.*

You have it. *Wherefore* frequently *eighty* or *ninety* meet *in* the same *Stove*, Footmen, *Horsemen*, Tradesmen, *Sailors*, Coachmen, *Husbandmen*, Boys, *Women*, sound Folks, *sick Folks.*

B. Iſthuc *eſt* vere *cœnobium.*

That *is* really *living in common.*

A. Alius *ibi* pectit *caput*, alius *abſtergit* ſudorem, *alius* repurgat *perones* aut *ocreas*, alius *eructat* allium. *Quid multis?* Eſt *non* minor *confuſio* ibi *linguarum* et *perſonarum* quam *olim* in turri *Babel.* Quod *ſi* conſpexerint *quem* peregrinæ *gentis*, qui *præ ſe ferat* nonnihil *dignitatis* cultu, *omnes* ſunt *intenti* in hunc, *contemplantes* oculis *defixis*, quaſi *aliquod* novum *genus* animantis *advectum ſit* ex Africa. *Adeo ut* poſtquam *accubuerint*, adſpiciant *continenter*, vultu *reflexo* in tergum; *nec* dimoveant *oculos*, immemores *cibi*

One *there* combs *his Head*, another *wipes off* Sweat, *another* cleans *his Winter Shoes*, *or Boots*, another *belches up* Garlick. *What needs many Words?* There *is no* leſs *Confuſion* there *of Tongues and Perſons*, than *formerly* in the Tower *of Babel.* But *if* they ſee *any one* of a foreign *Nation*, who *makes Shew of* ſomething *of Dignity* by his Dreſs, *all are intent* upon him, *viewing him* with their Eyes *fixt*, as if *ſome new Kind* of Animal *was brought* out of Africa. *So that* after *they have ſat down*, they look at him *continually*, with their Face *turned* backward: *nor* do they take off *their Eyes*, being unmindful *of their Meat.*

A. Romæ, *Lutetiæ*, ac *Venetiis*, nemo *miratur* quidquam.

At Rome, *Paris*, and *Venice*, Nobody *wonders at* any Thing.

B. Interim *eſt* ne fas *tibi* poſcere *quidquam.* Ubi *jam* eſt *multa veſpera*, nec plures *expectantur* ven-

In the mean Time *is it* unlawful *for you* to call for *any Thing.* When *now* it is *late in the Evening*, and no more *are expected* to come,

turi

uri, *ſenex* famulus *prodit* cana *barba* tonſo *capite*, ſervo *vultu*, ſordido *veſtitu*.

an old Servant *comes out* with a hoary *Beard*, ſhorn *Head*, grim *Look*, mean *Cloaths*.

B. Oportebat *tales* eſſe *a poculis* Romanis *Cardinalibus*.

It behoved *ſuch* to be *Cup-bearers* to the Roman *Cardinals*.

A. Is *circumactis* oculis, *dinumerat* tacitus *quot* ſint *in hypocauſto*: quo *plures* videt *adeſſe*, hoc *vehementius* hypocauſtum *accenditur*, etiam ſi *alioqui* ſol *ſit* moleſtus *ſibi*. Hæc *eſt* præcipua *pars* bonæ *tractationis*, ſi *omnes* diffluant *ſudore*. Si *quis* non *aſſuetus* vapori, *aperiat* rimam *feneſtræ*, ne *præfocetur*, protinus *audiet*, claude *Sire* ſpondeas, *Non fero*, audiet, *quære* igitur *aliud* diverſorium.

He *having caſt about* his Eyes, *reckons* ſilently *how many* there are *in the Stove*: By how much *the more* he ſees *preſent*, by ſo much *the more violently* the Stove *is heated*, altho' *otherwiſe* the Sun *be* troubleſome *by his Heat*. This *is* the greateſt *Part* of good *Treatment*, if *all* run down *with Sweat*. If *any one* not accuſtomed to the Heat, *open* a Chink *of a Window*, leſt *he be ſtifled*, immediately, *he hears*, ſhut it. *If* you anſwer, *I cannot endure*, you hear, *ſeek* then *another* Inn.

B. Atqui *nihil* videtur *periculoſius*, quam *tam* multos *haurire* eundem *vaporem*, maxime *corpore* reſoluto, *atque* hic *capere* cibum, *et* commorari *complures* horas. Nam jam *omitto* allatos *ructus*

But *nothing* ſeems *more dangerous*, than that *ſo* many *ſhould take in* the ſame *Vapour*, eſpecially *the Body* being open, *and* here *take* Meat, *and* ſtay *ſeveral* Hours. *For* now *I omit* Garlick *Belches*, and *the Blaſt* of the

ructus

ructus, et *flatum* ventris, *putres* halitus: *Sunt* multi *qui* laborant *occultis* morbis, *et* omnis *morbus* habet *suum* contagium. *Certe* plerique *habent* Hispanicam *scabiem*, sive, *ut* quidam *vocant* Gallicam, *cum* sit *communis* omnium *nationum*. Opinor *esse* non *multo* minus *periculi* ab *his*, quam leprosis. Jam *tu divina* quantum *discriminis* ut *in pestilentia*.

Belly, *stinking* Breaths. *There are* many, *who* are troubled *with secret* Diseases, *and* every *Distemper* has *its* Infection. *Certainly* most *have* the Spanish *Pox*, or, *as* some *call it*, the French, though it be *common* to all *Nations*. I think *there is* not *much* less *Danger* from *these* than *Lepers*. Now *do you guess*, how much *Danger* there is *in the Plague*.

A. Sunt *fortes* viri, *rident*, ac *negligunt* ista.

They are *stout* Fellows, *they laugh at*, and *neglect* those Things.

B. Sed *interim* sunt *fortes* periculo *multorum*.

But *in the mean Time* they are *stout* at the Hazard *of many*.

A. Quid *facias*? sic *assueverunt*; et *est* constantis *animi* non *discedere* ab institutis.

What *can you do*? So *they have been used*, and *it is the Part* of a constant *Mind* not *to depart* from old Customs.

B. Atqui *ante viginti quinque annos*, nihil *erat* receptius *apud* Brabantes, *quam* publicæ *thermæ*; hæ *nunc* frigent *ubique*;

But *twenty-five Years ago*, nothing *was* more common, *among st the* Brabanti, *than* public *Baths*; those *now* are out of Use *every* where; for *the*

nam

nam *nova* ſcabies *docuit* nos *abſtinere.*

new Pox *has taught* us *to abſtain.*

A. Sed *audi* cætera: *poſt* ille *barbatus* Ganymedes *redit* ac *inſternit* menſas *linteis* quot *putat* eſſe *ſatis* illi *numero.* Sed O *immortalem* Deum! *quam non Mileſiis.* Diceres *cannabia* detracta *ex antennis.* Nam *deſtinavit* ad minimum *octo* convivas *unicuique* menſæ. *Jam* quibus *patrius* mos *eſt* notus, *accumbunt,* ubi *libitum fuerit* cuique. *Nam* eſt *nullum* diſcrimen *inter* pauperem *et* divitem, *inter* herum *et* ſervum.

But *hear* the reſt. *Afterwards* that *bearded* Ganymede *returns,* and *ſpreads* the tables *with cloths,* as many as *he thinks* to be *ſufficient* for that *Number.* But O *immortal* God! *how far from being fine!* you would ſay *they were Canveſs* taken down *from the Sail Yards.* For *he deſigned* at leaſt *eight* Gueſts *for every* Table. *Now* they to whom *the country* Cuſtom *is* known, *ſit down* where *it pleaſes* every one. *For* there is *no* Difference *betwixt* a poor Man *and* a rich, *betwixt* a Maſter *and* a Servant.

B. Hæc *eſt* illa *vetus* æqualitas, *quam* nunc *tyrannis* ſubmovit *e vita.* Sic *opinor* Chriſtum *vixiſſe* cum *Diſcipulis.*

This *is* that *old* Equality, *which* now *Tyranny* has removed *out of Life.* So *I believe* Chriſt *lived* with *his Diſciples.*

A. Poſtquam *omnes* accubuerunt, *rurſum* ille *torvus* Ganymedes *prodit,* ac *denuo* dinumerat *ſua* ſodalitia. *Mox* reverſus, *apponit*

After *all* are ſeated, *again* that *grim* Ganymede *comes out,* and *over again* counts *his* Companies. *By and by* returning, *he ſets before* each *a wooden* Diſh,

ponit singulis *ligneum* pinacium, *et* cochleare *factum* ex *eodem* argento, *deinde* cyathum vitreum, *aliquanto* post *panem*: Eum *quisque* repurgat *sibi* per otium, *dum* pultes *coquuntur*. Ita *sedetur* nonnunquam *fames spatio horæ*.

and a Spoon *made* of *the same* silver, *then* a Glass, *a little after Bread*. That *every Man* cleans *for himself* at his leisure, *whilst* the Pulse *are boiling*. So *they sit* sometimes *almost* the Space *of an hour*.

B. Nullus *hospitum* efflagitat *cibum* interim?

Does none *of the Guests* call for *the Meat* in the mean time.

A. Nullus *cui* ingenium *regionis* est *notum*. Tandem *vinum* apponitur, *bone* Deus, *quam non famosum!* oportebat *sophistas* non bibere aliud; *tanta* est *subtilitas* et *acrimonia*. Quod *si* quis *hospes*, pecunia *oblata* privatim, *roget* ut *aliud* genus *vini* paretur *aliunde*, primum *dissimulant* sed *eo* vultu, *quasi* interfecturi. *Si* urgeas, *respondent*, hic *tot* comites *et* marchiones *diversati sunt*, neque *quisquam quæstus est* de *meo* vino; *si* non placet, *quære* tibi

None *to whom* the temper *of the country* is *known*. At length *Wine* is served up, *good* God, *how far from being tasteless!* It behoved *Sophisters* not *to drink* any other; *such* is *the thinness* and *sharpness*. But *if* any *Guest*, Money *being offered* privately, *desire* that *some other* sort *of Wine* may be got *from somewhere else*, at first, *they dissemble the Matter*, but *with that* Countenance, *as if* they would kill you. *If* you press them, *they answer*, here *so many* Earls *and* Marquisses *have lodged*, nor *did any one complain*, of *my* Wine; *if* it do not please, *seek aliud*

aliud diversorium; nam *habent* nobiles *suæ* gentes *solos* pro *hominibus*, et *ostentant* horum *insignia* nusquam non. *Jam* igitur *habent* offam *quam* objiciant *latranti stomacho*. *Mox* disci *veniunt* magna *pompa*. Primus *ferme* habet *offas* panis *madefactas* jure *carnium*, aut *si* est *pisculentus* dies, *jure* leguminum. *Deinde* aliud *jus*, post *aliquid* carnium *recoctarum*, aut *salsamentorum* recalfactorum. *Rursus* aliquid *pultis*, mox *aliquid* solidioris *cibi*, donec *stomacho* probe domito *apponant* assas *carnes* aut *elixos* pisces, *quos* non possis *contemnere* omnino; *sed* heio *sunt* parci, *et* subito *tollunt*. Hoc pacto *temperant* convivium, *quemadmodum* actores *fabularum*, qui *admiscent* choros *scenis*: autem *curant* ut *extremus* actus *sit* optimus.

for yourself *another* Inn; for *they account* the Noblemen *of their* Nation *alone* for *Men*, and *they shew* their *Coats of Arms* every where. *Now* therefore *they have* a piece *which* they may throw *to the barking* Stomach. *By* and *by* the Dishes *come* in great *Pomp*. The first *commonly* has *Pieces* of Bread *soaking* in the Broth *of Flesh*, or *if* it be *a Fish* Day, *in the Broth* of Herbs. *After that* another *Broth*, after *something* of Flesh *boiled over again*, or *Salt Fish* warmed again. *Again* some *Pulse*, by *and* by *some* more solid *Meat*, till *the Stomach* being well tamed, *they set up* roasted *Flesh*, or *boiled* Fish, *which* you cannot *contemn* at all. *But* here *they are* sparing, *and* suddenly *take away*. After this manner *they mix* their entertainment, *as* the Actors *of Plays*, who *mix* Chorusses *with their Scenes*; but *they take care* that *the last* Act *is* the best.

B. Et *hoc* est *boni* poetæ.

And *this* is the part *of a good* Poet.

A. Por-

A. Porro *fit* piaculum, *ſi* quis *interim* dicat, *tolle* hunc *diſcum*, nemo *veſcitur*. Deſidendum eſt *uſque ad* ſpatium *præſcriptum* quod *illi* metiuntur *clepſydris* ut *opinor*. Tandem *ille* barbatus, *aut* pandocheus *ipſe* minimum *differens* a famulis *veſtitu*, prodit, *rogat*, ecquid animi nobis ſit. *Mox* aliquod *generoſius* vinum *adfertur*. Autem *amant* eos *qui* bibunt *largius*, cum *ſolvat* nihilo *plus* qui *hauſerit* plurimum *vini*, quam *qui* minimum.

Moreover *it would be* a heinous Crime *if* any one *in the mean time* ſay, *take away* this diſh, no body *eats*. You muſt ſit *till* the time *appointed*, which *they* meaſure *with Hour Glaſſes*, as *I ſuppoſe*. At laſt *that* bearded Fellow, *or* the Inn-keeper *himſelf*, very little *differing* from the Servants *in cloaths* comes out, *aſks* if we have a mind to any thing. *By and by* ſome *more generous* Wine *is brought*. But *they love* thoſe *who* drink *plentifully*, though *he pays* no *more* who *drinks* moſt *wine*, than *he that drinks* leaſt.

B. Ingenium *gentis* mirum.

The temper *of the nation* is ſtrange.

A. Cum *nonnunquam* ſint *qui* abſumant *plus* in vino, *quam* ſolvant *pro* toto *convivio*. Sed *antequam* finiam *hoc* convivium *mirum* dictu, *quis* ſtrepitus *ac* tumultus *vocum* ſit *ibi*, poſtquam *omnes* cœperunt *incaleſcere* potu. *Quid multis?* omnia *ſurda*. Fieri

When *ſometimes there* are ſome *who* conſume *more* in Wine, *than* they pay *for* the whole *Feaſt*. But *before* I end *this* Entertainment, *it is wonderful* to be ſaid, *what* a Noiſe *and* Confuſion *of Voices* there is *there*, after that *all* have begun *to grow warm* with Drink. *What needs many words?* all Places *are full* *mori-*

moriones admiſcent *ſe* frequenter, *quo* genere *hominum*, cum *ſit* nullum *magis* deteſtandum, *tamen* vix credas *quantopere* Germani *delectentur*. Illi *faciunt* cantu, *garritu*, clamore, *ſaltatione*, pulſu, *ut* hypocauſtum *videatur* corruiturum. *Neque* quiſquam audiat *alterum* loquentem. *At* interim *videntur* ſibi *vivere* ſuaviter; *atque* deſidendum eſt *illic*, volenti *nolenti*, uſque ad multam noctem.

of Noiſe. Pretended *Fools* thruſt in *themſelves* frequently, *with which* kind *of men*, tho' *there be* none *more* deteſtable, *yet* you'll ſcarcely believe *how much* the Germans *are delighted*. They *cauſe* by ſinging, *prating*, ſhouting, *dancing*, thumping, *that* the Stove *ſeems* ready to fall. *Nor* can any one hear *another* ſpeaking. *But* in the mean time *they ſeem* to themſelves *to live* ſweetly; and you muſt ſit *there*, willing or unwilling, till late at night.

A. Nunc *tandem* abſolve *convivium*; nam *me tædet* quoque *tam prolixi*.

Now *at laſt* finiſh the *Entertainment*; for *I am weary* too *of ſo long a one*.

A. Faciam. *Tandem* caſeo *ſublato*, qui *vix* placet *illis*, niſi *putris* ac *ſcatens* vermibus, *ille* barbatus *prodit*, adferens *pinacium* ſecum, *in quo* pinxit *creta* aliquot *circulos*, et *ſemicirculos*, deponit *id* in menſa, *tacitus* interim *ac* triſtis; *diceres* quempiam *Charontem*

I will do it. *At laſt* the Cheeſe *being taken away*, which *ſcarcely* pleaſes *them*, unleſs *rotten* and *full* of Maggots, *that* bearded Fellow *comes forth*, bringing *a Trencher* with him, *in which* he hath drawn *with chalk* ſome *circles*, and *ſemicircles*, he lays *that* upon the Table, *ſilent* in the mean time *and* ſad; *you would ſay* he was ſome

Qui

Qui *agnoscunt* picturam, *deponunt* pecuniam, *deinde* alius *atque* alius, *donec* pinacium *expleatur*. Deinde *notatis* qui *deposuerunt*, supputat *tacitus*; si *nihil* desit, *annuit* capite.

Charon. They who *know* the picture, *lay down* their Money, *then* another *and* another, *till* the trencher *be filled*. Then *having observed those* who *laid down*, he reckons *silently*; if *nothing be* wanting, *he nods* with his head.

B. Quid *si* quid *supersit?*

What *if* any thing *be over?*

A. Fortasse *redderet*, et *faciunt* hoc *nonnunquam*.

Perhaps *he would return it*, and *they do* this *sometimes*.

B. Nemo *reclamat* rationi *iniquæ?*

Does nobody *cry out* upon the reckoning *as unjust?*

A. Nemo *quisapit*, *nam* audiret *protinus*, quid *tu es* hominis? *solves* nihilo *plus* quam *alii*.

Nobody *that is* wise; *for* he would hear *forthwith*, What *are you* of a Man? *You shall pay* no *more* than *others*.

B. Narras *liberum* genus *hominum*.

You tell *of a free* kind *of men*.

A. Quod *si* quis *lassus* ex itinere, *cupiet* mox *a cœna* petere *lectum*, jubetur *expectare*, donec *cæteri* quoque *eant* cubitum.

But *if* any one, *weary* with his journey, *desire* presently *after supper* to go *to bed*, he is ordered *to wait* till *the rest* too go to bed.

B. Video *mihi* videre *Platonicam urbem*.

I seem *to myself* to see a *Platonic* city.

A. Tum

A. Tum *suus* nidus *oſtenditur* cuique, *et* vere *nihil* aliud *quam* cubiculum; *nam* ibi *sunt* lecti *tantum*, et *nihil* præterea, *quo* utaris, *aut* quod *fureris*.

Then *his* neſt *is ſhewn* to every one, *and* truly *nothing* elſe *than* a Bed-Chamber; *for* there *are* beds *only*, and *nothing* elſe *that* you can uſe, *or* that *you can ſteal*.

B. Eſt *mundities* illic?

Is there *Cleanlineſs* here?

A. Eadem *quæ* in convivio, *intra* lota ſorte *ante ſex menſes*.

The ſame *as* in the Feaſt, *Linen* waſhed perhaps *ſix months before*.

B. Quid *interim* fit *de equis*.

What *in the mean time* becomes *of the horſes*.

A. Tractantur *ad* eandam *disciplinam*, ad quam *homines*.

They are treated *according* to the ſame *Diſcipline* as *the men*.

B. Sed *eſt* eadem *tractatio* ubique?

But *is there* the ſame *treatment* every where?

A. Alicubi *eſt* civilior, *alicubi* durior *quam* narravi; *verum* in genere *eſt* talis.

In ſome places *it is* civiller, *in ſome places* harder *than* I have told you; *but* in general *it is* ſuch.

B. Quid *ego nunc* narrem *de* quibus modis *hoſpites* tractentur *in ea parte* Italiæ, *quam* vocant *Longobardiam*, rurſus *in Hiſpania*, deinde in *Anglia*, et *in Wallia*?

What *if* I *now* tell *you* after what manner *Gueſts* are treated *in that part* of Italy, *which* they call *Lombardy*, again *in Spain*, then *in England*, and in *Wales*; for *the Engliſh* have *partly* the French, nam

Angli

Angli, obtinent *partim* Gallicos, *partim* Germanicos *mores*, ut *mixti* ex *his* duabus *gentibus*. Walli *prædicant* ſe *aborigines* Anglos.

partly the German *Manners*, as *being mixed* of *thoſe* two *Nations*. The Welſh *pretend* themſelves *the original* Engliſh.

A. Quæſo *te* ut *narres*, nam *nunquam contigit* mihi *videre* eos.

I pray *you* that *you would tell me*, for *it never happened* to me *to see* them.

B. In præſentia *non est* otium; *nam* nauta *juſſit* adeſſem *ad tertiam* horam, *nisi* vellem *relinqui*; et *habet* faſcinulam: *alias* opportunitas *dabitur* nobis *garriendi* uſque ad ſatietatem.

At preſent *there is not* time; *for* the ſailor *ordered me* to be with him *by the third* hour, *unleſs* I would *be left*, and *he has* my Baggage: *another time* an opportunity *will be given* us of *prattling* to Satisfaction.

SPEC-

ERASMI
COLLOQUIA SELECTA.

SPECTRUM.

C. QUID *bonæ* rei *est* quod *rides* tecum *tam* ſuaviter, *quaſi* nactus ſis *theſaurum?*

WHAT *good* thing *is there*, that *you laugh* with yourſelf *ſo* ſweetly *as though* you had got *a treaſure?*

D. Tua *divinatio* non aberrat *procul* a ſcopo.

Your *Guess* does not wander *far* from the mark.

C. Annon imperties *ſodali* quicquid *boni* iſtuc *eſt?*

Will you not impart to *your Companion* whatſoever *good thing* that *is?*

D. Imo, *jamdudum* optabam *quampiam* dari *mihi*, in cujus ſinum *effunderem* hoc *gaudium* meum.

Nay, *ſome time ſince* I was wiſhing *[ſome body* might be offered *me*, into whoſe boſom *I might pour out* this *Joy* of mine.

C. Age *igitur* imperti.

Come *then* impart it.

D. Audivi *modo* lepidiſſimam *fabulam* quam *jures* eſſe *comicam* figmentum, *niſi* locus, *perſonæ*, ac tota

I have heard *juſt now* a very pretty *Story*, which *you would ſwear* was a *comic* Fiction, *unleſs* the Place, *the perſons*, and *the*

res

res *esset* tam *notæ* mihi, *quem* tu *es* notus *mihi*.

whole affair was as well *known* to me, *as* you *are* known *to me*.

C. Gestio *audire*.

I long *to hear it*.

D. Nostine *Polum* generum *Fauni?*

Do you know *Pool* the Son-in-Law of *Faun?*

C. Maxime.

Yes.

D. Is *est* et *auctor* et *actor* hujus *fabulæ*.

He *is* both *the author* and *the actor* of this *Play*.

C. Facile crediderim, *nam* ille *possit* agere *quamvis* fabulam *vel* absque *persona*.

I can easily believe it, *for* he could act *any* Play, *even* without *a Mask*.

D. Sic *est*. Nosti, *opinor* prædium *quod* habet *non* ita *procul* a Londino.

So *it is*. You know, *I fancy*, the Estate *which* he has *not* so *far* from London.

C. Phy! *compotavimus* illic *sæpe*.

Pugh! *We have drank together* there *often*.

D. Agnoscis *igitur* viam *septam* utrinque *arboribus* digestis *pari* intervallo.

You know *therefore* the Way *hedged* in on both sides *with trees* placed at *an equal* Distance.

C. Ad lævam *partem* ædium, *fere* altero jactu balistæ.

On the left *side* of the House, *almost* two bow-shots off.

D. Tenes *Alterum* latus *viæ* habet *fossam*

You have it. *One* Side *of the Way* has *a dry* Alve-

alveum *obſitum* dumis *et* vepribus ; *e ponticulo* eſt *iter* in planitiem.

Ditch *ſet* with thorns *and* briars ; *over the bridge*, there is *a way* into a plain.

C. Memini.

I remember.

D. Jampridem *vagabatur* rumor, *ac* fabula *per* ruſticos *ejus* loci, *ſpectrum* obverſari *juxta* hunc *ponticulum*, cujus *miſerandi* ejulatus *exaudirentur* ſubinde : *ſuſpicabantur* eſſe *animam* cujuſpiam *quæ* torqueretur *diris* cruciatibus.

Some time ago *there went* a report, *and* a ſtory, *amongſt* the country people *of that* place, *that a Spirit* haunted *nigh* this *bridge*, whoſe *miſerable* howlings *were heard* now *and* then. *They ſuſpected* that it was *the Soul* of ſome man, *which* was tortured *with direful* torments.

C. Quis *erat* auctor *iſtius* rumoris ?

Who *was* the author *of that* report?

D. Quis *niſi* Polus? *Præſtruxerat* hoc *præmium* ſuæ *fabulæ*.

Who *but* Pool? *He had prepared* this *Prologue* for his Play.

C. Quid *venit iſti in mentem* ut confingeret *iſta* ?

What *came into his mind* to invent *thoſe things*?

D. Neſcio, *niſi* quia *ingenium* hominis *eſt* ſic ; *gaudet* ludere *ſtultitiam* populi *commentis* hujuſmodi : *Dicam* quæ *deſignarit* nuper *hujus* generis.

I know not, *unleſs* becauſe *the humour* of the Man *is* ſo ; *he loves* to play upon *the folly* of the people *with inventions* of this kind. *I will tell you* what *he contrived* lately

Aliquammulti equitabamus *Richmondam*, inter *quos* erant, *quos* tu *diceres* cordatos *viros*. Cœlum *erat* mire *serenum*, nec *suffuscatum* usquam *ulla* nubecula. *Ibi* Polus *occulis* intentis *in cælum* signavit *totam* faciem *et* scapulas *imagine* crucis *et* vultu *composito* ad stuporem, *ita dixit* secum *Immortalem* Deum! *quid* ego video; *Rogantibus* qui *equitabant* proxime, *quid* videret, *rursus* obsignans *se* majori *cruce*, clementissimus *Deus* avertat *hoc* ostentum, *inquit*. Cum *instarent* cupiditate *cognoscendi*, ille *defixis* occulis *in cælum*, ac *commonstrans* locum *cæli* digito, *inquit*, nonne videtis *immanem* draconem, *armatum* igneis *cornibus*, cauda *retorta* in circulum? *Cum* negarent *se* videre, *atque* ille *jussisset*, intenderent *oculos*, ac *subinde* commonstraret *locum*; tandem *unus quispiam*

of this sort. *A good many of us* were riding *to Richmond*, amongst *whom* there were some *whom* you *would call* prudent *Men*. The sky *was* wonderfully *clear*, nor *overcast* any where *with any* little cloud. *There* Pool *with his eyes* directed *towards Heaven* marked *all* his face *and* shoulder blades *with the sign* of the Cross, *and* with a countenance *composed* to Astonishment, *said thus* with himself, *Immortal* God! *What* do I see? *They asking*, who *rode* next, *what* he saw, *again* signing *himself* with a greater *Cross*, the most merciful *God* avert *this* Omen, says he. When *they urged him* out of a desire *of knowing*, he *having fixed* his eyes *upon Heaven, and shewing* the place *of the Heaven* with his finger, *says*, Do you not see *a vast* Dragon, *armed* with fiery *Horns*, with his tail *turned up* into a circle? *When* they denied *that they* saw it, *and* he *bade them* direct *their eyes*, and *now and then* shewed them *the place*, at last *some one*, left

ne

ne *videretur* parum oculatus, *affirmavit* ſe *quoque* videre: *unus* item *atqe* alter *imitatus eſt* hunc; *nam* pudebat *non videre* quod *eſſet* tam *perſpicuum*. Quid multis? *intra* triduum *hic* rumor *pervaſerat* totam *Angliam*, tale *portentum* apparuiſſe. *Mirum autem* quantum *popularis* fama *addidit* fabulæ. *Nec* deerant *qui* ſerio *interpretarentur* quid *oſtentum* vellet ſibi. *Ille* qui *commentus fuerat* argumentum, *fruebatur* horum *ſtultitia* cum *magna* voluptate.

C. Agnoſco *ingenium* hominis; *ſed* redi *ad Spectrum*.

B. Interea *divertit* quidam *Faunus* ſacerdos *ad Polum* commodum *ex eorum genere*, quibus *non ſatis eſt* appellari *Latinè* regulares, *niſi* idem *cognomen* accinatur *Græcæ*, parochus *vicini* oppidi *illic alicunde*. Is *videbatur* ſibi *non vulgariter ſapere* præſertim *in ſacris* rebus.

he ſhould ſeem bad ſighted, *affirmed* that he *too ſaw* it: *One* likewiſe *and* another *imitated* him: *for* they were aſhamed *not to ſee* what *was* ſo *plain*. What needs many words? *Within* three days *this* report *had gone through* all *England* that ſuch *a monſter* hath appeared. *But it is wonderful* how much *popular* fame *added* to the ſtory. *Nor* were there wanting ſome *who* in earneſt *interpreted* what this *prodigy* meant. *He* who *had invented* the matter, *enjoyed* their *folly* with *great* pleaſure.

I know *the temper* of the man; *but* return *to the apparition*.

In the mean time *comes* one *Faun*, a Prieſt, *to Pool*, very opportunely, *of their kind* to whom *it is not enough* to be called *in Latin* Regulars, *unleſs* the ſame *ſirname* be ſung to them *in Greek*, a Parſon *of a neighbouring* town *thereabouts*. He *ſeemed* to himſelf *not to be vulgarly wiſe*, eſpecially *in holy* things.

C. Intelligo, *actor fabulæ repertus est.*

D. Super cœnam *sermo* ortus est *de rumore* spectri, *cum* Polus *sentiret* hunc *rumorem* non solum *auditum esse* Fauno, *verum* etiam *creditum*, cœpit *obtestari* hominem, *ut* doctus *ac* pius *vir* succurreret *animulæ* patienti *tam* dira; *et* si *quid dubitas*, inquit, *explora* rem, *ambula* ad decimam *juxta* illum *ponticulum*, et *audies* miserum *ejulatum*, adjunge *tibi* quem *voles* comitem, *ita* audies et tutior *et* certior.

C. Quid *deinde?*

D. Cœna *peracta*, Polus *ex more* abiit *venatum*, aut *aucupatum*. Faunes *ob ambulans* cum *jam* tenebræ *sustulissent* certum *judicium* de rebus, *tandem* audit *miserandos* gemitus. *Hos* artifex *Polus* effingebat *mire*, abditus *illic* in vepretio, *fictili* olla *adhibita* ad id; *quo* vox *reddita* e cavo *sonarit* quiddam *lugubr.us.*

I understand, *an actor* of the Play *was found.*

At supper *a discourse* arose *about the report* of the apparition, *when* Pool *perceived* that this *report* not only *had been heard* by Faun, *but was* also *believed*, he began *to beseech* the man, *that* he being a learned *and* godly *man*, would succour *the poor soul* suffering *such* dreadful things; *and* if *you doubt at all*, says he, *examine* the matter, *walk* about ten *nigh* that *bridge*, and *you will hear* miserable *howlings*, take *to you* whom *you will* as a companion, *so* you will hear *both* more safely *and* more certainly.

What *then?*

Supper *being ended*, Pool, *according to his custom*, goes *a hunting* or *a fowling.* Faun *walking* when *now* the darkness *had taken away* a certain *judgment* of things, *at length* he hears *miserable* groans. *These* the artist *Pool* feigned *wonderfully* being hidden *there* in a bushy place, *an earthen* pot *being used* for that purpose, *that* the voice *being returned* from the hollow, *might sound* something *more mournfully.*

C. Hæc

C. Hæc *fabula*, ut *video*, vincit *phasma* Menandri.

D. Dices *istuc* magis, *si* audieris *totam*. Faunus *recepit* se *domum* cupiens *narrare* quid *audisset*. Polus *anteverterat* jam *alia* compendiaria *via*. Ibi *Faunus* narrat *Polo*, quod *erat actum*, et *affingit* aliquid *etiam* quo *res* esset *admirabilior*.

C. Poterat *Polus* interim *tenere* risum?

D. Illene! *Habet* vultum *in manu*. Dixisses *rem* agi *serio*. Tandem *Faunus* Polo *obtestante* vehementer *suscepit* negotium *exorcismi*, et *agit* totam *eam* noctem *insomnem* dum *dispicit* quibus modis *aggrederetur* rem *tuto*, nam *misere metuebat* sibi *quoque*. Primum *itaque* efficacissimi *exorcismi* congesti sunt, *et nonnulli* novi additi *per* viscera *beatæ* Mariæ *per* ossa *beatæ* Werenfridæ. *Deinde* locus *delectus est* planitie *vicinæ* ve-

This *farce*, as far as *I see*, exceeds *the apparition* of Menander.

You will say *that* the more, *if* you hear *the whole*. Faun *got* him *home*, desiring *to tell* what *he had heard*. Pool *had got before* already *by another* short *way*. There *Faun* tells *Pool*, what *had been done*, and *invents* something *too*, that *the thing* might be *more* wonderful.

Could *Pool* in the mean time *hold from laughing*?

He! *He has* his countenance *in his hand*. You would have said *that the thing* was doing *in earnest*. At last *Faun*, Pool *beseeching him* very much, *undertook* the business *of exorcism*, and he *spends* all *that* night *without* sleep, whilst *he considers* which way *he might attempt* the thing *safely*, for *he was miserably afraid* of himself *too*. First *then* the most effectual *exorcisms* were got together, *and* some *new ones* added, *by* the bowels *of the blessed* Mary, *by* the bones *of blessed* Werenfred. *Then* a place *was chosen* in the *plain nigh* the bushy place,

preto, *unde* vox *exaudiebatur*. Satis amplus *circulus* circumductus eſt *qui* haberet *crebras* cruces, *variaſque* nptulas: *haec omnia* peragebantur *conceptis verbis*. Ingens *vas* plenum *conſecratæ* aquæ *adhibitum eſt*. Sacra *ſtola*, quam vocant, *addita eſt* in collum, *unde* pendebat *initium* Evangelii *ſecundum* Joannem. *Habebat* in loculis *cerulam* ſolitam *conſecrari* quotannis a Romano *pontifice*, quæ *dicitur* vulgo, *Agnus* Dei. His armis *olim* muniebant *ſe* adverſus *noxios* dæmones, *prius quam* cuculla *Franciſci* cœpit *eſſe* formidabilis *illis*. Omnia *hæc* procurata ſunt *ne* ſi *eſſet* malus *ſpiritus* faceret *impetum* in exorciſtam. *Nec* tamen *auſus eſt* committere *ſe* ſolum *circulo* ſed *decretum eſt* alterum *ſacerdotem* adhibendum eſſe. *Ibi* Polus *metuens*,

whence the voice *was heard*. A good large *circle* was drawn, *which* had *many* croſſes, and *divers* marks: *All theſe things* were done *with a form of words*. A huge *veſſel* full *of holy* water *was made uſe of*. A holy *gown*, as they call it, *was put* over his neck, *whence* hung *the beginning* of the Goſpel *according* to John. *He had* in his pockets *a bit of wax* uſed *to be conſecrated* every year *by the* Roman *Pontiff*, *which is called* commonly *the Lamb* of God. With theſe arms *formerly* they fortified *themſelves* againſt *miſchievous* Dæmons, *before* the hood *of Francis* began *to be* terrible *to them*. All *theſe things* were provided, *leſt*, if *it ſhould be* an evil *ſpirit*, it ſhould make *an attack* upon the exorciſt. *Neither* yet *durſt he* truſt *himſelf* alone *in the circle*; but *it was determined* that another *Prieſt* ſhould be employed. *There* Pool *fearing*, leſt, *if* a cunninger man *were joined* with them, *the myſtery* of the farce *ſhould be betrayed*, joins to him *a certain* parſon *of*

ne,

ne, *ſi* naſutior *eſſet* adjunctus, *myſterium* fabulæ *proderetur*, adjungit *quendam* parochum *ex vicinia*, cui *aperit* totam *rem*; nam *ſic* actio *fabulæ* poſtulabat, *et* erat *is* qui *non abhorreret* a tali ludo. *Poſtridie* omnibus *rebus* paratis *rite*, ſub *decimam* horam *Faunus* cum *parocho* ingreditur *circulum*. Polus *qui* præceſſerat, *gemit* miſerabiliter *e vepreto*. Faunus *auſpicatur* exorciſmum. *Interim* Polus *ſubducit* ſe *clam* per tenebras, *in proximam* villam. *Illinc* adducit *aliam* perſonam *fabulæ* nam *non poterat* agi *niſi* per multos.

C. Quid *faciunt?*

D. Conſcendunt *nigros* equos, *ferunt* occultum *ignem* ſecum, *ubi* non abeſſent *procul* a circulo *oſtentant* ignem *quo* metu *abigerent* Faunum *e circulo*.

C. Quantum *operæ* ſumpſit *illo* Polus, *ut* falleret!

the neighbourhood, to whom *he diſcloſes* the whole *matter*; for ſo the acting *of the farce* required, *and* he was *one* that *was not averſe* from ſuch ſport. *The day after*, all *things* being prepared *rightly*, about *the tenth* hour *Faun*, with *the parſon*, enters *the circle*. Pool, *who* had gone before, *groans* miſerably *out of the buſhy place*. Faun *begins* the exorciſm. *In the mean time* Pool *withdraws* himſelf *privately* in the dark *into the next* village. *Thence* he brings *another* actor *of the play*; or *it could not* be acted *but* by many.

What *do they?*

They mount *black* horſes; *they carry* covered *fire* with them, *when* they were not *far* from the circle, *they ſhew* their fire, *that* by fear *they might drive* Faun *out of the circle*.

How much *pains* took *that* Pool *that* he might deceive!

D. Sic. *homo* eſt. *Verum* ea *res* propemodum ceſſerat *peſſime* illis.

C. Qui *ſic ?*

D. Nam *equi* conſternati *igne* ſubito *prelato*, parum abfuit quin præcipitarent *et* ſe, *et* ſeſſores. *Habes* primum *actum* fabulæ. *Ubi* reditum eſt *in colloquium*, Polus *velut* ignarus *omnium* rogat *quid* eſſet *actum*. *Ibi* Faunus *narrat* duos *teterrimos Dæmonas* conſpectos *ſibi*, in nigris *equis*, igneis *oculis*, ac *ſpirantes* ignem *naribus*, qui *tentaſſent* ingredi *circulum*, verum *abactos* in malam rem *efficacibus* verbis. *Cum* animus *accreviſſet* Fauno *his* rebus, *die* poſtero *rediit* in circulum *cum* ſummo *apparatu :* cumque *provocaſſet* ſpectrum *multis* obteſtationibus, *Polus* rurſum *cum* collega *oſtendit* ſe *procul* ex *atris* equis, *horrendo fremitu*, quaſi *cuperent* irrumpere in *circulum*.

So *the man* is. *But* that *thing* had well nigh fallen out *very badly* for them.

How *ſo ?*

For *the horſes* being frighted *with the fire* ſuddenly *produced*, had like to have thrown *both* themſelves *and* their riders. *You have* the firſt *act* of the play. *When* they returned *to confer together*, Pool, *as if* ignorant *of all things*, aſks *what* had been done. *There* Faun *tells him* that two very *ugly Devils* had been ſeen *by him*, upon black *horſes*, with fiery *eyes*, and *breathing* fire *out of their noſtrils*, who *had tried* to enter *the circle*, but *were driven away* with a vengeance *by powerful* words. *When* Courage *grew upon* Faun *by theſe* Things, *the Day* following, *he returned* into the Circle *with his* utmoſt *Furniture*. And when *he had called out* the Spirit *with many* Entreaties, *Pool* again *with his* Colleague *ſhewed* himſelf *at a Diſtance* from *black* Horſes, *with a horrid muttering Noiſe*, as if *they deſired* to break into *the Circle*.

C. Ha-

C. Habebant *nihil* ignis?

D. Nihil, *nam* id *eefferet* male. *Sed* audi *aliud* commentum. *Ducebant* longum *funem*; eo *tracto* leviter *per humum*, dum *uterque* proripit se *hinc* atque *hinc*, velut *abacti* exorcismis *Fauni*, provolvunt *in terram* utrumque *sacerdotem*, una *cum* vase *quod* habebant *plenum* sacræ *aquæ*.

C. Parochus tulit *hoc* præmii *pro* sua actione?

D. Tulit; *et* tamen *maluit* perpeti *hoc*, quam *deserere* fabulam *cæptam*. His *gestis* ita *ubi* reditum est *ad colloquium*, Faunus *deprædicat* apud Polum *in quanto* periculo *fuisset*, et quam fortiter *profligasset* utrumque *cacodæmonem* suis verbis; *jamque* conceperat *certam* fiduciam, *esse* nullum *demonem* tam *noxium*, aut *impudentem*, qui *posset* irrumpere in *circulum*.

Had they *nothing* of Fire?

Nothing, *for* that *fell out* badly. *But* hear *another* invention. *They took* a long *Rope*; that *being drawn* lightly *along the Ground*, whilst *each* throws himself out *on this Side* and *that Side*, as if *driven away* by the Conjuring *of Faun*, they tumbled down *upon the Ground* both *Priests*, together *with* the Tub *which* they had *full* of holy *Water*.

Did the Parson get *this* Reward *for* his acting his Part?

He did get it; *and* yet *he chose rather* to suffer *this*, than *to forsake* the Play *begun*. These Things *being done* thus, *when* they returned *to the Conference*, Faun *tells* to Pool *in how great* Danger *he had been*, and *how* stoutly *he had put to flight* both *the Devils* with his Words; *and now* he had conceived *a certain* Assurance *that there was* no *Devil* so *mischievous*, or *impudent*, who *could* break into *the Circle*.

C. Ille *Faunus* non multum abeſt *a fatuo.*

D. Audiſti *nihil* adhuc. *Fabulæ* progreſſa *huc uſque* commodum *ſupervenit* Poli *gener*, nam *duxerat* ejus *natu maximam* filiam, *juvenis*, ut *ſcis*, mire feſtivo *ingenio.*

C. Scio, *nec* abhorrens ab *hujuſmodi* jocis.

D. Abhorrens! *ille* defereret *nullum non* vadimonium, *ſi* talis *fabula* eſſet *vel* ſpectanda, *vel* agenda. *Socer* denarrat *omnem* rem *huic*; atque *delegat* ei *partes*, ut *agat* animam. *Sumit* ornatum, *ac* lubens *convolvit* ſe *linteo*, quem admodum *funera* ſolent *apud nos*. Habet *vivam* prunam *in teſta*, quæ *per linteum* reddebat *ſpeciem* incendii. *Sub noctem* itum eſt *ad locum* ubi *hæc* fabula *agebatur*. Miri *gemitus* audiuntur. *Faunus* expedit *omnes* exorciſmos. *Tandem* anima *oſtendit* ſeſe *procul* in-

That *Faun* is not far removed *from a Fool.*

You have heard *nothing* as yet. *The Play* being advanced *thus far*, in good Time *comes in* Pool's *Son-in-Law*, for *he had married* his *eldeſt* Daughter, *a young Man*, as *you know*, of a wonderful merry *Humour.*

I know, *nor* averſe from *ſuch* Jeſts.

Averſe! *he* would forſake *any* Bail, *if* ſuch a *Play* was *either* to be ſeen *or* to be acted. *The Father in Law* tells *all* the Matter *to him*, and *appoints* him *his Part* that *he may act* the Soul. *He takes* his Dreſs, *and* willingly *wraps* himſelf *in a Sheet*, as *dead Bodies* uſed to be *with us.* He has *a live* Coal *in a Shell*, which *through the Sheet* made *an Appearance* of Fire. *At Night* they went *to the Place* where *this* Play *was acted.* Wonderful *Groans* are heard. *Faun* makes ready *all* his Exorciſms. *At length* the Soul *ſhews* itſelf *a great Way off* within *the buſhy Place*, now and then *ſhewing* the Fire, *and* groaning

tra

tra *vepretum*, ſubinde *eſtentans* ignem, *ac*ſuſpirans *miſere*. Cum *Faunus* obteſtaretur *hanc*, ut *loqueretur* quiſnam *eſſet*, Polus *profiliit* ſubito *e vepreto*, ornatu *cacodæmonis*, fictoque *fremitu*, inquit, *eſt tibi* nihil *juris* in hanc *animam*, eſt *mea*, ac *ſubinde* procurrit *uſque ad* oram *circuli*, veluti *facturus* impetum *in exorciſtam*; moxque *velut* tubmotus *verbis* exorciſmi, *et* vi *ſacræ* aquæ, *quam* aſperſit *illi* multam, *retroceſſit*. Tandem *pædagogo* dæmone *abacto*, naſcitur *dialogiſmus* Fauni *cum* anima. *Reſpondit* percunctanti *et* obteſtanti *ſe* eſſe *animam* Chriſtiani *hominis*. Rogato *quo* nomine *vocaretur*, reſpondit, *Faunus*: Faunus, *inquit*, idem *eſt mihi* nomen, *jamque* res cœpit *eſſe cordi* illi *magis* ex *communi* nomine, *ut* Faunus *liberaret* Faunum. *Cum* Faunus *percontaretur* multa, *ne* diutina *miſerably*. When *Faun* beſought *it*, that *it would declare* who *it was*, Pool *jumped* ſuddenly *out of the buſhy Place*, in the Dreſs *of a Devil*, and with a feigned *muttering Noiſe*, ſays, *You have* no *Right* to this *Soul*, it is *mine*, and *now and then* he runs *up to* the Edge *of the Circle*, as if *he would make* an Attack *upon the Conjuror*: and by and by *as if* beat off *by the Words* of the Conjuration, *and* the Virtue *of the holy* Water, *which* he ſprinkled *upon him* in great Plenty, *he drew off*. At length *the Pedagogue* Devil *being driven away*, begins *a Dialogue* of Faun's *with* the Soul. *It anſwered him* aſking *and* beſeeching, *that it* was *the Soul* of a Chriſtian *Man*. Being aſked *by what* Name *it was called*, it anſwered, *Faun*; Faun, *ſays he*, the ſame *is my* Name; *and now* the Thing begun *to pleaſe* him *more* becauſe of *their common* Name, *that* Faun *might deliver* Faun. *When* Faun *aſked* many Things, *leſt* along *Diſcourſe* ſhould betray *the Roguery*, the Soul *withdrew* itſelf, *denying* that it was *lawful* for

fabulatio proderet *fucum*, anima *subducebat* ſeſe, *negans* eſſe *fas* ſibi *colloqui* diutius, *quod* tempus *urgeret*, quo *cogeretur* abire, *quo* liberet *pædagogo* dæmoni: *tamen* pollicita eſt *ſe* reditu. ram *postridie*, hora *qua* eſſet *fas*. Rurſus *convenitur* in *Poli* ædibus, *qui* erat *choragus* fabulæ. *Ibi* exorciſta *denarrat* quid *eſſet* geſtum, *admentiens* nonnulla *etiam*, quæ *tamen* perſuadebat *ſibi* eſſe *vera* adeo *favebat* negotio *quod* agebatur. *Jam* hoc *compertum erat*, ſcilicet, *eſſe* Chriſtianam *animam* quæ *vexaretur* diris *cruciatibus* ſub *inclementiſſimo* dæmone. *Huc* omnis *conatus* intenditur. *Verum* quiddam *ridiculum* accidit *in proximo* exorciſmo.

C. Obſecro *quidnam?*

D. Cum *Faunus* evocaſſet *animam*, Polus, *qui* agebat *dæmonem*, aſſiliit *prorſus* ſic, *quaſi* irrupturus *intra*

him *to talk* longer, *becauſe* the Time *was at Hand*, when *he ſhould be obliged* to go *whither* it pleaſed *the Pedagogue* Devil: *Yet* he promiſed *that he* would return *the Day after*, at the Hour *when* it ſhould be *lawful*. Again *they* meet in *Pool's* Houſe, *who* was *the Furniſher* of the Play. *There* the Conjuror *tells* what *was* done, *lying* in ſome Things *too* which *yet* he perſuaded *himſelf* to be *true*, ſo much *he favoured* the Buſineſs *which* was doing. *Now* this *was found out*, to wit, *that it was* a Chriſtian *Soul*, which *was plagued* with dreadful *Torments*, under *a moſt unmerciful* Devil. *To this* all *his Endeavour* is directed. *But* a certain *comical Thing* happened *in the next* conjuring Bout.

I beſeech you *what?*

When *Faun* had called out *the Soul*, Pool, *who* acted *the Devil*, leaped up *juſt* ſo, *as if* he would break *within* the Circle, *and when* cir-

circulum, *cumq.* Faunus *pugnaret* exorcismis, *et* aspergeret *multam vim* aquæ; *tandem* dæmon *exclamat* se *ne facere* omnia *ista* quidem *pili*; inquit, *habuisti* rem *cum* puella, *ei* mei juris. Cum Polus *diceret* id *joco*, tamen *forte fortuna* visus est *dixisse* verum: *nam* exorcista *tactus* hoc *dicto*, illico *recepit* se *in centrum* circuli, *et* immussavit *nescio* quid *in aurem* parocho. *Polus* sentiens *id* recepit *sese*, ne *audiret* quid, *quod* non esset *fas* audire.

Faun *fought* by Conjuration, *and* sprinkled on him *a vast Quantity* of Water; *at last* the Devil *cries out* that he *did not value* all *those Things* so much as *a Hair*; quoth he, *thou hast had* Dealings *with* a Girl, *thou art* a Part of my Right. *Tho'* Pool *said* that *in Jest*, yet *by good Fortune* he seemed *to have said* the Truth: *for* the Conjuror *being struck* with this *Saying*, presently *betook* himself *into the Centre* of the Circle, *and* muttered *I know not* what *in the Ear* to the Parson. *Pool* perceiving *that*, withdrew *himself*, lest *he should hear* any Thing, *which* it was not *lawful* to hear.

C. Sane *Polus* agebat *religiosum* et *modestum* dæmonem.

Truly *Pool* acted *the religious* and *modest* Devil.

D. Sic *est*. Actio *poterat* reprehendi, *quod* parum meminisset *decori*. Tamen *exaudivit* vocem *parochi* indicentis *satisfactionem*.

So *it is*. The Action *might* be blamed, *because* he little regarded *Decency*. Yet *he overheard* the Voice *of the Parson* appointing *Satisfaction*.

C. Quam?

What?

D. Ut *diceret* Dominicam *precationem* ter. *Ex hoc* conjiciebat *admisisse ter* id peccati.

That *he should say* the Lord's *Prayer* thrice. *By this* he guessed *that he had thrice committed* that Sin.

C. Hoc

C. Hoc *sane* ille *regularis* præter *regulam*.

D. Sunt *homines*, et *erat* humanus *lapsus*.

C. Perge, *quid* deinde *factum?*

D. Jam *Faunus* redit *ferocior* ad oram *circuli*, et *ultro* provocat *dæmonem*; at *ille* jam *timidior* refugiebat, *inquiens*, fefel iſti *me*, ſi *ſapuiſſem*, non monuiſſem *te*. Hoc *eſt* perſuaſum *multis*, quæ *confeſſus ſis* ſemel *ſacerdoti*, eſſe *prorſus* abolita *e memoria* dæmonis, *ne poſſit* opprobrare.

C. Narras *plane ridiculum* jocum.

D. Sed *ut* finiam *fabulam* aliquando, *colloquium* habitum eſt *eum* anima *in hunc modum* aliquot *diebus*. *Summa* evaſit *huc*. Illa *reſpondit* exorciſtæ *roganti* num *poſſet* qua via *liberari* a cruciatu, *poſſe* ſi *pecunia* quam *reliquiſſet*, parta *fraude* reſtituerentur. *Ibi* Faunus *inquit*, quid *ſi* diſpenſaretur *in* pios *uſus* per *bonos* viros?

This *truly* that *regular did* beſides *his Rule*.

They are *Men*, and *it was* a human *Failing*.

Go on, *what* then *was done?*

Now *Faun* returns *more fierce* to the Edge *of the Circle*, and *of his own accord*, challenges *the Devil*; but *he* now *being more timorous* ran away, *ſaying*, thou haſt deceived *me*, if I *had been wiſe* I ſhould not have told *thee*. This *is* believed *by many*, what *you confeſs* once *to the Prieſt* is *quite* wiped *out of the Memory* of the Devil, *that he cannot* upbraid you.

You tell me *a very comical* Jeſt.

But *that* I may finiſh *the Story* at laſt, a *Conference* was held *with* the Soul *in this Manner* for ſome *Days*. *The Upſhot* came *to this*. It *anſwered* the Conjuror, *aſking* whether *it could* any way *be delivered* from Torment, *that it might* if *the Money* which *it had left*, got *by Cheating*, ſhould be reſtored. *Upon that* Faun *ſays* what *if* it ſhould be diſpoſed of *to* pious *Uſes* by

ros? *Respondit* hoc *profuturum.* Heic *exorcista* exhilaratus *percunctatus est* summa *diligentia*, quanta *summa* esset. *Illa* dixit *ingentem*, quod erat bonum *et* commodum *illi.* Indicavit *et* locum, *sed* procul *dissitum*, ubi *hic* thesaurus *esset* defossus. *Præscripsit* in quos *usus* vellet *impendi.*

C. In quos?

D. Ut *tres* susciperent *peregrinationem*, unus *quorum* adiret *limina* Petri, *alter* iret *salutatum* Jacobum *Compostellanum*; tertius *oscularetur* pectinem *Jesu*, qui *est* Treviris. *Deinde* magna *vis* psalteriorum *et* missarum *perageretur* per *aliquot* monasteria. *Quod* superesset *ipse* dispensaret *pro* suo *arbitratu.* Jam *totus* animus *Fauni* erat *in Thesauro.* Devorarat *illum* toto pectore

C. Est *vulgaris* morbus, *quanquam* sacerdotes *peculiariter* male audiant *hoc nomine.*

good Men; *It answered* that that also *would do good.* Here *the Exorcist* being rejoiced, *enquired* with the greatest *Diligence*, how great *the Sum* was. *It* said *a large one*, which *was* good *and* convenient *for him.* It discovered *also* the place, *but* a great Way *distant*, where this Treasure *was* hid in the Earth. *It prescribed* for what *Uses* it would have it *laid out.*

For what?

That *three* should undertake *a Pilgrimage*, one *of which* should go *to the Threshold* of Peter, *another* should go *to salute* James *of Compostella*; a third *should kiss* the Comb *of Jesus*, which *is* at Triers. *Then* a great *Quantity* of Psalms *and* Masses *should be performed* through *some* Monasteries. *What* remained *he* might dispose of *according to* his *Pleasure.* Now *the whole* Soul *of Faun* was *in the Treasure.* He had devoured *it* with his whole Breast.

It is *a common* Disease, *tho'* Priests *peculiarly* have an ill Report *upon this Account.*

D. Ubi

D. Ubi *nihil* omissum esset *quod* pertineret *ad negotium* pecuniæ, *exorcista* subinonitus *a Pole* cœpit *percunctari* animam *de alcumistica*, deque magica. *Et* anima *respondit* quædam *ad hæc* pro tempore; *cæterum* pollicita *se* indicaturam *plura*, simul atque *liberata fuisset* illius opera *a* pædagogo *dæmone*. Sit hic, *si* videtur, *tertius* actus *fabulæ*. In quarto *Faunus* cœpit *prædicare* hanc *prodigiosam* rem *ubique* serio, *crepare* nihil *aliud* in colloquiis, *in conviviis*, polliceri *quædam* magnifica *monasteriis*, et *loquebatur* jam *nihil* omnino *humile*. Adit *locum*, reperit *signa*, tamen *non ausus est* effodere *thesaurum* quod *anima* injecisset *scrupulum*, facturum *ingenti* periculo, *si* thesaurus *attingeretur* priusquam *missæ* peractæ essent. Jam fucus *subolebat* multis *nasutioribus*. Cum *tamen* ille nusquam non

When *nothing* had been omitted, *that* appertained *to the business* of the money, *the Conjuror* being put in mind of it *by Pool*, began *to ask* the Soul *about the Alcumistic Art*, and of Magic. *And* the Soul *answered* some Things *to that* for that Time; *but* promised *that it* would discover *more*, as soon as *it was delivered* by his Means *from* the Pedagogue *Devil*. Let this be, *if* it seems good, *the third* Act *of the Play*. In the fourth *Faun* began *to tell* of this *prodigious* Thing *every where* in earnest, *to talk* of nothing *else* in Company, *in Feasts*, to promise *some* mighty Matters *to the Monasteries*, and *he spoke of* now *nothing* at all *mean*. He goes to *the Place*, finds *the Marks*, yet *he durst not* dig up *the Treasure*, because *the Soul* had thrown in *a Scruple*, that he would do it *with great* Danger, *if* the Treasure *should be touched*, before *the Masses* were performed. *Now* the Roguery *was smelt out* by many *more cunning People*. When *notwithstanding* he every where *published* his *Folly*;

depra-

æprædicaret ſuam *ſtultitiam*, admonitus eſt *clam* ab amicis, *præſertim* ab abbate ſuo *ne daret* diverſum *ſpecimen* de ſe *omnibus*, qui *hactenus* habitus eſſet *prudens* vir. *Tamen* ille *potuit* commoveri *nullius oratione*, quo minus crederet *rem* eſſe *ſeriam*: et *hæc* imaginatio *occupavit* animum *hominis* adeo *penitus*, ut *ſomniaret* nihil, *loqueretur* nihil, *præter* ſpectra *et* malos *genios*. Habitus *mentis* abierat *in ipſam* faciem, *quæ* ſic pallebat, *erat* ſic *extenuata*, ſic *dejecta*, ut *diceres* eſſe *larvam*, non *hominem*. Quid multis? *minimum aberat a vera* dementia, *ni* ſuccurſum fuiſſet *celeri* remedio.

he was adviſed *privately* by his Friends, *eſpecially* by his Abbot, *that he would not give* a different *Specimen* of himſelf *to all Men*, who *hitherto* had been accounted a *prudent* Man. *Yet* he *could* be moved *by no Man's Talk*, from believing *that the Matter* was *real*: and *this* Imagination *ſeized* the Mind *of the Man* ſo *thoroughly*, that he *dreamt of* nothing, *ſpake of* nothing, *beſides* Ghoſts *and* evil *Spirits*. The Habit *of his Mind* had got *into his very* Face, *which* was ſo pale, *was* ſo *thin*, ſo dejected, that *you would have ſaid* he was *a Ghoſt*, not *a Man*. What needs many Words? *He was very little removed* from *real* Madneſs, *unleſs* he had been relieved *by a ſpeedy* Remedy.

C. Nimirum hic *erit extremus* actus *fabulæ*.

Well *this* will be *the laſt* Act *of the Play*.

D Reddam *eum* tibi. *Polus* et *ejus gener* commenti ſunt *hujusmodi* technam. Effinxerunt *epiſtolam* de-

I will give *it* to you. *Pool* and *his Son in Law* invented *ſuch a Trick as this*. They forged *an Epiſtle* writ *in rare Letters*, and that *not*

ſcriptam

D. Ubi *nihil* omissum esset *quod* pertineret *ad negotium* pecuniæ, *exorcista* subinonitus *a Pole* cœpit *percunctari* animam *de alcumistica*, deque magica. *Et* anima *respondit* quædam *ad hæc* pro tempore; *cæterum* pollicita *se* indicaturam *plura*, simul atque *liberata fuisset* illius opera *a* pædagogo *dæmone*. Sit hic, *si* videtur, *tertius* actus *fabulæ*. In quarto *Faunus* cœpit *prædicare* hanc *prodigiosam* rem *ubique* serio, *crepare* nihil *aliud* in colloquiis, *in conviviis*, polliceri *quædam* magnifica *monasteriis*, et *loquebatur* jam *nihil* omnino *humile*. Adit *locum*, reperit *signa*, tamen *non ausus est* effodere *thesaurum* quod *anima* injecisset *scrupulum*, facturum *ingenti* periculo, *si* thesaurus *attingeretur* priusquam *missæ* peractæ essent. Jam fucus *subolebat* multis *nasutioribus*. Cum *tamen* ille nusquam non

When *nothing* had been omitted, *that* appertained *to the business* of the money, *the Conjuror* being put in mind of it *by Pool*, began *to ask* the Soul *about the Alcumistic Art*, and of Magic. *And* the Soul *answered* some Things *to that* for that Time; *but* promised *that it* would discover *more*, as soon as *it was delivered* by his Means *from* the Pedagogue *Devil*. Let this be, *if* it seems good, *the third* Act *of the Play*. In the fourth *Faun* began *to tell* of this *prodigious* Thing *every where* in earnest, *to talk* of nothing *else* in Company, *in Feasts*, to promise *some* mighty Matters *to the Monasteries*, and *he spoke of* now *nothing* at all *mean*. He goes to *the Place*, finds *the Marks*, yet *he durst not* dig up *the Treasure*, because *the Soul* had thrown in *a Scruple*, that he would do it *with great* Danger, *if* the Treasure *should be touched*, before *the Masses* were performed. *Now* the Roguery *was smelt out* by many *more cunning People*. When *notwithstanding* he every where *published* his *Folly*;

depra-

ac credit *nihil* certius, *quam* eam *perlatam* e cœlo *ab angelo*.

C. Istud *non est* liberasse *hominem* insania, *sed* mutasse *genus* insaniæ.

D Sic *est* profecto *nisi* quod *nunc* insanit suavius.

C. Antehac *non solebam* tribuere multum *fabulis*, quæ *feruntur* vulgo de *spectris*: sed *posthac* tribuam *multo* minus; *nam* su picor *multa* prodita *literis* pro veris *a credulis* hominibus, *et* similibus *Fauni*, quæ *adsimulata sunt* simili *artificio*.

D. Ego credo *pleraque* esse *hujus generis*.

tainly *than* that it *was brought* from Heaven *by an Angel*.

That *is not* to free *the Man* from Madness, *but* to change *the Kind* of Madness.

So *it is* indeed, *but* that *now* he is more sweetly mad.

Heretofore *I did not use* to give much Regard *to Stories*, that *are told* commonly of *Apparitions*; but *hereafter* I shall give *much* less; for I suspect *that many Things* have been delivered *in Books* for true *by credulous* Men, *and* Men like *Faun*, which *have been contrived* by the like *Art*.

I believe *the most Part* are *of this Kind*.

ALCUMISTICA.

A. QUID *novæ rei est* quod *Lalus* ridet *sic* apud *sese*, *subinde* signans *se* cruce? *interpellabo* felicitatem *hominis*. Salve *multum*, amiciſſime Lale. *Videre* mihi *admodum* felix.

WHAT *new* Thing *is there* that *Lalus* laughs *so* with himself, *now and then* signing *himself* with the Cross? *I will interrupt* the Felicity *of the Man*. God save you *much*, my good Friend Lalus. *You seem* to me *very* happy.

B. Atque

B. Atque *ero* felicior, *si* impertiam *tibi* hoc *gaudium*.

A. Fac *igitur* beatum me *quamprimum*.

B. Nosti *Balbinum*?

A. Illum *eruditum* senem, *ac* laudatæ *vitæ*.

B. Sic *est* ut *dicis*, sed *est* nullus *mortalium* qui *sapiat* omnibus *horis*, aut *qui* sit *undequaque* perfectus. *Ille* vir *habet* hoc *nævi* inter *multas* egregias *dotes*. Jam olim insanit *in artem* quam *vocant* Alcumisticam.

A. Haud tu narras *nævum* quidem, *sed* insignem *morbum*.

B. Utcunque *est*, ille *totiès* delusus *ab* hoc genere *hominum*, tamen *passus est* sibi *dari verba* mirifice *dudum*.

A. Quo *pacto*?

B. Quidam *sacerdos* adiit *illum*, salutavit *honorifice*: Mox *sic* exorsus est, *Doctissime* Balbine, *mirabere* fortassis, *quod* ignotus *interpellem* te *sic*, quem *scio* nunquam non *occupatissimum* sanctissi-

But *I shall be* more happy, *if* I impart *to you* this *Joy*.

See *therefore* you make me happy *as soon as possible*.

Do you know *Balbinus*?

That *learned* old Man, *and* of *a* commendable *Life*.

So *he is* as *you say*, but *there is* no one *of Mankind*, who *is wise* at all *Hours*, or *who* is *in all Respects* perfect. *That* Man *has* this *Blemish* amongst *many* excellent *Qualities*. He has been for some Time mad *upon the Art* which *they call* Alcumistic.

You do not talk of a *Blemish* truly, *but* a considerable *Distemper*.

Howsoever *it is*, he so *often* deluded *by* this Sort *of Men*, yet *suffered* himself *to be imposed upon* wonderfully *some Time ago*.

After what *Manner*?

A certain *Priest* went *to him*, saluted him *respectfully*: by and by *thus* he began, *Most learned* Balbinus, *you will wonder* perhaps, *that* I, a Stranger to you, *should break in upon* you *thus*, whom *I know to be* always *very busy* in the mis

mis *studiis*. Balbinus *annuit*, qui *est* illi mos, *nam* eſt *mire* parcus *verborum*.

A. Narras *argumentum* prudentiæ.

B. Verum *alter* prudentior *pergit* ſic. *Tamen* ignoſces *meæ* importunitati *ſi* cognoris *cauſam* cur *adierim* te. *Dic*, inquit *Balbinus*, ſed *paucis* ſi *potes*. Dicam, *inquit ille*, quanto compendio *potero*: ſcis, *doctiſſime vir*, fata *mortalium* eſſe *varia*. Ego *neſcio* in utro *numero* ponam *me*, felicium, *an* infelicium. *Etenim* ſi *contemplor* meum *fatum* ex altera parte, *videor* mihi *pulchre felix*; ſi *ex altera*, nihil *eſt* infelicius *me*. Balbino *urgente*, ut *conferret* rem *in compendium*; finiam, *inquit*, doctiſſime *Balbine*. Id *erit* facilius *mihi* apud virum, *cui* hoc *totum* negotium *eſt* ſic *notum* ut *nitius* nulli.

A. Depingis *rhetorem* mihi, *non* alcumiſtam.

moſt ſacred *Studies*. Balbinus *nodded to him*, which *is* his Cuſtom, *for* he is *wonderfully* ſparing *of Words*.

You tell me *an Argument* of his Prudence.

But *the other* being more prudent, *goes on* thus. *Yet* you will pardon *my* Importunity, *if* you know *the Cauſe*, why *I am come to* you. *Tell me*, ſays *Balbinus*, but *in a few Words*, if *you can*. I will tell you, *ſaith he*, with as great Brevity as *I can*. You know, *moſt learned Sir*, that the Fates *of Men* are *various*. I *know not* in which *Number* I muſt rank *myſelf*, of the happy, *or* the unhappy. *For* if *I view* my *Fate* on one Side, *I ſeem* to myſelf *very happy*; if *on the other* nothing *is* more unhappy *than me*. Balbinus *urging him*, that *he ſhould bring* his Matter *into a ſhort Compaſs*; I will make an End, *quoth he*, moſt learned *Balbinus*. That *will be* more eaſy *for me* with a Man, *to whom* this *whole* Buſineſs *is* ſo *well known*, that *it is better known* to no Body.

You deſcribe *a Rhetorician* to me, *not* an Alcumiſt.

B. Mox

B. Mox *audies* alcumiſtam. *Hæc* felicitas, *inquit*, contigit *mihi* a puero, *ut* diſcerem *artem* maxime *expetendam* omnium; *illam* alcumiſticam, *inquam*, medullam *totius* philoſophiæ. *Balbinus* experrectus eſt *nonnihil* ad nomen *alcumiſtices*, geſtu *tantùm*, cæterum *juſſit* gemitu, *ut* pergeret. *Tum* ille *inquit*, O me miſerum! *qui* non inciderim *in eam* viam, *quam* oportuit. *Cum* Balbinus *rogaſſet* quaſnam *vias* diceret. *Scis*, inquit *optime*, (nam *quid* fugit *te*, Balbine, *virum* undiquaque *doctiſſimum*) eſſe *duplicem* viam *hujus* artis, *alteram* quæ *dicitur* longatio, *alteram* quæ *dicitur* curtatio. *At* contigit *mihi* quodam *malo* fato *incidere* in longationem. *Balbino* ſciſcitante, *quodnam* diſcrimen *viarum* eſſet, *Impudentem me*, inquit, *qui* loquor *hæc* apud te, *cui* ſciam

By and by *you will hear of* the Alcumiſt. *This* Happineſs, *ſaith he*, befel *me* from a Child, *that* I ſhould learn *an Art* the moſt *to be deſired* of all, *that* Alcumiſtick Art, *I ſay*, the Marrow *of all* Philoſophy. *Balbinus* was awakened *a little* at the Name *of the Alcumiſtick Art*, in Geſture *only*; but *he ordered him* with a Groan, *that* he ſhould go on. *Then* he *ſays*, O Woe's me! *who* did not light *upon that* Way, *which* I ought. *When* Balbinus *aſked him* what *Ways* he meant, *You know*, quoth he, *good Sir*, (for *what* eſcapes *you*, Balbinus, *a Man*, in all Reſpects *the moſt learned*) that there is *a double* Way *of this* Art, *one of* which *is called* Longation, *another* which *is called* Curtation. *But* it happened *to me* by ſome *ill* Fate *to fall* upon Longation. *Balbinus* aſking *what* the Difference *of the Ways* was, *Impudent that I am*, quoth he, *who* ſpeak *theſe Things* before you, *to whom* I know *all* theſe Things *are* ſo well *known*, that *they are*

omnia

omnia hæc *esse* sic *nota*, ut *notiora* nulli. *Itaque* accurri *huc* ad te *supplex*, ut *misertus* nostri *digneris* impertiri *nobis* illam *felicissimam* viam *curtationis*. Quo *peritior* es *hujus artis*, hoc minore *negotio* potes *communicare* nobis. *Ita* Jesus Christus locupletet *te* semper *majoribus* dotibus. *Cum* hic *non faceret finem* obtestandi, *Balbinus* coactus est *fateri*, se *prorsus ignorare*, quid *longatio* aut *curtatio* esset; *jubet* exponat *ipse* vim *harum* vocum. *Tum* inquit *ille* quanquam *scio* me *loqui* peritiori, *tamen* quando *jubes* ita, *faciam*: qui *contriverunt* totam *ætatem* in hac *divina* arte, *vertunt* species *rerum* duabus *rationibus*, altera *quæ* est *brevior*, sed *habet* plusculum *periculi*, altera *quæ* est *longior*, sed *eadem* tutior. *Ego* videor *mihi* infelix, *qui* hactenus *sudarim* in ea *better known* to Nobody. *Therefore* I am come *hither* to you *humbly begging*, that *pitying* us *you would vouchsafe* to impart *to us* that *most happy* Way *of Curtation*. By how much *the more skilful* you are *in this Art*, with so much the less *Trouble* can you *communicate it* to us. *So* may Jesus Christ enrich *you* always *with greater* Gifts. *When* he *did not make an End* of entreating, *Balbinus* was forced *to confess*, that he *was wholly ignorant* what *Longation* or *Curtation* was. *He bids him* expound *himself* the Signification *of these* Words. *Then*, saith *he*, tho' *I know* I *speak* to one more skilful, *yet* since *you order* so, I *will do it*. They who *have spent* their whole *Life* in this *Divine* Art, *change the* Species *of Things* two *Ways*, one *which* is *the shorter*, but *has* a good deal *of Danger*, another *which* is *longer*, but *the same is* safer. I seem *to myself* unhappy, *who* hitherto *have sweat* in that *Way*, which *does not please* my *Mind*, nei-

via,

via, quæ *non arridet* meo *animo*: neque *potui* nanciſci *quenquam* qui *vellet* indicare *alteram* cujus amore *depereo*. Tandem *Deus* immiſit *in mentem*, ut *adirem te*, virum *non minus* pium *quam* doctum. *Doctrina* præſtat *tibi*, ut *poſſis* facile *dare* quod *peto*; pietas *commovebit*, ut *velis* opitulari *fratri*, cujus *ſalus* eſt tibi *in manu*. Ne faciam *longum*, cum *ille* veterator *amoviſſet* ſuſpicionem *fuci* a ſe *hujuſmodis ſermonibus*, at *feciſſet fidem* alteram *viam* eſſe *perſpectiſſimam* ſibi, *jampridem* Balbini *animus* prurebat. *Tandem* non temperans *ſibi*, inquit, *Valeat* illa *curtatio*, cujus *nomen* ne audivi quidem *unquam*, tantum abeſt ut teneam, *dic* mihi *bona* fide *teneſne* longationem *exactè?* Phy! *inquit* ille, *ad unguem*, ſed *longitudo* diſplicet. *Cum* Balbinus *rogaſſet* whether *could I get any one*, that *would* ſhew me *the other*, with the Love of which *I periſh*. At laſt *God* put it *into my Mind*, that *I ſhould come to you*, a Man *no leſs* pious *than* learned. *Your Learning* enables *you*, that *you can* eaſily *give* what *I aſk*; your Piety *will move you*, that *you will* help *a Brother*, whoſe *Preſervation* you have *in your Power*. That I may not make it *tedious*, when *that* Cheat *had removed* all Suſpicion *of Roguery* from himſelf *with this Kind of Talk*, and *had made him believe*, that the other *Way* was *very well known* to him, *for ſome Time* Balbinus's *Mind* itched. *At length* not commanding *himſelf*, he ſays, *Farewell to* that *Curtation*, whoſe *Name* I have not ſo much as heard *ever*, ſo far am I from underſtanding it, *tell* me *in good* Faith, *do you underſtand* Longation *exactly?* Puh! *ſays* he, *to a Tittle*, but *the Length diſpleaſes me. When* Balbinus *had aſked* how much *Time* was required, *Too much*, ſays he, *almoſt* a whole *Year*, but

ſet

ſet quantum *temporis* requireretur. *Nimium* inquit, *pene* totus *annus*, ſed *interim* eſt *tutiſſima*. Ne labora *inquit* Balbinus, *etiamſi* ſit *opus* biennio, *modo* fidas *tuæ* arti. *Ut* conferam *rem* in pauca; *convenit* inter eos, *ut* aggrederentur *rem* clam *in ædibus* Balbini, *hac lege* ut *ille* ſuppeditaret *operam*, Balbinus *ſumptum*, ac *lucrum* dividereturr *ex æquo et bono*, quanquam *modeſtus* impoſtor *deferebat* ultro *Balbino* totum *lucrum* quod *proveniſſet*. Juratum eſt *utrinque* de ſilentio, *quod* faciunt *qui* initiantur *in myſteriis*. Jam *illico* pecunia *numeratur*, unde *artifex* mercaretur *ollas*, vitra, *carbones*, reliquaque, *quæ* pertinent *ad inſtruendam* officinam. *Ibi* noſter *alcumiſta* decoquit *eam* pecuniam *ſuaviter* in ſcorta, *aleam* et *compotationes*.

A. Hoc *nimirum* eſt *vertere* ſpecies *rerum*.

B. Balbino *urgente*,

in the mean Time it is *very ſafe*. Do not trouble yourſelf, *ſays* Balbinus, *though* there ſhould be *Occaſion* for two Years, *provided* you can truſt *to your* Art. *That* I may bring *the Matter* into few Words; *It was agreed* betwixt them, *that* they ſhould attempt *the Matter* privately *in the Houſe* of Balbinus, *upon this Condition*, that *he* ſhould give *his Labour*, Balbinus *the Charge*, and *the Gain* ſhould be divided *equally and fairly*, tho' *the modeſt* Cheat *offered* of his own Accord *to Balbinus* the whole *Gain* that *ſhould accrue*. They ſwore *on both Sides* to Silence, *which* they do *who* are initiated *in Myſteries*. Now *preſently* Money *is paid*, wherewith *the Artiſt* ſhould buy *Pots*, Glaſſes, *Fuel*, and other Things, *which* are proper *for furniſhing* the Forge. There our *Alcumiſt* ſpends *that* Money *ſweetly* in Whores, *Dice*, and *Drinking*.

This *indeed* is *to change* the Species *of Things*.

Balbinus *urging him*,

te, ut *aggrederetur* rem, *An non tenes*, inquit, *illud*, Qui *cœpit* bene, *habet* dimidium *facti?* Eſt *magnum* præparare *materiam* bene. *Tandem* fornax *cœpit* adornari. *Hic* rurſus *erat* opus *novo* auro *veluti* illecebra *auri* venturi; *ſiquidem* ut *piſcis* non capitur *abſque eſca*, ſic *aurum* non provenit *alcumiſtis*, niſi *pars* auri *admiſceatur*. Interea *Balbinus* erat *totus* in ſupputationibus. *Nam* ſubducebat, *ſi* uncia *pareret* quindecim, *quantum* lucri *eſſet rediturum* ex *bis mille* unciis: *nam* decreverat *inſumere* tantum. *Cum* alcumiſta *decoxiſſet* hanc *pecuniam* quoque, *jamque* ſimulaſſet *multum operæ* circa *folles* et *carbones*, unum *menſem* atque *alterum*, Balbino *rogante* acquid res procederet: *primum* obmutuit, *tandem* reſpondit, *urgenti*, Sicut *præclaræ* res *ſolent*, that *he ſhould ſet about* the Buſineſs, *Do you not underſtand*, ſays he, *that* he that *hath begun* well, *has done* half *his Work?* It is *a great Thing* to prepare *your Materials* well. *At length* the Furnace *began* to be prepared. *Here* again *there was* Need *of new* Gold, *as it were* a Wheedle *to the Gold* that was to come. *For* as *a Fiſh* is not taken *without a Bait*, ſo *Gold* comes not *to the Alcumiſts*, unleſs *a Parcel* of Gold *is mixed*. In the mean Time *Balbinus* was *all* upon Calculations. *For* he reckoned, *if* one Ounce *would produce* fifteen, *how much* Profit *would accrue* from *two thouſand* Ounces, *for* he had determined *to lay out* ſo much. *When* the Alcumiſt *had ſpent* this *Money* too, *and now* had pretended to *Abundance of Pains* about the *Bellows* and *Fuel*, one *Month* and *another*, Balbinus *aſking* if the Buſineſs advanced any Thing; *at firſt* he was ſilent, *at length* he anſwered him, *being urgent with him*, As *great* Things *uſe to do*, which *have* always *difficult*

quæ

quæ *habent* ſemper *difficiles* aditus. *Cauſabatur* erratum *in emendis* carbonibus: *nam* emerat *quernos* cum *eſſet opus* abiegnis *aut* colurnis. *Ibi* centum *aurei* perierant. *Nec* redierunt *ad aleam* eo *ſegnius*. Nova *pecunia* data, *carbones* mutantur; *jamque* res *cœpta eſt* majore *ſtudio* quam *antea*: quemadmodum *in bello*, milites, *ſi* quid *accidit* ſecus *quam* vellent, *ſarciunt* virtute. *Cum* officina *ferviſſet* jam *aliquot* menſes, *et* aureus *fœtus* expectaretur, *at* ne *mica* quidem *auri* eſſet *in vaſis*, (nam *jam* alcumiſta *decoxerat* et *omne* illud) *alia* cauſatio *inventa eſt*, nimirum, *vitra* quibus *uſus fuerat*, non fuiſſe *temperata* ſicut *oportuit*. Etenim *ut* Mercurius *non fit* ex *quovis* ligno, *ita* aurum *non conficitur* quibuſlibet *vitris*. Quo *plus* erat *impenſum*, hoc *minus* libebat *deſiſtere*.

Beginnings. *He pretended* there was a Miſtake made *in buying* the Charcoal: *for* he had bought *Oak*, whereas *he had Occaſion* for Fir *or* Hazel. *There* a hundred *Crowns* were gone. *Nor* did they return *to the Game* for that *the more backwardly*. New *Money* being given, *Charcoal* is changed; *and now* the Thing *was begun* with greater *Eagerneſs* than *before*: as *in War*, Soldiers, *if* any Thing *happens* otherwiſe *than* they could wiſh, *mend it* by their Courage. *When* the Forge *had been heated* now *ſome* Months, *and* a golden *Product* was expected, *and* not *a Bit* truly *of Gold* was *in the Veſſels* (for *now* the Alcumiſt *had ſpent* alſo *all* that) *another* Pretence *was found out*, to wit, *that the Glaſſes* which *he had uſed*, had not been *tempered* as *they ought*. For *as* a Mercury *is not made* out of *any* Wood, *ſo* Gold *is not made* with any *Glaſſes*. By how much *the more* was *laid out*, by ſo much *the leſs* had he a Mind to *deſiſt*.

A. Sic *aleatores* solent; *quasi* non sit *multo* satis *perdere* hoc *quam* totum.

B. *Sic* est. Alcumista *dejerabat* nunquam impositum fuisse sibi *sic*. Nunc *errore* deprehenso *cætera* fore *tutiora*, et *sese* sarturum *hoc* dispendii *magno cum fœnore*. Vitris *mutatis*, officina *instaurata est* tertio. *Alcumista* admonebat *rem* successuram *felicius*, si *mitteret* aliquot *aureos* dono *virgini* matri, *quæ* colitur, *ut* scis, *Paraliis*, nam *artem* esse *sacram*, neque *rem geri* prospere, *absque* favore *numinum*. Id *consilium* vehementer *placuit* Balbino *pio* homini, *ut* qui *prætermitteret* nullum *diem* quin *perageret* divinam rem. *Alcumista* suscepit *religiosam* profectionem, *nimirum*, in proximum *oppidum*, atque *ibi* decoxit *pecuniam* in ganeis. *Reversus* domum *nunciat* sibi esse *summam* spem,

So *Gamesters* use to do *as tho'* it were not *much* better *to lose* that *than* all.

So it is. The Alcumist *swore* that he was never impos'd on *so*. Now *the Mistake* being discovered *the rest* would be *safer*, and *that he* would make up *this* Loss *with great Advantage*. The Glasses *being changed*, the Forge *was furnished* a third Time. *The Alcumist* put him in Mind, *that the Thing* would succeed *more happily*, if *he sent* some *Crowns* as a Present *to the Virgin* Mother, *who* is worshipped, *as* you know, *at Paralia*, for *the Art* was *sacred*, nor *would the Thing be managed* successfully *without* the Favour *of the Saints*. That *Advice* mightily *pleased* Balbinus, *a pious* Man, *as* who *omitted* no *Day*, but *he performed* Divine Service. *The Alcumist* undertook *the religious* Journey, *to wit*, into the next *Town*, and *there* he spent *the Money* in Taverns. *Being returned* Home, *he tells him*, that he had *the greatest* Hopes

nego-

negotium succeſſurum *ex ſententia*, adeo *divam* viſam *annuere* ſuis votis. *Ubi* ſudatum eſſet *jam* multo tempore, *ac* ne mica *quidem* auri *naſceretur* uſquam, *reſpondit* Balbino *expoſtulanti*, nihil tale *unquam accidiſſe* ſibi *in vita*, experto *artem* toties, *nec* poſſe *conjectare* ſatis *quid* eſſet *cauſæ*. Quum *divinatum eſſet* diu, *tandem* illud *venit* in mentem *Balbino*, num *prætermiſiſſet* quo die *audire* ſacrum, *aut* dicere *horarias*, preces, *quas vocant*. Nam *nihil* ſuccedere *his* omiſſis. *Ibi* impoſtor *inquit*, Me miſerum! *id* admiſſum eſt *per oblivionem* ſemel *atque* iterum, *et* nuper *ſurgens* a *prolixo* convivio, *oblitus ſum* dicere *ſalutationem* virginis. *Tum* Balbinus *inquit*, Non mirum, *ſi* tanta *res* non ſuccedit. *Artifex* recipit, *pro* duobus *ſacris* prætermiſſis, *auditurum* duodecim, *et* pro *unica*

that the Buſineſs would ſucceed *to their Mind*, ſo *the Saint* ſeemed to *agree* to his Prayers. *When* he had ſweat *now* a long Time, *and* not a Bit *indeed* of Gold *was produced*, any where, *he anſwered* Balbinus *expoſtulating*, that no ſuch Thing *had ever happened* to him *in his Life*, having tried *his Art* ſo often; *nor* could he *gueſs* well *what* was *the Reaſon*. When *they had gueſſed* a long Time, *at length* that *came* into the Mind *of Balbinus*, whether *he had omitted* any Day *to hear* Maſs, *or* to ſay *the Horary* Prayers, *as they call them*. For *nothing* would ſucceed, *theſe* being omitted. *There* the Cheat *ſays*, Woe's me! *that* was done *through Forgetfulneſs* once *and* again; *and* lately *riſing* from *a long* Feaſt, *I forgot* to ſay *the Salutation* of the Virgin. *Then* Balbinus *ſays*, No Wonder, *if* ſo great *a Thing* does not ſucceed. *The Artiſt* promiſes *for* two *Maſſes* omitted, *that he would hear* twelve, *and* for *one* Salutation *would pay* ten. *When* Money *failed* the

nica ſalutatione *repoſiturum* decem. *Cum* pecuniа *defeciſſet* prodigum *Alcumiſtam* ſubinde, *nec* cauſæ *petendi* ſuppeterent, *tandem* commentus eſt *hanc* technam; *rediit* domum *admodum* exanimatus, *ac* lamentabili *voce*, Perii, *inquit*, funditus, *Balbine*, perii, *actum eſt* de capite meo. *Balbinus* obſtupuit, *et* avebat *ſcire* cauſam *tanti* mali. *Aulici* ſuboderati ſunt, *inquit*, quod *egimus*; nec *expecto* aliud *quam* ut *mox* deducar *in carcerem*. Ad hanc vocem *Balbinus* expalluit *ſerio*. Nam *ſcis* apud nos *eſſe* capitale, *ſi* quis *exerceat* alcumiſticam *abſque* permiſſu *principis*. Ille *pergit*, Non metuo, *mortem*, inquit, *utinam* illa *contingat*: metuo *quiddam* crudelius. *Inquit* roganti *quid* eſſet, *Rapiar* aliquo *in turrim*; illic *cogar* per *omnem* vitam *laborare* illis *quibus* non libet. *An* prodigal *Alcumiſt* now and then, *and no* Pretences *for aſking* occurred, *at length* he invented *this* Trick; *he returned* Home *very much* frighted; *and* with a lamentable *Voice*, I am undone, *ſays he*, utterly, *Balbinus*, I am undone, *there is an End* of my Life. *Balbinus* was amazed, *and* deſired *to know* the Cauſe *of ſo great* a Calamity. *The Courtiers* have ſmelt out, *ſays he*, what *we have done*; nor *do I expect* any Thing elſe *than* that *by and by* I ſhall be carried *to Priſon*. At this Saying, *Balbinus* was pale *in good Earneſt*. For *you know* with us *it is* capital, *if* any one *exerciſes* the Alcumiſtick Art *without* the Permiſſion *of the Prince*. He *goes on*, I do not fear *Death*, ſaith he, I *wiſh* that *may befal me*: I fear *ſomething* more cruel. *He ſays* to him, aſking *what* it was, *I ſhall be carried* ſome whither *into a Tower*; there *I ſhall be forced* for *all* my Life *to work* for thoſe *for whom* I have no Mind: *Is there* any *Death* which *ought not* to be *more valu-*

eſt

eſt ulla *mors*, quæ *non debeat* eſſe *potior* quam *talis* vita? *Ibi* res *ventilata eſt* conſultatione. *Balbinus*, quoniam *callebat* artem rhetoricam, *pulſavit* omnes *ſtatus* ſi *qua* periculum *poſſet* vitari. *Non potes* inficiari *crimen?* inquit. *Nequaquam*, ait *ille*. Res *ſparſa eſt* inter *regios* ſatellites: *et* habent *argumenta*, quæ *non poſſunt* dilui. *Nec* poterat *factum* quidem *defendi* ob *manifeſtam* legem. *Cum* multis *adductis* in medium, *videretur* nihil *firmi* præſidii, *tandem* alcumiſta, *cui erat* jam *opus* præſenti *pecunia*, inquit, *Nos*, Balbine, *agimus* lentis *conſiliis*; atqui *res* poſcit *præſens* remedium. Arbitror *adfuturos* jam, *qui* abripiant *me* in malam rem. *Denique* cum *nihil* occurreret *Balbino*, tandem *alcumiſtica* inquit, *Nec* quidquam occurrit *miki*, nec *video* quidquam *ſupereſſe*, niſi *ut* *ble* than *ſuch* a Life? *There* the Matter *was examined* in Conſultation. *Balbinus*, becauſe *he underſtood* the Art of Rhetorick, *run over* all *his Topicks*, if *any Way* the Danger *could* be avoided. *Cannot you* deny *the Crime?* ſays he. *By no Means*, ſays *he*. The Thing *is ſpread* amongſt *the King's* Guards; *and* they have *Proofs* which *cannot* be confuted. *Nor* could *the Fact* indeed *be defended*, becauſe of *a plain* Law. *When* after many Things *produced* betwixt them, *there appeared* nothing *of good* Security, *at length* the Alcumiſt, *who had* now *Need* of preſent *Money*, ſays, *We*, Balbinus, *act* by ſlow *Counſels*; but *the Thing* requires *a preſent* Remedy. I ſuppoſe *they will be here* preſently, *that* will hurry *me* into an evil Condition. *Laſtly*, when *nothing* occurred *to Balbinus*, at length *the Alcumiſt* ſays, *Nor* does any Thing occur *to me*, nor *do I ſee* any Thing left unleſs *that* I die *bravely*, unleſs *perhaps* this *Phaſe you*, which *alone* is left;

peream *fortiter:* niſi *forte* hoc *placet*, quod *unum* ſupereſt *utile* magis *quam* honeſtum *niſi* quod *neceſſitas* eſt *durum* telum. *Scis*, inquit, *hoc* genus *hominum* eſſe *avidum* pecuniæ: *eoque* poſſe *corrumpi* faciliusut *fileant*: quamvis *fit* durum *dare* illis *furciferis* quod profundant, *tamen* ut *res* nunc *sunt* video *nihil* melius. *Idem* viſum eſt *Balbino*, ac *numeravit* triginta *aureos*, quibus *redimeret* ſilentium.

A. Liberalitas *Balbini* eſt *mira*.

B. Imo *citius extudiſſes* dentem *ab eo* quam *nummum* in honeſta re. *Sic* proſpectum eſt *alcumiſtæ*, cui nihil erat periculi, *nisi* quod *non haberet* quod daret *amicæ*.

A. Demiror *nihil eſſe nasi Balbino* in tantum.

B. Heic *tantum* caret *naſo*, naſutiſſimus *in cæteris*. Rurſus *fornax* inſtruitur *nova* pecunia, *ſed* precatiuncula *præmiſſa* ad *useful* rather *than* honourable, *but* that *Neceſſity* is *a hard* Weapon. *You know*, quoth he, *that this* Sort *of Men* are *greedy* of Money; *and therefore* may *be corrupted* more eaſily *to be ſilent*. Although *it be* a hard Caſe *to give* to thoſe *Rascals* to ſpend, *yet* as *Matters* now *are*, I ſee *nothing* better. *The ſame Thing* ſeemed good *to Balbinus*, and *he counted out* thirty *Pieces of Gold*, whereby *he might purchase* Silence.

The Liberality *of Balbinus* is *wonderful*.

Nay, *you would sooner have got* a Tooth *from him* than *a Piece of Money* in an honeſt Matter. *Thus* Proviſion was made *for the Alcumiſt*, who was in no Danger, *but* that *he had not* to give *to his Miſs*.

I wonder *Balbinus ſhould have no Senſe* to ſuch a Degree.

Here *only* he wants *Senſe*, being ſenſible enough *in other Things*. Again *the Furnace* is fitted up *with new* Money, *but* with a *Prayer* put up firſt *to the*

virginem

virginem *matrem*, ut *faveret* cœptis. *Jam* totus *annus* exierat *dum* illo *causante* nunc *hoc*, nunc *illud* luditur opera, *et* impensa *perit*. Interim *extitit* quidam *ridiculus* casus.

Virgin *Mother*, that *she would favor* their undertakings. *Now* a whole *year* was gone, *whilst* he *pretending* now *this*, then *that*, his labor is lost, *and* the expence *thrown away*. In the mean time *there happened* a certain *comical* adventure.

C. Quisnam?

What?

D. Alcumista *habuit* furtivam *consuetudinem* cum *uxore* cujusdam *aulici*; maritus, *concepta* suspicione, *cæpit* observare *hominem*. Tandem *eum* nunciatum esset *illi*, sacrificum *esse* in cubiculo, *rediit* domum *præter* expectationem, *pulsat* ostium.

The Alcumist *had* a private *commerce* with *the wife* of a certain *courtier*; the husband *having conceived* a suspicion, *began* to watch *the fellow*. At last, *when* it was told *him*, that the priest *was* in the bedchamber, *he returned* home *contrary to* their expectations, *knocks* at the door.

C Quid *facturus* homini?

What *was he for doing* with the fellow?

D. Quid! *nihil* suave, *aut* occisurus erat *aut* exsecturus. *Ubi* maritus *instans* minitaretur *se* effracturum *ostium* vi *ni* uxor *aperiret*, trepidatum est *magnopere*

What! *nothing* pleasant, *either* he would have killed him, *or* have gelded him. *When* the husband *being very earnest*, threatened *that he* would break *the door* by force, *unless* the wife *opened it*; they

et *aliquod* præsentaneum *consilium* circumspicitur. *Nec* erat *aliud* quam *quod* res *ipsa* dabat. *Abjecit* tunicam, *ac* dejecit *se* per *fenestram angustiam*, non *sine* periculo, *nec* sine *vulnere*, ac *fugit*. Scis *tales* fabulas *spargi* illico; *itaque* permanavit *et* ad Balbinum; *atque* artifex *divinarat* id fore.

trembled *mightily*, and *some* present *contrivance* is considered of. *Nor* was there *any other* than *what* the thing *itself* offered. *He stript off his* waistcoat, *and* threw *himself* thro' *a narrow window*, nor *without* danger, *nor* without *a wound*, and *fled*. You know *that such* stories *are spread* presently; *therefore* it came *also* to Balbinus, *and* the artist *guessed* that would be.

A Heic *itaque* tenetur *medius*.

Here *therefore* he is held *by the middle*.

B. Imo *elapsus est* hinc *felicius* quam *e cubiculo*. Audi *technam* hominis. *Balbinus* nihil expostulabat, *sed* nubilo *vultu* indicabat *se* non ignorare *quod* ferebatur *vulgo*. Ille *noverat* Balbinum *esse* pium *virum* pene dixerim *superstitiosum* in nonnullis; *et* qui *sunt* tales, *facile* condonant *supplici* in peccato *quamvis* magno. *Itaque* injicit mentionem *de successu* negotii *data opera*, *queri*.

Nay *he slipped* hence *more luckily* than *out of the bedchamber*. Hear *the trick* of the fellow. *Balbinus* did not expostulate at all, *but* by his cloudy *countenance* shewed *that he was* not ignorant of *what* was reported *commonly*. He *knew* Balbinus *was* a pious *man*, I may almost say *superstitious* in some things, *and* they who *are such*, *easily* forgive *one that begs pardon* in a fault *never so* great. *Wherefore* he makes mention *of the success* of the business *on purpose*; complaining *that it did not succeed* as *it used*, or *he*

queritans *non succederet* ut *soleret*, aut *vellet*: addebat *se* vehementer *mirari* quid *esset* causæ. *Ibi* Balbinus *commotus* per occasionem, *qui* videbatur *alioqui* destinasse *silentium*, et *erat* qui *commoveretur* facile. *Non est* obscurum, *inquit* quod *obstat*, peccata *obstant* quo minus succedat, *quod* convenit *tractari* pure *a puris*. Ad hanc vocem *artifex* procubuit *ingenua*, subinde *tundens* pectus, *lachrymabili vultu* ac *voce* inquit, *dixisti* verissimum, *Balbine*; peccata, *inquam*, obstant, *sed* mea *peccata*, non *tua*: nam *non pudebit* confiteri *meam* turpitudinem *apud te* velut *apud sanctissimum* sacerdotem. *Infirmitas* carnis *vicerat* me. *Satanas* pertraxerat *me* in *suos* laqueos, *et* O me miserum! *e sacrificio* factus sum *adulter*. Tamen *hoc* munus, *wished*. He added, *that*, *he* very much *wondered* what *was* the reason. *There* Balbinus *being moved* upon the occasion, *who* seemed *otherwise* to have intended *silence*, and *he was one who* was *moved* easily. *It is not* obscure, *quoth he*, what *hinders*, sins *hinder* it from succeeding, *which* it is fit *should be handled* purely *by the pure*. At this saying *the artist* fell *upon his knees*, now and then *smiting* his breast, *with a lamentable countenance* and *voice*, says, *You have said* very true, *Balbinus*, sins, *I say*, hinder, *but* my *sins*, not *yours*: for *I shall not be ashamed* to confess *my* filthiness *to you*, as *to a most holy* Priest. *The weakness* of the flesh *had conquered* me. *Satan* had drawn *me* into *his* snares, *and* O wo's me! *of a Priest* I am become *a cuckold maker*. Yet *this* present *which* we sent *to the virgin* mother *was not lost* altogether. I *had perished* by certain *destruction*, unless *she* had succoured me. *Now* the husband *was breaking* the door; *the*

quod miſimus *virgini* matri *non periit* omnino. *Perieram* certo *exitio*, ni *illa* ſuccurriſſet. *Jam* maritus *effringebat* fores, *fenestra* erat *arctior* quam *ut* poſſem *elabi*: in *tam* preſentaneo *periculo*, venit in mentem *sanctissimæ* virginis *procidi* in genua, *obteſtatus ſum*, ſi *munus* fuiſſet *gratum*, ut *opitularetur*. Nec mora, *repeto* feneſtram, (*nam* ſic *neceſſitas* urgebat) *et* reperi *amplam* ſatis *ad effugium*.

window was *ſtraighter* than *that* I could *get out*. In *ſo* imminent *a danger*, I bethought me *of the moſt holy* Virgin; *I fell* upon my knees, *I beſought her*, if *the preſent* was *acceptable*, that *ſhe would help me*. Without delay, *I go again* to the window, (*for* ſo *neceſſity* obliged me) *and* I found it *large* enough *for an eſcape*.

C. Credidit Balbinus *iſta* ?

Did Balbinus believe *theſe things* ?

D. Credidit ! *imo* ignovit *etiam*, et *admonuit* religioſe, *ne præberet* ſe *ingratum* beatiſſimæ *virgini*. Rurſus *pecunia* numerata eſt *danti* fidem *ſe* arare rem *ſacram pure* poſthac.

Believe ! *nay*, he forgave him *too*, and *adviſed him* religiouſly, *that he ſhould not ſhew* himſelf *ungrateful* to the moſt bleſſed *virgin*. Again *money* was paid him *giving* his promiſe *that he* would manage *this holy* affair *purely* for the future.

C. Quis *finis* tandem ?

What was *the upſhot* at laſt ?

D. Fabula *eſt* per longa; *ſed* ego *abſolvam* paucis. *Cum* luſiſſet *hominem* diu

The ſtory *is* very long; *but* I *finiſh it* in a few words. *After* he had played upon *the man* a

ejus-

ejuſmodi commentis, et *extorſiſſet* non mediocrem *vim* pecuniæ *ab eo*, tandem qui *noverat* nebulonem *a puero*. Is *facile* divinans *illum* agere *idem* apud *Balbinum*, quod *egerat nuſquam* non, *aggreditur* eum *clam*; exponit *qualem* artificem *foverat* ſuæ domi; *monet* ut ableget *hominem* quam primum, *ni mallet* ipſum *fugere* aliquando *compilatis* ſcriniis.

long time *with ſuch inventions*, and *had got* no ſmall *quantity* of money *from him*, at length *there came one* who *had known* the knave *from a child*. He *eaſily* gueſſing *that he* was doing *the ſame thing* with *Balbinus*, which *he had been doing* every where elſe, *goes* to him *privately*, tells him *what* an artiſt *he maintained* in his houſe; *he adviſes him* to diſmiſs *the man* as ſoon as may be, *unleſs he had rather have* him *run away* ſome time after *he had robbed* his Cheſt.

C. Quid *Balbinus* hic? *videlicet*, curavit *hominum* conjiciendum *in carcerem*.

What did *Balbinus* here? *to wit*, he took care *the fellow* was thrown *into the gaol*.

D. In *carcerem!* imo, *numeravit* viaticum, *obſecrans* per omnia ſacra, *ne effutiret* quod *accidiſſet*: et *ſapuit* mea *ſententia* quidem, *qui* maluerit hoc *quam* eſſe *fabula* convivium, *et* fori, *deinde* venire *in periculo non* confiſcationis. *Nam erat* nihil periculi *impoſteri*, tenebat

Into *the gaol!* Nay, *he paid him* money for his journey, *beſeeching him* by all that was ſacred, *that he would not blab*, what *had happened*; and *he was wiſe* in my *opinion*, truly *who* choſe this rather *than* be *the ſtory* of feaſts, *and* the market, *and then* come *in danger* of confiſcation. *For there was* no danger *of the cheat*, he underſtood *as much* of the art *as* any

tantum

tantum artis, *quantum* quivis *asinus*, et *impostura* in hoc genere *est* favorabilis. *Quod* si intentasset *crimen* furti; *unctio* reddebat *eum* tutum *ut suspendio*, neque *quisquam alat* lubens *talem* in *carcere* gratis.

asis, and *cheating* in this kind *is* favored. *But if* he had laid against him *the crime* of felony, *his unction* rendered *him* secure *from hanging*; nor *would any one maintain* willingly *such a fellow* in *the gaol* for nothing.

C. Misereſceret me *Balbini*, niſi *ipſe* gauderet *deludi*.

I ſhould pity *Balbinus*, unleſs *he* loved *to be deluded*.

D. Nunc *properandum eſt* in aulam; *alias* referam *multo* ſtultiora *etiam* his.

Now *I muſt haſten* to Court; *ſome other time* I will tell you *much* more fooliſh things *even* than theſe.

C. Cum *vacabit*, et *audiam* lubens, *et* penſabo *fabulam* fabula.

When *you ſhall be at leiſure*, I both *ſhall hear you* gladly, *and* requite *ſtory* with ſtory.

HIPPOPLANUS.

A. IMmortalem *Deum!* quam torve intuetur *noſter* Phædrus *et* ſubinde *ſuſpicit* in cœlum! *adoriar*. Quid *novæ* rei *accidit*, Phædre?

IMmortal *God!* how grave looks *our* Phædrus, *and* now and then *looks up* to heaven! *I will accoſt him*. What *new* thing *has happened* Phædrus?

P. Quamobrem *interrogas* iſtuc, *Aule?*

Why *do you aſk* that, *Aulus*.

A. Quoniam *vi-*

Becauſe *you ſeem* to me *diris*

deris mihi *factus* Cato *e Phædro*; est *tanta* severitas *in vultu.*

P. Non *mirum*, amice, *confessus sum* modo *mea* peccata.

A. Phy, *jam* desino *mirari*, sed age dic mihi *bona fide*, confessus es *omnia?*

P. Omnia *quidem* quæ *veniebant* in mentem, *unico* duntaxat *excepto.*

A. Cur *reticuisti* hoc *unum?*

P. Quia *nondum potuit* displicere *mihi.*

A. Oportet *esse* suave *peccatum.*

P. Nescio *an* sit *peccatum*, sed *si* vacas, *audies.*

A. Audiam *equidem* lubens.

P. Scis *quanta* impostura *sit* apud nostros *in his* qui *vendunt* aut *locant* equos.

A. Scio *plus* quam *vellem*, delusus *non* semel *ab iis.*

P. Iter *nuper*, incidit *mibi*, cum *proximum* satis, *tum etiam* accelerandum.

to have become a Cato *of a Phædrus*; there is *so much* seriousness *in your countenance.*

No *wonder*, friend, *I have confessed* just now *my* sins.

Pugh! *now* I give over *wondering*, but *come* tell me *in good faith*, have you confessed *all?*

All *indeed* which *came* into my mind, *one* only *excepted.*

Why *did you conceal* this *one?*

Because *it could not yet* displease *me.*

It must *be* a sweet *sin.*

I know not *whether* it be *a sin*, but *if* you are at leisure, *you shall hear.*

I will hear it *indeed* willingly.

You know *what abundance* of cheating *there is* with our countrymen *amongst those* who *sell* or *let out* horses.

I know *more* than *I would*, having been cheated *not* once only *by them.*

A journey *lately* happened *to me* both *long* enough, *and also* to be hastened. *I go* to one *of them*,

Adeo

Adeo quendam *ex illis*, quem *dixisses* minime *malum* ejus *generis*, et *nonnihil* amicitiæ *etiam* intercedebat *mihi cum homine*. Narro *mihi esse* ferіam *rem*, *opus esse* præstrenuo *equo*; si *unquam* præbuisset *se* bonum *virum* mihi, *nunc* præstaret. *Ille* pollicetur *se* acturum *mecum* sic, *ut* ageret *cum* suo *charissimo* fratre.

whom *you would have said* to *be* the least *bad* of that *sort*, and *something* of friendship *too* there was betwixt *me and the Man*. I tell him *I have* some weighty *Business*, *had need* of a very stout *Horse*; if *ever* he had shewn *himself* a good *Man* to me *that now* he would do it. *He* promised me *that he* would deal *with me* so, *as* he would deal *with* his *most dear* Brother.

A. Fortassis *impositurus* et *fratri*.

Perhaps *he would have imposed* likewise *upon his Brother*.

P. Inducit *in stabulam*, jubet *ut eligam* ex omnibus *equis* quemcunque *vellem*. Tandem *unus* arridebat *plus* cæteris. *Ille* probat *meum* judicium, *dejerans* eum *equum* expetitum esse *frequenter* a multis: *se* maluisse *servare* eum *singulari* amico, *quam* addicere *ignotis*. Conventum est *de pretio*, pecunia *numeratur* præsens. *Conscendo*. Equus *gestiebat* mira *alacritate* in egressu;

He leads me *into the Stable*, bids me *chuse* out of all *the Horses* whichsoever *I would*. At length *one* pleased me *more* than the rest. *He* approves of *my* Judgment, *swearing* that that *Horse* had been desired *frequently* by many; *that he* chose rather *to keep* him *for a particular* Friend, *than* part with him *to Strangers*. We agreed *about the Price*, the Money *is paid down* presently. *I mount*. The Horse *pranced* with wonderful *Alacrity* in setting out; *you would have said* that he was *mettlesome*,

dixisses

dixiſſes eſſe *feroculum*, nam *erat* obeſulus, *et* pulchellus. *Ubi* equitaſſem *jam* ſeſquihoram, *jenſi* plane *laſſum*, nec poſſe *impelli* quidem *calcaribus*. Audieram *tales* ali *ab illis* ad impoſturam, *quos* judicares *inſignes* e ſpecie, *cæterum* impatientiſſimos *laboris*. Ego *continuo* mecum, *captus ſum*; age *referam* par *pari*, ubi *rediero* domum.

for *he was* pretty fat *and* handſome. *When* I had rid *now* an Hour and a half, *I perceived him* quite *tired*, and that he could not *be got on* truly *with the Spurs*. I had heard *that ſuch* were kept *by them* for cheating, *which* you would judge *fine ones* by their Appearance, *but* very unable to bear *Labour*. I ſaid *preſently* with myſelf, *I am catched*; well *I will return* like *for like*, when *I return* Home.

A. Quid *conſilii* capiebas *hic*, eques *abſque* equo?

What *Courſe* did you take *here*, a Horſeman *without* a Horſe?

P. Id *quod* res *dabat*. Deflexi *in proximum* vicum; *illic* depoſui equum *apud* quendam *notum* mihi, *et* conduxi *alterum*; profectus ſum *quo* deſtinaram, *reverſus ſum*, reddo *conductitium* equum; *reperio* meum *ſophiſtam*, ut *erat*, obeſum *et* pulchre *requietum vectus* eo, *redeo* ad impoſtorem, *rogo* ut *alat* aliquot *dies* in ſuo ſtabulo, *donec* repetiero. *Percontatur* quam *com-*

That *which* the Thing *offered*. I turned off *into the next* Town; *there* I ſet up my Horſe *with* one *that was known* to me, *and* hired *another*; I went *whither* I had deſigned, *returned*, reſtore *my hired* Horſe; *I find* my *Cheat*, as *he was*, fat *and* finely *reſted*; riding upon him, *I return* to the Rogue; *I beg of him*, that *he would keep him* ſome *Days* in his Stable, *till* I come for him again. *He aſks me* how *well* he carried *me*. I *ſwear* by *all that's* ſacred,

mode

mode gefferit *me*. Ego *dejero* per *omnia* ſacra *me nunquam* conſcendiſſe *tergum* felicioris *equi* in vita, *volaſſe* potius *quam* ambulaſſe, *nec ſenſiſſe* laſſitudinem *tam longo* itinere, *nec* factum *pilo* macrioremob *laborem*. Cum *perſuaſiram* illi *hæc* eſſe *vera*, cogitabat *tacitus ſecum* illum *equum* eſſe alium, *quam* hactenus *ſuſpicatus eſſet*. Itaque *priuſquam* abirem, *rogabat* num *mihi equus* eſſet *venalis*; primo *negabam*, quod, *ſi* iter *incideret* denuo, *non foret* facile *nanciſci* ſimilem: *attamen nihil* eſſe *tam* charum *mihi*, quod *non eſſet* venale *pretio largo*: etiamſi *quis* cuperet *emptum meipſum*, inquam.

A. Næ *tu agebas* Cretenſem *pulchre* cum *Cretenſi*.

P. Quid multis? *Non dimittit* me, *donec* indicarem. *Indicavi* non *paulo* pluris *quam* emeram. *Digreſſus* ab homine, *mox* ſuborno *qui* age-

that I never got upon *the Back* of a better *Horſe* in my Life; *that he ſlew* rather *than* paced, *and was not ſenſible of* Wearineſs *in ſo long* a Journey, *nor* made *a Hair* the leaner *for his Labour*. When *I had perſuaded* him *that theſe Things* were *true*, he thought *ſilently with himſelf*, that *the Horſe* was another Sort of one, *than* hitherto *he had ſuſpected him*. Therefore *before* I went away, *he aſked* me if *my Horſe* was *to be ſold*: At firſt *I ſaid no*, becauſe *if* a Journey *ſhould fall out* again, *it would not be* eaſy *to get* the like; *but that nothing* was *ſo* dear *to me*, which *was not* to be ſold *for a large Price*; although *any one* ſhould deſire *to buy myſelf*, ſay I.

Truly *you acted* the Cretan *finely* with *the Cretan*.

What needs many Words? *He does not diſmiſs* me *till* I ſet my Price. *I ſet him* at not *a little* more *than* I had bought him for. *Being gone* from the Man, *by and*

ret

ret *partem* hujus *fabulæ* mihi, *pulchre* inſtructum *et* edoctum. *Is* ingreſſus *domum*, inclamat *locatorem*, ait ſibi opus eſſe *inſigni equo*, et *egregie* patienti *laboris*. Alter *oſtendit* multos, *et* prædicat *peſſimum quemque* maxime: *non laudat* illum *ſolum*, quem *vendiderat* mihi, *quoniam* exiſtimabat *vere* talem, *qualem* prædicaveram. *At* alter *illico* rogat *num* et ille *eſſet* venalis. *Locator* primum *obticeſcere* atque *prædicare* alios *ambitioſe*. Cum *iſte* cæteris *probatis* utcunque, *ſemper ageret* de illo uno, *tandem* locator *apud ſe*, Judicium meum *de illo equo* plane *fefellit* me. Siquidem *hic* peregrinus *ſtatim* agnovit *hunc* inter *omnes*. Cum *ille* inſtaret, *tandem* inquit, *Hic* eſt *venalis*, ſed *fortaſſe* deterreberis *pretio*. Pretium, *inquit* ille, *non eſt* magnum, *ſi* dignitas *rei* re-

by I ſuborn one, *who* ſhou'd act *a Part* of this *Play for* me, *well* inſtructed *and* taught. *He* entered *the Houſe*, calls upon *the Jockey*, he ſays that he had need *of a very good Horſe*, and *excellently* capable of enduring *Labour*. The other *ſhews him* many, *and* commends *every the worſt Horſe* moſt. *He does not commend* him *alone*, which *he had ſold* to me, *because* he thought him *truly* ſuch, *as* I had commended him for. *But* the other *presently* aſks *whether* he too *was* to be ſold. *The Jockey* at firſt *was ſilent*, and *commended* others *mightily*. When *he*, the reſt *being approved of* in ſome meaſure, *always treated* about that alone; *at laſt* the Jockey ſays *to himſelf*, My Judgment *of that Horſe* plainly *deceived* me: ſince *this* Stranger *immediately* knew *him* amongſt *them all*. When *he* urged him, *at laſt* ſays he, *He* is *to be ſold*, but *perhaps* you will be frighted *with the Price*. The Price *ſays* he, *is not* great, *if* the Worth *of the Thing* anſwer. *Set your Price*. He

ſpondeat.

ſpondeat. *Indica.* Indicavit *aliquanto* pluris, *quam* indicaram *ipſi*, captans et *hoc* lucrum. *Tandem* convenit *de pretio:* ſatis magna *arrha* datur, *nempe* regalis *aureus*, ne *qua* ſuſpicio *ſimulatæ* emptionis *incideret.* Emptor *jubet* pabulum *dari* equo. *Ait* ſe *rediturum* mox *et* abducturum. *Dat* etiam *drachmam* ſtabulario. *Ego*, ſimul atque *cognovi* pactionem *eſſe* firmam, *ſic* ut *non poſſit* reſcindi, *cedo* rurſus *ad locatorem* armatus *ocreis* et *calcaribus.* Clamo *anhelus*, ille *adeſt*, rogat *quid* velim. *Meus equus adornetur* illico, *inquam*, nam *proficiſcendum eſt* e veſtigio *ob* maxime *ſeriam* rem. *Atqui* modo, *inquit*, mandabas *ut* alerem *tuum* equum aliquot *dies: Verum*, inquam, *ſed* negotium *objectum eſt* præter *expectationem*, idque *regium*, quod *patitur* nullam *dilationem.* Hic *ille*, Eliſet him *at ſomething* more *than* I had ſet him *at to him*, catching alſo *at this* Gain. *At length* they agreed *about the Price:* A good large *earneſt Penny* is given, *to wit*, a royal *Crown*, leſt any Suſpicion *of a counterfeit* Purchaſe *ſhould happen.* The Buyer *orders* Hay *to be given* to the Horſe. *He ſayt*, that he *will return* preſently, *and* take him away. *He gives* alſo *a Sixpence* to the Hoſtler. *I*, as ſoon as *I knew* the Bargain *was* firm, *ſo* that *it could not* be broken, *returned* again *to the Jockey*, dreſſed *in my Boots* and Spurs. I call *out of Breath*, he *comes*, aſks me *what* I would have. *Let my Horſe be got ready* preſently, *ſay I*, for I *muſt go* immediately *upon* a very *ſerious* Affair. *But* juſt now, *quoth he*, you ordered *that* I ſhould keep *your* Horſe *ſome* Days: *True*, ſay I, *but* Buſineſs *is fallen in my Way* beſides *my Expectation*, and that *the King's*, which *admits* no *Delay.* Here *he ſaid*, You may chooſe *out of all*, which *you will*, you cannot *have*

get

ges *ex omnibus* quem *volet*; non potes *habere* tuum. *Rogo* quamobrem? *Quoniam*, inquit, *venditus eſt*. Ibi *ſimulata* magna *perturbatione*, inquam *Superi prohibeant* quod *dicis*. Hoc *itinere* objecto, *non venderem* eum *equum*, etiamſi *quis* numeret *quadruplum*. Incipio *rixam*, clamo *me* perditum. *Tandem* et ille *incaluit*. Quid opus, *inquit*, jurgiis? *Indicaſti* equum, *ego vendidi*; ſi *numero* pretium, *habes* nihil *quod agas* mecum. *Sunt* leges *in hac urbe*: *non potes* compellere *me* ad exhibendum *equum*. Cum clamaſſem *diu*, aut *exhiberet* equum, *aut* emptorem; *tandem* iratus *numerat pretium*. Emeram *quindecim* aureis. *Æſtimaram* viginti ſex, *ille* æſtimarat *triginta duobus*. Cogitabat *apud ſe*; præſtat *facere* hoc lucri, *quam* reddere *equum*. Abeo *ſimilis* dolenti, *ac* vix your own. *I aſk*, what for? *Becauſe*. ſays he, *he is ſold*. There *pretending* a great *Diſturbance*, I ſay, *Heaven forbid*, what *you ſay*. This *Journey* being fallen out, *I would not ſell* that *Horſe*, altho' *any one* would pay me *four Times the Worth*. I begin *a ſcolding*, I cry out *that I* am undone. *At length* he too *grew hot*. What need, *quoth he*, of all this Bawling; *You ſet a Price on* your Horſe. *I have ſold him*, if *I pay you* your Price, *you have* nothing *that you can do* with me. *There are* Laws *in this City*: You cannot *compel me* to produce *the Horſe*. After I had bawled *a long Time*, either *that he ſhould produce* the Horſe, *or* the Buyer; *at length* being mad *he pays me my Price*. I had bought him *for fifteen* Crowns, *I had valued him* at twenty-ſix, *he* had valued him *at thirty-two*. He thought *to himſelf*, it is better *to make* this Advantage, *than* to return *the Horse*. I go away *like* one grieved, *and* ſcarce *appeaſed* with the Money *given me*. *He begs placatus*

placatus pecunia *data*. Ille *rogat* ut *boni consulam*, se *pensaturum* hoc incommodi *in aliis rebus*. Sic *impositum est* impostori. *Habet* equum *nullius* pretii. *Expectat* ut *qui* dedit *arrham*, veniat *numeratum* pecuniam; *at* nemo *venit* nec *unquam* venturus est.

A. Interim *nunquam expostulavit* tecum?

P. Qua *fronte* aut *quo* jure *faceret* id? *Convenit* quidem *semel* atque *iterum*. Conquestus est *de fide* emptoris. *Verum* ego expostulavi *ultro* cum homine *dicens* illum *dignum* eo malo *qui* spoliavit *me* tali *equo* præpropera *venditione*. Hoc *est* crimen *tam bene* collocatum *mea sententia*, ut *non possim* inducere *animum* confiteri.

A. Ego poscerem *statuam* mihi, *si* designassem *aliquid* tale.

P. Nescio *an* loqueris *ex animo*: tamen *addis animum* mihi, *quo* magis libeat *facere facum* talibus.

that I *would take in good Part* that *he would make amends for* this Inconvenience *in other Things*. So *I cheated* the Cheater. *He has* a Horse *of no* Value. *He expects* that *he who* gave *the earnest Penny*, should come *to pay* his Money; *but* no body *comes*, nor *ever* will come.

In the mean Time *did he never expostulate* with you?

With what *Front* or *with what* Right *could he do* it? *He met me* indeed *once* and *again*. He complained *of the Honesty* of the Buyer. *But* I expostulated *of my own Accord* with the Man, *saying* that he *was worthy* of that Misfortune, *who* had robbed *me* of such *a Horse* by too hasty *selling of him*. This *is* a Crime *so well* placed, *in my Opinion*, that *I cannot* bring *my mind* to confess it.

I should demand *a Statue* for myself, *if* I had contrived *any* such Thing.

I know not *whether* you speak *from your Heart*: yet *you give encouragement* to me, *that* I have the more mind *to put the Trick* on such Fellows.

ERASMI
COLLOQUIA SELECTA.

CONVIVIUM FABULOSUM.

Polymythus, Gelasinus, Eutrapelus, Astæus, Philythlus, Philogelos, Euglotus, Lerochares, Adolescbes.

As. UT *non decet* bene instituta *civitatem* esse *sine* legibus *ac* principe, *ita* nec *oportet* convivium.

Ge. Isthuc *vero* perplacet, *ut* unus *respondeam* nomine *totius* populi.

Po. Heus *pueri*, adfer *huc* talos, *horum suffragiis* regnum *decernetur* cuicumque *Jupiter* faverit. *Euge!* Jupiter *favit* Eutrapelo. *Sortes* non fuere *cæcæ*. Magis idoneus *non poterat* eligi, *etiamsi* puncta *collecta fuissent* viritim *per* singulas *tribus*. Vulgo *actatur* proverbium, *non* tam vanum,

AS *it does not become* a well ordered *State* to be *without* Laws *and* a Prince, *so* neither *does it become* a Feast to be.

That *indeed* pleases us very well, *that* I alone *may answer* in the Name *of the whole* People.

Soho, *Boy*, bring *hither* the Dice, *by their Votes* the Kingdom *shall be disposed of* to whomsoever *Jupiter* shall favour. *Well done!* Jupiter *has favoured* Eutrapelus. *The Lots* were not *blind*. A more fit Man *could not* have been chosen, *though* the Vote *had been taken* Man by Man *through* every *Tribe*. There is commonly *tossed about* a Proverb, *not* so silly

num, *quam* parum Latinum, *novus rex*, novus lex.

Eu. Quod *ſit* felix *fauſtumque* huic convivio. *Primum* edico, *ne quis profero* heic *præter* ridiculas *fabulas*. Cui deerit *fabulam* multator *drachma*. Ea pecunia inſumitor *in vinum*. Atque *extempore conficta habentor* in *legitimis* fabulis, *modo* probabile *et* decorum *ſervetur*. Si *nulli deerit* fabula, *duo pendunto* pretium *vini*, quorum *alter* dixerit *lepidiſſimam*, alter *frigidiſſimam* fabulam. *Convivator eſto* immunis *a ſumptu* vini: *unus ſuppeditato* ſumptum *ciborum*. Si *quid controverſiæ* inciderit, *Gelaſinus eſto* arbiter *et* judex *hujus rei*. Si *vos* ſciveritis *hæc* rata ſunto. *Qui* noluerit *parere* legi, *abito*, tamen *ſic*, ut *ſit* jus *ſaique* redire *postridie* ad compotationem.

as it is bad Latin, *a new King*, a new Law.

That which *may be* lucky *and fortunate* for this Feaſt. *Firſt* I proclaim *that nobody produce any Thing* here *beſides* comical *Stories*. He that wants *a Story*, let him be fined *Sixpence*. Let that Money be ſpent *in Wine*. And *let Things invented extempore be reckoned* amongſt *lawful* Stories, *provided* Probability *and* Decency *be preſerved*. If *none ſhall want* a Story, *let thoſe two pay* the Charge *of the Wine*, whereof *the one* ſhall tell *the prettieſt*, the other *the dulleſt* Story. *Let the Maſter of the Feaſt be* free *from the Charge* of the Wine: *Let him alone bear* the Charge *of the Victuals*. If *any Diſpute* happen, *let Gelaſinus be* the Decider *and* Judge *of that Affair*. If *you* confirm *theſe Things*, let them be eſtabliſhed *He that* will not *obey* the Law, *let him go*, yet *ſo* that *it may be* lawful *and allowable for him* to return *the Day after* to the Club.

Ce. Vo-

G. Volumus *legem* latam *a rege* esse *ratam* nostris *suffragiis*, sed *unde* circulus *fabularum* proficiscetur?

We will *that the Law* made *by our King* be *confirmed* by our *Votes*; but *whence* shall the circle *of Stories* proceed?

Fut. Unde *nisi* a convivatore.

From whence *but* from the Entertainer.

Af. Jureconsulti *negant* esse *legem* quæ *non fit* æqua.

The Lawyers *deny it* to be *a Law* which *is not* just.

Bu. Assentior.

I assent to it.

At. At *tua lex* æquat *optimam* fabulam *pessimæ*.

But *your Law* equals *the best* Story *to the worst*.

Eut. Ubi *voluptas* quæritur, *ibi* promeretur *non* minus *laudis*, qui *dicit* pessime *quam* qui *optime*, velut *inter* cantores *nemo* voluptati est, *nisi* qui *cecinerit* aut *insigniter* bene, *aut* egregie *male*. Nonne plures rident *audito* coccyge *quam* luscinia? *Hic* mediocritas *non habet* laudem.

Where *Pleasure* is sought, *there* he deserves *no* less *praise* who *says* very badly *than* he who says *very well*; as *amongst* Singers *no Man* pleases, *unless* he that *sings* either *notably* well, *or* extraordinary *ill*. Do not more laugh *upon hearing* the Cuckow, *than* the Nightingale? *Here* indifference *has no* praise.

Af. At *cur* plectuntur *qui* auferunt *laudem*.

But *why* are they punished *who* get *praise*?

Eut. Ne *nimia felicitas* provocet *aliquam* Nemesin *illis*, si *auferent* et *laudem* et *immunitatem* simul.

Lest *excessive happiness* should provoke *some* Nemesis *against them*, if *they should get* both *praise* and *immunity* together.

Al. Per Bromium *Minos ipse* nunquam *tulit* æquiorem *legem*.

Phylyth. Feres *nullam* legem *de modo* bibendi?

Eut. Re *dispecta*, sequar *exemplum* Agesilai, *regis* Lacedæmoniorum.

Phylyth. Quid *is fecit*.

E. Cum *is* quodam tempore *delectus esset* sympósiarchus, *arbitrio* talorum; *architriclano* rogante *quantum* vini *juberet* apponi *cuique*, inquit, *Si* largior copia *vini* parata est, *dato* cuique, *quantum* popposcerit: *si* malignior, *distributo* omnibus *ex æquo*.

Phylyth. Quid sibi voluit *ille* Lacon *cum* diceret *hæc*?

E. Agebat *hoc*, ut *convivium* neque esset *temulentum*, neque *sursum* querulum.

P. Qui fic.

E. Quia *sunt* qui *gaudent* bibere *largius* sunt *qui* gaudent *parcius*. Reperiuntur et *abstemii*, qualis

By Bromius, *Minos himself* never *made* a more reasonable *law*.

Will you make *no* law *concerning the manner* of drinking?

The thing *being considered*, I will follow *the example* of Agesilaus, *King* of the Lacedemonians.

What *did he?*

When *he* on a certain time *had been chosen* Governor of a feast *at the pleasure* of the Dice, *the master of the house* asking *how much* wine *he ordered* to be served up *to every one*, he says, *If* a large plenty *of wine* be provided, *give* to every one *as much as* he calls for; *if* a more sparing, *divide* to every one *alike*.

What meant *that* Lacedemonian *when* he said *these Things?*

He meant *this*, that *the feast* should neither be *drunken*, nor *again* quarrelsome.

How so?

Because *there are some* who *love* to drink *plentifully*, there are others *who* love to drink *sparingly*. There are likewise found

Romu-

Romulus dicitur *fuisse*. Itaque *si* vinum *datur* nulli *nisi* poscenti, *primum*, nemo *compellitur* ad bibendum, *et* tamen *desiderant* nihil, *quibus* largior *potatio* est *grata*. Ita *fit* ut *nemo* sit *tristis* in convivio. *Rursus*, si *parcior* copia *vini* distribuitur *æquis* portionibus *in singulos*, habent *satis* qui *bibunt* moderatius, *neque* potest *quisquam* obmurmurare *in æqualitate*; quando *qui* hausturus erat *largius* componit *se* ad temperantiam *æquo* animo. *Si* hoc *exemplum* placet, *utar*, nam *volumus* hoc *esse* fabulosum, *non* vinosum *convivium*.

P. Quid *igitur* bibebat *Romulus?*

E. Idem *quod* canes *bibunt*.

P. An non *istud* indignum *rege?*

E. Nihil *magis* quam *quod* reges *spirant* aere *communi* cum canibus; *nisi* quod *illud interest*, *rex* non bibit *eadem*

abstemious people, such as *Romulus* is said *to have been*. Therefore *if* wine *is given* to none *but* him that calls for it, *first*, nobody *is forced* to drink, *and* yet *they want* nothing, *to whom* plentiful *drinking* is *agreeable*. So *it comes about* that *no body* is *sad* in the feast. *Again*, if *a less* quantity *of wine* is distributed *in equal* shares *to each*, they have *enough*, that *drink* moderately, *nor* can *any one* murmur *in equality*, since *he that* would have drunk *plentifully*, composes *himself* to temperance *with a contented* mind. *If* this *example* pleases you, *I will use it*, for *we would have* this *to be* a fabulous, *not* a drunken *feast*.

What *then* drank *Romulus?*

The same *that* dogs *drink*.

Is not *that* unworthy *of a king?*

No *more* than *that* kings *breathe* in the air *common* with dogs; *but* that *there is that difference*, *the king* does not drink *the same* water *which* the dog *drank*,

aquam, *quam* canis *biberet*, ſed *canis* hauſit *aerem* quem *rex* efflavit. *Et* viciſſim *rex* hauſit *aerem* quem *canis* efflavit. *Alexander ille Magnus* tuliſſet *plus* gloriæ, *ſi* bibiſſet *cum canibus*. Nam *nihil* pejus *regi* qui *vigilat* tot millibus *hominum*, quam *vinolentia*. Cæterum *Romulum* fuiſſe *abſtemium*, apophthegma *dictum* ab illo, *non infeſtiviter* declarat. *Etenim* cum *quidam* videns *illum* abſtinere *a vino* dixiſſet, *vinum* futurum *vile*, ſi *omnes* biberent *quemadmodum* ille; imo, *inquit*, tum *arbitror* fore *cariſſimum*, ſi *omnes* biberent *vinum* quemadmodum *ego*, nam *bibo* quantum *lubet*.

but *the dog* draws in *the air* which *the king* breathed out. *Alexander the Great* had got *more* glory, *if* he had drunk *with the dogs*. For *nothing* is worſe *for a king*, who *watches over* ſo many thouſand *men*, than *drunkenneſs*. But *that Romulus* was *abſtemious*, an Apothegm *ſpoken* by him *not unwittily* declares. *For* when *one* ſeeing *him* abſtain *from wine*, had ſaid, *that wine* would be *cheap*, if *all* ſhould drink *as* he; nay, *ſays he*, then *I think* it would be *very dear*, if *all* ſhould drink *wine* as I *do*, for *I drink* as much as *I have a mind*.

Ge. Utinam *noſter* Joannes *Botzemus* canonicus *Conſtantinenſis* adeſſet *heic*. Nam *et is* eſt *non* minus *abſtemius* quam *dicitur*; alioqui *comis* et *feſtivus* conviva.

I wiſh *our* John *Botzem*, canon *of Conſtance* was *here*. For *he too* is *no* leſs *abſtemious* than he is reported to be; otherwiſe *a courteous* and *pleaſant* companion.

Po. Age, *ſi* poteſtis, *non dicam*, ſorbere *et* flare *ſimul*, quod *Plautus* ait *eſſe* difficile; *ſed* edere *et* audire, *quod* eſt *per-*

Come, *if* you can, *I will not ſay* ſup *and* blow *at the ſame time*, which *Plautus* ſays *is* difficult, *but* eat *and* hear, *which* is *very eaſy*; I will begin *the*

facile; auſpicabor *munus* fabulandi *bonis avibus*. Si *fabula* erit *parum lepida*, ſcitote *Batavam eſſe*. Opinor *nomen* Macci *auditum* aliquot *veſtrum*.

business of telling ſtories *with good luck*. If *the story* be *not a pretty one*, know *it is a Dutch one*. I ſuppoſe *the name* of Maccus *has been heard* by ſome *of you*.

Ge. Non eſt *ita* diu *quod periit*.

It is not *ſo* long *ſince he died*.

Po. Cum *is* veniſſet *in civitatem* quæ *dicitur* Leydis, *ac* novus hoſpes *vellet* innoteſcere *quopiam* joco (*nam* is *erat* homini *mos*) ingreſſus eſt *officinam* calcearii, *ſalutat*. Ille *cupiens* extrudere *ſuas* merces, *rogat* nunquid vellet. *Macco* conjiciente *oculos* in ocreas *penſiles* ibi, *calcearius* rogat *num* velle *tocreas*. Macco *annuente*, quærit *aptas* tibiis illius, *protulit* inventas *alacriter*, et *ut* ſolent, *induxit* illi. *Ubi* Maccus *jam* eſſet *eleganter* ocreatus, *Quam* belle, *inquit*, par *calceorum* duplicatis *ſoleis* congrueret *his* ocreis. *Rogatus* an *vellet* et calceos, *annuit*. Reperti ſunt *et* additi *pedibus*.

When *he* was come *into a City*, which *is called* Leyden, *and* being a new Gueſt, *had a Mind* to become known *by ſome* Jeſt, (*for* that *was* the Man's *Way*) he entered *the Shop* of a Shoemaker, *ſalutes him*. He *deſiring* to put off *his* Ware, *aſks* if he would have any Thing. *Maccus* caſting *his Eyes* upon Leather Stockings *that hung* there, *the Shoemaker* aſks him *if* he would have *leather ſtockings*. Maccus *agreeing to it*, he ſeeks ſome *fit* for his legs, *he produced them* when found *cheerfully*, and, *as* they uſe to do, *draws them on* for him. *When* Maccus *now* was *handſomely* fitted with leather ſtockings, *How* well, *quoth he*, would a pair *of ſhoes* with double *Soles* agree *with theſe* leather ſtockings. *Being*

Maccus *laudabat* ocreas, *laudabat* calceos. *Calcearius* gaudens *tacite* succinebat *illi* laudanti, *sperans* æquius *pretium*, posteaquam *merx* placeret *emptori* tantopere. *Et* jam *nonnulla* familiaritas *erat* contracta. *Hèic* Maccus *inquit*, Dic *mihi* bona fide *nunquamne usu venit* tibi, *ut* quem *armasses* sic *ocreis* et *calceis* ad cursum *quemadmodum* nunc *armasti* me, *abierit* non numerato pretio? *Nunquam*, ait ille. *Atque* si *forte*, inquit, *veniat usu*, quid *tu faceres* tum? *Consequerer*, inquit *calcearius*. Tum *Maccus* inquit, *Dicis* ista *serio* an *joco*? Plane *loquar* serio, *inquit* alter, *et* facerem *serio*. Experiar, *ait* Maccus; *et* præcurro *pro calceis*, tu sequere *cursu*; simulq. *cum dicto* conjecit *se* in pedes. *Calcearius* consecutus est *e vestigio* quantum *poterat*, clamitans, *Tenete* furem, *tenete* fu-

asked whether *he would have* shoes too, *he agrees to it*. They were found, *and* put upon *his Feet*. Maccus *commended* the stockings, *commended* the shoes. *The Shoemaker* rejoicing *silently*, agreed with *him* commending *them*, *hoping for* a better *price*, seeing *the ware* pleased *the buyer* so much. *And* now *some* familiarity *was* contracted. *Here* Maccus *says*, Tell *me* in good Faith, *did it never happen* to you, *that* one whom *you had furnished* thus *with leather stockings* and *shoes* for a Race *as* now *you have furnished* me, *went off* without paying the price? *Never*, says he. *But* if *by chance*, says he, it *should happen*, what *would you do* then? *I would follow him*, says *the shoemaker*. Then *Maccus* says, *Do you say* that *in earnest*, or *in jest*? Truly *I speak* in earnest, *says* the other, *and* would do *in earnest*. I will try, *says* Maccus; *lo* I run before *for the shoes*, do you follow *running*; and together *with this saying*, he threw *himself* upon his feet. *The shoemaker* followed him *forthwith*, as fast as he *could*,

rem

rem. *Cum* cives *prosiliissent* ex ædibus *undique* ad hanc vocem, *Maccus* cohibuit *illos* hoc commento, *ne quis injiceret manum.* Inquit *ridens* ac *placido* vultu, *Ne quis remoretur* nostrum *cursum*; certamen *est* de cupa *cerevisiæ.* Itaque *jam* omnes *præbebant se* spectatores *certaminis:* Nam *suspicabantur* calcearium *fingere* eum *clamorem* dolo, *ut* hac occasione *anteverteret.* Tandem *calcearius* victus *cursu* rediit *domum* sudans *et* anhelus. *Maccus* tulit *brabeum.*

Ge. Iste *Maccus* quidem *effugit* calcearium, *at* non effugit *furem.*

Po. Quamobrem?

Ge. Quia *ferebat* furem *secum.*

Po. Forte *pecunia* non erat *ad manum*, quam *postea* resolvit.

Ge. Verum *erat* actio *furti.*

Po. Ea *quidem* intentata est *post*, sed *jam* Maccus *innotuerat*

bawling, *Stop* the thief, *stop* the thief. *When* the citizens *ran out* of their houses *on all sides* at this cry, *Maccus* hindered *them* by this contrivance, *that nobody should lay hands on him.* He says, *smiling* and *with a pleasant* countenance, *let nobody stop* our *running*, the race *is* for a tankard *of ale.* Wherefore *now* all *became* spectators *of the race*; for *they suspected* that the shoemaker *pretended* that *cry* out of roguery, *that* by that means *he might get before him.* At last *the shoemaker* being beat *in the race*, returned *home* sweating *and* out of breath. *Maccus* got *the prize.*

That *Maccus* indeed *escaped* the shoemaker, *but* he did not escape *the thief.*

What for?

Because *he carried* the thief *with him.*

Perhaps *money* was not *at hand*, which *afterwards* he paid.

But *there was* an action *of theft.*

That *indeed* was brought *afterwards*, but *now* Maccus *was become acquainted*

aliquot *magiſtratibus* with ſome *magiſtrates*.

Ge. Quid *attulit* *Maccus*? What *did Maccus plead?*

Po. Quid attulit, *rogas*, in caſu *tam* vincibili? *Actor* magis periclitatus eſt *quam* reus.

What did he plead, *do you aſk*, in a cauſe *ſo* eaſy to be carried? *The proſecutor* was more in danger *than* the perſon indicted.

Ge. Qui ſic?

How ſo?

Po. Quia *gravabat* illum *actione* calumniæ, *et* intendebat *Rhemiam legem*. quæ *dictat*, ut *qui* intenderit *crimen* quod *non poſſit* probare, *ferat* pœnam *quam* reus *laturus erat*, ſi *fuiſſet* convictus. *Negabat* ſe contrectaſſe *alienam rem* invito domino, *ſed* deferente *ultro*, nec ullam mentionem *pretii* interceſſiſſe; *ſe provocaſſe* calcearium *ad certamen curſus*: illum *accepiſſe* conditionem, *nec habere* quod *queratur*, cum *eſſet* ſuperatus *curſu*.

Becauſe *he loaded* him *with an action* of ſlander, *and* urged *the Rhemian law*, which *orders*, that *he who* brings *a charge* which *he cannot prove*, ſhall *ſuffer* the puniſhment *which* the perſon indicted *ſhould have ſuffered*, if *he had been* convicted. *He denied* that he meddled with *the other's ware* againſt the will of the owner, *but* on his giving it *of his own accord*, and that no mention *of price* had paſſed betwixt them; *that he had challenged* the ſhoemaker *to the running of a race*; that *he had accepted* the propoſal, *and had nothing* that *he could complain of*, ſeeing *he was* beat *in a race*.

Ge. Hæc *actio non multum abeſt* ab umbra *aſini*. Quid tandem?

This action *is not much ſhort* of the ſhadow *of the Aſs*. What came of it at laſt?

P. Ubi *riſum eſt* ſatis, *quidam* e judi-

When *they had laughed* ſufficiently, *one* of the

cibus

cibus *vocavit* Maccum *ad cœnam*, et *numeravit* calceario *pretium*. Quiddam *simile* accidit *Daventriæ* me puero. *Erat* illud *tempus*, quo *piscatores* regnant, *lanii* frigent. *Quidam* astabat *ad fenestram* fructuariæ, *vehementer* obesæ *fœminæ*, oculis *intentis* in ea *quæ* posita erant *venum*. Illa *invitabat* hominem *ex more* si *quid vellet*. Et *cum* videret *intentum* ficis, *Vis* ficos? *ait*, sunt *perquam elegantes*. Cum *ille* annuisset, *rogat* quot *libras* vellet. *Vis*, inquit. *quinque* libras? *Annuenti* effudit *tantum* ficorum *in gremium*. Dum *illa* reponit *lances*, ille *subducit se*, non *cursu*, sed *placide*. Ubi *prodisset* acceptura *pecuniam*, vidit *emptorem* abire: *Insequitur* majore *voce* quam *cursu*. Ille *dissimulans*, pergit *quo* cœperat *ire*. Tandem *multis* concurrentibus *ad vocem* Judges *invited* Maccus *to supper*, and *paid* the shoemaker *his price*. Something *like this* happened *at Daventry*, when I was a boy. *It was* that *time* when *the Fishermen* reign, *the Butchers* starve. *A certain fellow* stood *at the window* of a fruit-seller, *a very* fat *woman*, with his eyes *intent* upon those things *which* were exposed *to sale*. She *invited* the man *according to custom*, if *he would have any thing*. And *when* she saw him *intent* upon the Fig, *Will you have any* Figs? *says she*, they are *very fine ones*. When *he* agreed on it, *she asks* him how many *Pounds* he would have. *Will you have*, says she, *five* pounds? *On his agreeing to it*, she poured *so many* Figs *into his bosom*. Whilst *she* lays by *the scales*, he *withdraws*, not *running*, but *easily*. When *she came out* to receive her *money*, she saw *her chapman* was going off: *she follows* with a greater *noise* than *pace*. He *taking no notice*, goes on *whither* he had begun *to go*. At last *many people* coming together *at the clamour* of the woman,

fœminæ, *reſtitit*. Ibi *cauſa* agitur *in corona* populi: *riſus* exoritur; *emptor* negabat *ſe emiſſe* ſed *accepiſſe* quod *fuiſſet* delatum *ultro*; ſi *vellet* experiri *coram* judicibus, *ſe* compariturum.

Ge. Age, *narrabo* fabulam *non* admodum *diſſimilem* tuæ, *nec* fortaſſe *inferiorem* niſi *quod* hæc *non habeat* auctorem *petrinde celebrem* atque *eſt Maccus*. Pythagoras *dividebat* totum *mercatum* in tria *hominum genera*, quorum *alii* prodiſſent *ut* venderent, *alii* ut emerent: aiebat *hoc utrumque* genus *eſſe* ſolicitum, *ac* proinde *non felix*, alios *non venire* in forum *ob aliud* quam *ut* ſpectent *quid* proferatur *illic*, aut *quid* agatur: *hos* ſolos *eſſe* felices, *quod* vacui *curis*, fruerentur *gratuita* voluptate. *Atque* ad hunc modum *dicebat* philoſophum *versari* in hoc mundo *quemadmodum* illi *versarentur* in *mercatu*.

he ſtood. There *the cauſe* is tried *in a ring* of the people. *A laughter* is ſet up: *the chapman* denied *that he bought them*, but *that he received* what *had been* given *on her own accord*; if *ſhe would* try it *before* the juſtices, *he* would appear.

Well, *I will tell* a ſtory *not* much *unlike* your's, *nor* perhaps *inferior*, but *that* this *hath not* an author *ſo famous* as *Maccus is*. Pythagoras *divided* the whole *market* in three *kinds of men*, whereof *ſome* go *that* they may ſell, *others* to buy: he ſaid *that both theſe* kinds *were* concerned, *and* therefore *not happy*: that others *did not come* into the market *for any thing elſe* than *that* they may ſee *what* is produced *there*, or *what* is done: *that theſe* alone *were* happy, *becauſe* being free *from cares*, they enjoyed *a gratuitous* pleaſure. *And* after this manner, *he ſaid*, a philoſopher *was* in the world, *as* they *were* in the market. *But* in our *markets*, a fourth *kind* of men *uſes* to walk about, *who* neither *buy* nor *ſell*, nor *look about them*

Verum

Verum in noſtris *emporiis* quartum *genus* hominum *ſolet* obambulare, *qui* nec *emunt* nec *vendunt*, nec *contemplantur* otioſe, *ſed* obſervant *ſolicitiſſimè* *ſiſtunt* insolare *quid*. Atque *quidam* reperiuntur *mire* dextri *in hoc genere*; dicas *natos* Mercurio favente. *Convivator* dedit *fabulam* cum coronide *ego dabo* cum procœmio. *Nunc* accipite *quod* nuper *accidit* Antwerpiæ. *Quidam* ſacrificus *receperat* illic *mediocrem* ſummam *pecuniæ*, ſed *argenteæ*. Quidam impoſtor *animadverterat* id. *Adiit ſacrificum*, qui *geſtabat* crumenam *turgidam* nummis *ſinuoſa*; ſalutat *civiliter*; narrat ſibi *datum negotium* a ſuis, *ut mercaretur novam* ſacrum pallium *parocho* ſui vici, *quæ* eſt *ſumma* veſtis *ſacerdoti* peragenti *divinum rem*. Rogat *ut* commodaret *ſibi* tantillum operæ, *ut* iret *ſecum* ad *eos*, *qui* vendunt *ejuſmodi* pallia; *quo* ſidly, *but* watch *carefully* if *they can* ſharp *any thing*. And *ſome* are found *wonderfully* dextrous *in this kind*; you would ſay *that they were born* under the favour of Mercury. *The Maſter of the Feaſt* has given *a ſtory* with a concluſion, *I will give you one* with a preface. *Now* hear *what* lately *happened* at Antwerp. *A certain* Prieſt *had received* there *a moderate* ſum *of money*, but *in ſilver*. A certain Cheat *had obſerved* it. *He went to the Prieſt*, who *carried* the purſe *ſtuffed* with money *in his belt*; he ſalutes him *civilly*; he tells him *that he was employed* by his neighbours *to buy a new* ſurplice *for the parſon* of their town, *which* is *the upper* garment *of the prieſt* performing *divine ſervice*. He aſks him *that* he would lend *him* a little of his help, *that* he would go *with him* to thoſe *who* ſell *ſuch* gowns, *that* he might take it *bigger* or *leſs* by the meaſure *of his body*, for *his* ſtature *ſeemed* to him *to agree* exactly *with* the ſize *of the parſon*. And as this *ſeemed* a ſlight *ſervice*, the Prieſt *eaſily majus*

majus aut *minus* ex modo *illius corporis*, nam *ipsius* ſtaturam *videri* ſibi *congruere* vehementer *cum* magnitudine *parochi*. Cum hoc *videretur* leve *officium*, ſacrificus *facile* pollicitus eſt. *Adeunt* ædes *cujuſdam*, Pallium *prælatum eſt*. Sacrificus *induit*. Venditor *affirmat* mire congruere. *Cum* impoſtor *contemplatus eſſet* ſacrificum *nunc* a fronte, *nunc* a tergo, *cauſatus eſt* brevius *a fronte* quam *eſſet* par. *Ibi* venditor, *ne* contractus *non procederet*, negat *id* eſſe *vitium* pallii, *ſed* turgidam *crumenam* efficere, *ut* brevitas *offenderet* ea parte. *Quid multa?* Sacrificus *deponit* crumenam. *Contemplantur* denuo. *Ibi* impoſtor, *ſacrifico* averſo, *arripit* crumenam, *ac* conjicit *ſe* in pedes. *Sacerdos* inſequitur, *curſu*, ut *erat* palliatus *et* venditor *ſacrificum*. Sacrificus *clamat* tenete furem, venditor *clamat*, tenete *ſacrificum* promiſed. *They go* to a houſe *of a certain man*. The garment *was produced*. The Prieſt *puts it on*. The ſeller *affirms* that it fitted wonderfully. *When* the Cheat *had viewed*, the Prieſt *put*, *while* before, *another* behind, *he pretended*, that it was ſhorter *before* than *was* fit. *There* the ſeller, *leſt* the bargain *ſhould not go forward*, denies *that* to be *the fault* of the garment, *but* that the full *purſe* was the occaſion, *that* the ſhortneſs *offended* on that ſide. *What needs many words?* The Prieſt *lays down* the purſe. *They view him* again. *There* the Cheat, *the Prieſt* being turned from him, *whips up* the purſe, *and* throws *himſelf* upon his feet. *The Prieſt* follows him *running*, as *he was*, with the ſurplice on, *and* the Seller *the Prieſt*. The Parſon *cries out*, Stop *the thief*; the Seller *cries out*, Stop *the Parſon*, the Cheat *cries out*, Stop *the mad* Prieſt; *and* it was believed, *when* they ſaw *him* run *ſo* dreſſed *in the ſtreets*; wherefore *whilſt one* is *a hindrance* to the other, *the*

crificum

crificum, impostor *clamat* cohibete *furentem* sacrificum; *et* creditum est, *cum* viderent *eum* currere *sic* ornatum *in publico*; itaque *dum alter* est *in mora* alteri, *impostor* effugit.

Cheat got away.

Eu. Dignus *qui pereat* non *simplici* suspendio.

Worthy *to perish* not *by a single* hanging.

Ge. Nisi *jam pendet*.

Unless *he be hanged already*.

Eu. Utinam *non solus*, sed *una cum illo* qui *favent* talibus *portentis* in perniciem *reipublicæ*.

I wish *not he alone*, but *together with him*, they who *favour* such *monsters* to the ruin *of the Commonwealth*.

Ge. Non favent *gratis*. Est *catena* quæ *demissa* in terras *pertingit* ad Jovem.

They do not favour them *for nothing*. There is *a chain*, which *being let down* upon the earth *reaches* to Jupiter.

Eu. Redeundum *ad fabulas*.

We must return *to our stories*.

As. Ordo *redit* ad te, *si* fas est *cogere* regem *in ordinem*.

The turn *is come* to you, *if* it be lawful *to force* a King *to order*.

Eu. Non cogar, *imo* veniam *volens* in ordinem, *alioqui* essem *tyrannus*, non rex, *si* recusem *leges* quas *præscribo* aliis.

I will not be forced, *nay* I will come *willingly* into order, *otherwise* I should be *a Tyrant*, not a King, *if* I should refuse *the laws* which *I prescribe* to others.

As. Veruntamen *aiunt* principem *esse* supra leges.

Nevertheless *they say* a prince is above the laws.

Eu. Istuc *non est* omnino *falso* dictum, *si* accipias *principem* illum *summum*, quem

That *is not* altogether *falsely* said, *if* you mean by *a Prince* that *great one*, which *then* they called

tam

tam vocabant *Cæsarem*. Deinde *si* sic accipias *superiorem* legibus, *quod* alii *coacti* servant *utcumque*, illum *prestare* multo cumulatius *suapte sponte*. Nam *quod* animus *est* corpori, *hoc* est *bonus* princeps *reipublicæ*. Sed *quid* opus *erat* addere *bonus* quum *malus* princeps *non est* princeps; *quemadmodum* impurus *spiritus* qui *invasit* corpus *hominis*, non est *animus*. Sed *ad fabulam*, et *arbitror* convenire, *ut* rex *adferam* fabulam regiam. *Ludovicus* rex *Galliarum* undecimus *ejus nominis*, cum, *rebus* turbatis *domi*, peregrinaretur *apud Burgundiones*, occasione *venationis* nactus est *familiaritatem* cum *quodam* Cónone, *rustico homine*, sed *simplicis* ac *sanctæ* animi. *Nam* monarchæ *delectantur* hominibus *hoc genus*. Rex *diverterat* frequenter *ad hujus ædes* ex venatu, *et* ut *Cæsar*. And then *if* you so understand *superior* to the laws, *that* others *being forced* keep them *in some measure*, that he *observes them* much more fully *of his own accord*. For *what* the soul *is* to the body, *that* is *a good* Prince *to the Commonwealth*. But *what* need *was there* to add *good*, since *a bad* Prince *is not* a Prince; *as* an impure *spirit*, that *has seized* the body *of a man* is not *the soul*. But *to the story*; and *I think* it is fit, *that I* being a king, *should bring* a story of a king. *Lewis* king *of France*, the eleventh *of that name*, when *affairs* being in disorder *at home*, he sojourned *among the Burgundians*, on occasion *of hunting*, got *acquaintance* with *one* Conon, *a country fellow*, but *of an honest* and *sincere* mind; *for* monarchs *are delighted* with men *of this sort*. The King *turned* frequently *to his house* after hunting; *and* as *sometimes* great *Princes* are pleased *with common* things, he *eat* turnips *with him* with great pleasure. *Soon after* when *Lewis* being restored, *now* enjoyed *the non-*

nonnunquam magni *principes* delectantur *plebiis* rebus, *vescebatur* rapis *apud eum* cum magna voluptate. *Mox* ubi *Ludovicus* restitutus *jam* potiretur *rerum* apud Gallos; *uxor* submonuit *Cononem*, ut commonefaceret *regem* *uetaris* hospitii, *et* adferret *illi* aliquot *insignes* rapas *dono*. Conon *tergiversatus est*, se luturum operam; *principes enim* non meminisse *talium* officiorum. *Sed* uxor *vicit*: Conon *deligit* aliquot *insignes* rapas, *accingitur* itineri. *Verum* ipse captus *illecebra* cibi, *paulatim* devoravit *omnes*, una *duntaxat* insigniter, *magna* excepta. Ubi *Conon* prorepsisset *in aulam*, qua *rex* erat *iturus*, statim agnitus est *a rege*, et *accersitus*. Ille *detulit* munus *cum* magna *alacritate*, rex *accepit* cum *majore* alacritate *mandans* cuidam *e proximis*, ut *reponeretur* diligenter *inter*

kingdom amongst the French, *the wife* advised *Conon*, that he should put the King in mind *of his old* entertainment, *and* should carry *him* some *fine* turnips *as a present*. Conon *declined it*, saying, that he should lose his labour, *for Princes* did not remember *such* services. *But* the wife *prevailed*. Conon *chuses out* some *fine* turnips, *prepares* for his journey. *But* he being tempted *with the allurements* of the food, *by little and little* devoured *them all*, one *only* a very *great one* excepted. When *Conon* had crept *into the hall*, where *the King* was *to pass*, he was presently known *by the King*, and *sent for*. He *offered* his present *with* great *chearfulness*; the King *received it* with *greater* chearfulness; *ordering* one *of those next him*, that *it should be laid up* diligently *amongst those* things *which* he counted *most dear*. He orders *Conon* to dine *with him*: after dinner *he gave thanks* to Conon, *and* ordered *a thousand* crowns *to be paid* for his turnip *to him*, desiring *to return* to

ea

ea *quæ* haberet *charissima*. Jubet *Cononem* prandere *secum*; a prandio *agit gratias* Cononi, *et* jussit *mille* coronatos *numerari* pro rapa *illi* cupienti *repetere* suum rus. *Cum* fama *hujus rei*, ut *fit*, pervagata esset *per* omne *regis* famulitium, *quidam* ex aulicis *dedit* regi *non inelegantem* equum *dono*. Rex *intelligens* illum *provocatum* benignitate *quam* præstiterat *Cononi*, captare *prædam*, accepit *munus* vultu *majorem in modum* alacri, *et* convocatis *primoribus*, cœpit *consultare* quo munere *pensaret* tum bellum *tamque pretiosum* equum. *Interim* qui donarat *equum*, concepit *opimas* spes *animo*, cogitans *sic*, si *sic pensavit* rapam *donatam* a rustico, *quanto* munificentius *pensaturus est* talem equum *oblatum* ab aulico. *Cum* alius responderet aliud *regi* consultanti *velu-*

his own country. *When* the fame *of this thing*, as *it happens*, had gone *thro'* all *the King's* servants, *one* of the Courtiers *gave* the King *no unhandsome* Horse *as a present*. The King *understanding* that he *being encouraged* by the kindness *which* he had shewn *to Conon*, catched at *a Prize*, received *the present* with a countenance *more than ordinarily* chearful; *and* having called together *his Nobles*, he began *to consult with them* what present *he should make as a return for* so fine *and so valuable* a horse. *In the mean time* he who had given *the Horse*, conceived *rich* hopes *in his mind*, thinking *thus*, if *he made such a return for* a turnip *presented* by a country fellow, *how much* more generously *will he make a return for* such a horse *given him* by a courtier, *When* one answered one thing, another another *to the King*, consulting *as* about a grand affair, *and* this catching fellow *had been fed* a long time *with vain hopes*, at last *the King* says, *It comes into my mind* what *I should*

ti-

ii de magna re, *et* captator *lactatus eſſet* diu, *vana ſpe*, tandem *rex* inquit, *Venit mihi in mentem* quod *darem* illi, *et* quopiam *ex proceribus* accerſito, *dixit* in aurem, *ut* adferret *id* quod *reperiret* in cubiculo (*ſimulque* deſignat *locum*) obvolutum *diligenter* ſerico. *Rapa* adfertur. *Rex* donat *cum* ſua manu *aulico*, ut *erat* obvoluta, *addens*, equum *videri* ſibi *bene* penſatum *cimelio* quod *conſtitiſſet* ſibi *mille* coronatis. *Aulicus* digreſſus *dum* tollit *linteum*, reperit *pro theſauro* non *carbones*, ut aiunt, *ſed* rapam *jam* ſubaridam. *Ita* ille captator *captus* riſui fuit *omnibus*.

give him, *and* one *of the Nobles* being called to him, *he whiſpered* in his ear, *that* he ſhould bring *that* which *he ſhould find* in his bedchamber (*and at the ſame time* he deſcribes *the place*) wrapped up *diligently* in ſilk. *The Turnip* is brought. *The King* gives *it* with his own hand *to the Courtier*, as *it was* wrapped up, *adding*, that the Horſe *ſeemed* to him *well* paid for *with a precious Thing* which *had coſt* him *a thouſand* Crowns. *The Courtier* going away, *whilſt* he takes off *the Cloth* finds *for a Treaſure*, not *Coals*, as they ſay, *but* a Turnip *now* dry. *Thus* that catching Fellow *being catched*, was a Laughing-Stock *of every Body*.

A. Jam *ſi* permittis, *rex*, ut *plebius* loquar *regalia*, referam *quod* ex tua fabula *venit* in mentem *de* eodem *Ludovico*. Nam *ut* anſa *trahit* anſam, *ita* fabula *fabulam*. Cum *quidam famulus* vi-

Now *if* you permit me, *O King*, that *I being a commoner*, ſhould ſpeak *of things belonging to Kings*, I will relate *what* upon your Story *comes* into my Mind *of* the ſame *Lewis*. For *as* a Link of a Chain *draws* a Link, *ſo does* a Story *a Story*. When *a certain Servat-*

ſe

disset *pediculum* repentem *in regia veste*, flexis genibus, *et* manu sublata, *significat* se *velle* præstare *nescio quid officii.* Ludovico *præbente* se, *sustulit* pediculum, *et* abjecit *clam.* Rege *rogante* quid esset, *puduit* fateri. *Cum* rex *instaret*, fassus est *fuisse* pediculum. *Est* lætum *omen*, inquit, *declarat enim* me *esse* hominem, *quod* hoc genus *vermiculorum* infestat *hominem* peculiariter, *præsertim* in adolescentia, *justitque* quadraginta *coronatis* numerari *pro officio.* Post aliquam multos dies, *alter quidam*, qui *viderat* tam humile *officium* cessisse *felicitèr* illi, *nec animadvertens* plurimum interesse *facias* quid *ex animo* an *arte*, aggressus est *regem* simili *gestu*, ac *rursus* illo *præbente* se *simulabat* se tollere *quiddam* e regia veste, *quod* mox *abjiceret.* Cum *rex* urgeret *tergiversantem*, ut dicehad seen *a Louse* creeping *upon the King's coat*, on his bended Knees, *and* with his Hand held up, *he signifies* that he *would* perform *some Office or other.* Lewis *offering* himself, *he took off* the Louse, *and* threw it away *privately.* The King *asking* what it was, *he was ashamed* to confess. *When* the King *urged him*, he confessed *that it was* a Louse. *It is* a joyful *Omen*, quoth he, *for it declares* that I *am* a Man, *because* this kind *of Vermin* does infest *Man* peculiarly, *especially* in his Youth, *and he ordered* forty *Crowns* to be paid him *for his Service.* After a good many Days, *some other*, who *had observed* that so mean *a Service* had fallen out *luckily* for him, *and not minding* that there is a great deal of difference *whether you do* a Thing *from the Heart*, or *by Art*, accosted *the King* with the like *Gesture*, and *again* he *offering* himself, *he pretended* that he took *something* from the King's coat, *which* presently *he threw away.* When *the King* urged him *declining* to tell *what it was*, Shame *being wonderfully counterfeited*, at length *he*

ret

ret *quid esset*, pudore *mire simulato*, tandem *respondit* esse *pulicem*. Rex *intellecto* fuco, *Quid*, inquit, *an tu facies* me *canem?* Jussit *hominem* tolli *ac* quadraginta *plagas* infligi *pro* quadraginta *coronatis captatis*.

Phylyth. Non est *tutum*, ut *audio*, ludere *cum regibus* facetiis; *quemadmodum enim* leones *præbent se* nonnunquam *placide* fricanti, *iidem*, ubi *lubitum est*, sunt *leones*, et *colluſor* jacet. *Itidem* reges *favent*. Sed *adferam* fabulam *non dissimilem* tuæ fabulæ, *ne recedamus* interim *a Ludovico*, cui *erat* prodelectamento *fallere* hiantes *corvos*. Acceperat *dono* alicunde *decem* millia *coronatorum*. Quoties autem *nova* pecunia *obtigit* principibus, *omnes* officiarii *venantur*, et *captant* aliquam *partem* prædæ. *Id* non fugiebat *Ludovicum*. Cum *igitur* ea pecunia *exprompta es-*

answered that it was *a Flea*. The King *having understood* the Roguery, *What*, quoth he, *will you make* me *a Dog?* He ordered *the Fellow* to be taken away, *and* forty *Stripes* to be given him *for* the forty *Crowns he catched at*.

It is not *safe*, as *I hear*, to play *with Kings* in Waggery; *for as* Lions *offer themselves* sometimes *quietly* to one that rubs them, *the same*, when *they please*, are *Lions*, and *their Play-fellow* lies dead. *In like manner* Kings *favour*. But *I will bring* a Story *not unlike* your Story, *that we may not depart* in the mean Time *from Lewis*, to whom *it was* a Diversion *to deceive* gaping *Crows*. He had received *as a Present* from somebody *ten* Thousand *Crowns*. But as often as *new* Money *has come in* to Princes, *all* the Officers *hunt for it*, and *endeavour to catch* some *Part* of the Prize. *That* did not escape *Lewis*. When *therefore* that Money *had been drawn out* upon the Table, *that he might raise the more* the Hopes *of all*, thus *he*

set

set in menſa, *quo magis invitaret* ſpem *omnium*, ſic *locutus eſt* circumſtantibus. *Quid*, an non videor *vobis* opulentus *rex?* Ubi *collocabimus* tantam *vim* pecuniæ? *Eſt* donatitia, *convenit* donari *viciſſim*. Ubi *nunc* ſunt *amici*, quibus *debeo* pro *ſuis* officiis *in me?* Adſint *nunc* priuſquam *hic* theſaurus *effluat*. Ad hanc vocem *permulti* accurrere, *nemo non* ſperabat *aliquid* ſibi. *Cum* rex *vidiſſet* aliquem *inhiantem* maxime, *et* jam *devorantem* pecuniam *oculis*, converſus *ad eum*, inquit, *Amice*, quid tu narras? *Ille* commemorabat *ſe* aluiſſe *regios* falcones *diu* ſumma fide, *nec* ſine *gravibus* impendiis. *Alius* adferebat *aliud*; quiſque *exaggerabat* ſuum *officium* verbis, *quantum* poterat. *Rex* audiebat *omnes* benigne *et* comprobabat *orationem* ſingulorum. *Hæc*

ſpoke to them ſtanding about him. *What*, do not I ſeem *to you* a rich *King?* Where *ſhall we diſpoſe of* ſo great *a Quantity* of Money? *It is* given, *it is fit* it be given *again*. Where *now* are *my Friends*, to whom *I am indebted* for *their* Services *to me?* Let them come *now*, before *this* Treaſure *be gone*. Upon this ſaying *a great many* came in, *every Body* hoped for *ſomething* to himſelf. *When* the King *ſaw* one *gaping at it* very much, *and* now *devouring* the Money *with his Eyes*, being turned *to him*, he ſays, *Friend*, what do you ſay? *He* ſaid, *that he* had maintained *the King's* Hawks *a long Time* with great Faithfulneſs, *and not* without *great* Charges. *Another* alledged *another Thing*; every Man *magnified* his *Office* by Word *as much as* he could. *The King* heard *all* kindly, *and* approved of *the Speech* of every one. *This* Conſultation *was continued* for a long Time, *that* he might torment *them all* the longer *with Hope* and Fear. *The firſt* Chancellor *ſtood* amongſt them; *for* he had

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consultatio *dilata est* in longum tempus, *quo* torqueret *omnes* diutius *spe* metuque. *Primus* cancellarius *astabat* inter eos: *nam* jusserat, *et hunc* acciri. *Is* prudentior *cæteris*, non prædicabat *sua officia*, sed *agebat* spectatorem *fabulæ*. Tandem *rex* conversus *ad hunc* inquit, *Quid* narrat *meus* cancellarius? *Ille* solus *petit* nihil, *nec* prædicat *sua officia*. Ego, *inquit* cancellarius, *accepi* plus *a* regia *benignitate*, quam *promeruerim*; nec *sum* magis *solicitus* de ulla re, *quam* ut *respondeam* regiæ *munificentiæ* in me, *tantum abest ut velim* flagitare *plura*. Tum *rex* inquit, *Unus igitur* omnium *non eges* pecunia? *Tua* benignitas, *inquit* alter, *jam præstitit* ne egerem. *Ibi* rex *versus* ad alios *inquit*, Næ *ego sum* magnificentissimus *omnium* regum, *qui* habeam *tam* opulentum *cancellarium*

ordered *him also* to be called. *He*, more prudent *than the rest*, did not extol *his Services*, but *acted* the Spectator *of the Play*. At last *the King* being turned *to him*, says, *What* says *my* Chancellor? *He* alone *asks for* nothing, *nor* does he extol *his Services*. I, *says* the Chancellor, *have received* more *from* the royal *Bounty*, than *I have deserved*; nor *am I* more *concerned* about any Thing, *than* that *I may answer* the royal *Bounty* towards me, *so far am I from desiring* to ask *more*. Then *the King* says, *Do you alone therefore* of all *not want* Money? *Your* Bounty, *says* the other, *has already secured me* from wanting. *There* the King *being turned* to the others, *says*, Truly *I am* the most magnificent *of all* Kings, *who* have *so* rich *a Chancellor*. Here *Hope* was kindled *more* in all, *that it would come to pass*, that *the Money* would be distributed *to the rest*, seeing *he* desired *nothing*. When *the King* had played *in this Manner* long enough, *he forced* the Chancellor *to take* all *that* Sum *Home*. And by and by *being turned* to the rest

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rium. Heic *ſpe*, accenſa eſt *magis* omnibus, *futurum* ut *pecunia* diſtribueretur *cæteris*, quandoquidem *ille* ambiebat *nihil.* Ubi *rex* luſiſſet *ad hunc modum* ſatis diu, *cogit* cancellarium, ut *auferret* totam *eam* ſummam *domum.* Moxq; - *verſus* ad cæteros *jam* mœſtos, *Vobis erit expectanda*, inquit, *alia* occaſio.

Phil. Fortaſſe *videbitur* frigidius, *quod* ſum narraturus: *proinde* deprecor *ſuſpicionem* mali *doli* fucive; *ne videar ambiiſſe* immunitatem *de induſtria.* Quidam *adiit* eundem *Ludovicum*, petens *ut* juberet *munus*, quod *forte* vacabat *in eo pago*, in quo *habitabat*, transferri *in ipſum.* Rex, *audita* petitione, *reſpondit* expedite, *Efficies* nihil. *Petitor* etiam *mox* actis *gratiis* regi *diſceſſit.* Rex *colligens* ex ipſo fronte, *eſſe* hominem *non omnino* ſiniſtri *ingenii*, ſuſpicanſque *illum* non intellexiſſe *quod* reſpondiſſet, *jubet* eum *revocari.* Redit. *Tum* rex *inquit*, Intellexeras *quid* reſponderim *tibi?* Intellexi.

now ſad, *You muſt wait*, ſays he, *another* Occaſion.

Perhaps *it will appear* flat, *which* I am going to tell, *wherefore* I bar *the Suſpicion* of evil *Deceit*, or Roguery, *that I may not ſeem to have ſought* Immunity *on purpoſe.* A certain Man *went to* the ſame *Lewis*, deſiring *that* he would order *an Office*, which *by Change* was vacant *in that Diſtrict*, in which *he lived*, to be conferred *upon him.* The King, *having heard* his Petition, *anſwered* readily, *You will do* nothing. *The Petitioner* likewiſe *preſently* having given *Thanks* to the King, *departed*, The King *gathering* from his very look, *that he was* a Man *by no Means* of dull *Parts*, and ſuſpecting *that he* did not underſtand *what* he had anſwered him, *orders* him *to be called back.* He returns. *The* King *ſays*, Did you underſtand *what* I anſwered *you?* I did underſtand. *What*

Quid

Quid igitur *dixi?* Me *effecturum* nihil. *Cur* igitur *agebas* gratias? *Quoniam*, inquit, *est quod agam* domi: *proinde* persecuturus eram *ancipitem* spem *hic*, meo magno incommodo: *nunc* interpretor *beneficium*, negasse *beneficium* cito *meque* lucratum *quicquid* eram perditurus, *si* lactatus fuissem *vana spe*. Ex eo responso *rex* conjectans *minime signem* hominem, *ubi* percunctatus esset *pauca*, Habebis, *inquit*, quod *petis*, quo *agas* mihi *gratias* bis; *simulque* versus *ad officiarios*, Expediantur diplomata, *huic*, inquit, *sine mora*, ne hæreat *heic* diu *suo damno*.

Eu. Non deest *quod referam* de Ludovico, *sed* malo, *de nostro* Maximiliano, *qui*, ut *nequaquam solitus est* defodere *pecuniam*, ita *erat* clementissimus *in eos* qui *decoxerant*, modo *commendarentur* titulo *nobilitatis*. Cum vellet *opitulari*

then *did I say?* That *I should effect* nothing. *Why* therefore *did you give* Thanks? *Because*, says he, *I have something to do* at Home, *and therefore* I should have pursued *doubtful* Hopes *here* to my great Loss: *Now* I construe it *as a Kindness* to deny *the Kindness* quickly, *and that* I have gained *whatsoever* I should have lost, *if* I had been fed *by vain Hopes*. By that Answer *the King* guessing him to be *no dull* Man, *when* he had asked him *a few Things*, You shall have, *quoth he*, what *you desire*, that *you may give* me *Thanks* twice: *And at the same Time* turning *to the Officers*, Let the Patents be made ready *for him*, saith he, *without Delay*, that he may not stay *here* long *to his Loss*.

I want not *something to relate* of Lewis, *but* I had rather tell *of our* Maximilian. *Who*, as *he used not* to bury *his Money*, so *he was* very merciful *to those* who *had spent their Estates*, so *they were recommended* by a Title *of Nobility*. Being desirous *to help* a certain *young Man* of this

tulari

tulari cuidam *juveni* ex hoc genere *hominum*, mandavit *illi* legationem, *ut* peteret *centum* millia *florenorum* a quadam *civitate* nescio quo titulo. *Titulus autem* erat *talis*, ut *si* quid *impetratum esset* dexteritate *legati*, posset *duci* pro lucro. *Legatus* extorsit *quinquaginta* millia, *reddidit* Cæsari *triginta*. Cæsar *lætus* insperata *præda* dimisit *hominem*, inquirens *nihil* præterea. *Interea* quæsitores *et* rationales *vlfcerant* plus *acceptum fuisse* quam *exhibitum*: interpellant *Cæsarem*, ut *accerseret* hominem. *Acciitus est*, venit *illico*. Tum *Maximilianus* inquit, *Audio te* accepisse *quinquaginta* milliæ. *Fassus est*: Exhibuisti *non nisi* triginta. *Fassus est* et hoc. *Reddenda est* ratio, *inquit*. Promisit *se facturum*, et *discessit*. Rursum *cum* nihil *esset* actum, *officiariis* interpellantibus, *revocatus est*. Sort *of Men*, he committed *to him* a Deputation, *that* he should demand *a hundred* thousand *Florins* from a certain *City* upon I know not what Title. *But the Title* was *such*, that *if* any Thing *was obtained* by the Dexterity *of the Deputy*, it might *be reckoned* as clear Gain. *The Deputy* got *fifty* thousand, *he returned* Cæsar *thirty*. Cæsar *being glad* of this unexpected *Booty*, dismissed *the Man*, enquiring *nothing* further. *In the mean Time* the Treasurers *and* Auditors *had smelled out* that more *was received* than *given* in, they speak to *Cæsar*, that *he would send for* the Man. *He was sent for*, comes *presently*. Then *Maximilian* says, *I hear* that you received *fifty* thousand. *He confessed it*. You gave in *but* thirty. *He confessed* that too. *You must give* an Account *says he*. He promised *he would do it*, and *departed*. Again *when* nothing *was* done, *the Officers* speaking to Cæsar, *he was recalled*. Then *Cæsar* says, *Lately* you were ordered *to give* an Account. *I re-*

Tum

Tum *Cæsar* inquit, *Nuper* justus es *reddere* rationem. *Memini*, inquit ille, *et* sum *in hoc*. Cæsar *suspicans* rationem *nondum esse* satis *subductam* illi, *passus est* illum *abire sic*. Cum *sic eluderet*, officiarii *instabant* vehementer, *clamitantes* non esse ferendum, *ut* ille *illuderet* Cæsari *tam palam*. Persuadent *ut* accersitus *juberetur* exhibere *rationem* inibi, *ipsis præsentibus*. Cæsar *annuit*. Accitus *venit* illico, *nihil* tergiversatus. *Tum* Cæsar *inquit*, Non ne pollicitus es *rationem*? Pollicitus, *respondit ille*. Opus est *jam*, inquit, *nec* est *locus* tergiversandi *amplius*. Ibi *juvenis* inquit *sat dextre*, Non detrecto *rationem*, invictissime *Cæsar*; verum *non sum* admodum peritus *hujusmodi rationum*, ut *qui* nunquam reddiderim: *Isti* qui *assident* sunt *peritissimi* talium rationum: *si* videro *vel semel* quem-

member, says he, *and* I am *about it*. Cæsar *suspecting* that this Account *was not yet* sufficiently *drawn up* by him, *suffered* him *to go away so*. When *he thus evaded*, the Officers *pressed the Matter* mightily, *crying out* that it was not to be borne with, *that* he *should not play upon* Cæsar *so openly*. They persuade him, *that* being sent for, *he should be ordered* to give in *his Account* there, *whilst they were by*. Cæsar *agrees*. Being sent for, *he comes* quickly, *not at all* declining it. *Then* Cæsar *says*, Did not you promise *an Account*? I did, *replied he*. It must be *just now*, says he, *nor* is there *Room* for declining it *any longer*. There *the young Man* says *dextrously enough*, I do not refuse *an Account*, most invincible *Cæsar*; but *I am not* very much skilled *in such Accounts*, as *who* never gave any in: *Those* who *sit by* are *very skilful* in such Accounts: *If* I see *but once* how *they* manage *such* Accounts, *I shall imitate them* easily. *I desire* you

admodum *illi* tractent *hujusmodi* rationes *ego* imitabor facile. *Rogo* jubeas *illos* vel edere *exemplum*, videbunt *me* docilem. *Cæsar* sensit *dictum* hominis, *quod* hi *non intelligebant*, in quos *dicebatur*; ac *subridens* inquit, *Narras* verùm, *at* postulas *æquum*. Ita *dimisit* juvenem: *Subindicabat enim* illos *solere* reddere *rationem* Cæsari, *quemadmodum* ipse *reddiderat*, nimirum, *ut* bona pars *pecuniæ* remaneret *penes ipsos*.

Le. Nunc *est* tempus, *ut* fabula *descendat* ab equis *ad ostreas*, ut *aiunt*, a regibus *ad Antonium* sacrificum *Lovaniensem*, qui *fuit in deliciis* Philippo *cognomento* bono. *Feruntur* multa *hujus viri*, vel *jucunde* dicta, *vel* jocosè *facta*, sed *pleraque* sordidiora. *Num* solebat *condire* pleraque suos lusus *quodam* unguento, *quod* non sonat *admodum* eleganter, *sed* olet *pejus*. Deli-

would command *them* but to set me *an Example*, they shall see *me* tractable. *Cæsar* understood *the Saying* of the Man, *which* they *did not understand*, against whom *it was said*; and *smiling* says, *You say* true, *and* demand *what* is *reasonable*. So *he dismissed* the young Fellow. *For he intimated* that they *used* to give *Account* to Cæsar, *as* he *had given him*, to wit, *that* a good Part *of the Money* should remain *with them*.

Now *it is* Time *that* the Story *should descend* from Horses *to Asses*, as *they say*, from Kings *to Anthony* the Priest *of Lovain*, who *was in Favour* with Philip, *by Sirname* the Good. *There are reported* many Things *of this Man*, either *pleasantly* said, *or* jocosely *done*, but *most of them* nasty. *For* he used *to season* most of his Mirth *with a certain* Ointment, *which* does not sound *very* neatly, *but* smells *worse*. I will choose *one* of the cleaner. *He had in-*

gam

gum *unum* ex mundi-oribus. *Invitaras* unum *atque* alterum *bellum* homunculum *obvios* forte *in via.* Cum *rediisset* domum, *reperit* culinam *frigidam.* Nec *erat* nummus *in loculis*, quod *nequaquam erat* insolens *illi.* Huic *erat* opus *celeri* consilio. *Subduxit* se *tacitus*, et *ingressus* culinam *fœneratoris*, qu cum *illi erat* familiarit s, *quod* ageret *frequenter* cum illo, *famula* digressa, *subduxit* unam *ex æneis* ollis, *una* cum *ternibus* jam *coctis*, ac *diferebat* tectam *veste* domum; *dat* coquæ, *jubet* carnes *et* jus *protinus* effundi *in* aliam *fictilem* ollam *famulæ*; ollam *fœneratoris* defricari *donec* niteret. *Eo* facto, *mittit* puerum *ad fœneratorem*, qui *depositio pignore*, sumat mutuo *duas drachmas* a *fœneratore*, sed *accipiat* chirographum, *quod* testaretur *talem* ollam *missam* ad ipsum. *Fœnerator* non agnoscens

vited one *and* another *pretty* Fellow *that met him* by Chance *in the Street.* When *he was returned* Home, *he finds* the Kitchen *cold.* Nor *was there* any Money *in his Pocket*, which *was not* unusual *with him.* Here *was* need *of speedy* Contrivance. *He withdrew* himself *silently*, and *entering* the Kitchen *of an Usurer*, with whom *he had* a familiar Acquaintance, *because* he dealt *frequently* with him, *the Maid* being gone aside, *he took off* one *of the brazen* Pots; *together* with *the Flesh* now *boiled*, and *carried it* covered *under his Coat* Home; *gives it* to the Cook Maid, *orders* the Flesh *and* Broth *immediately* to be poured out *into* another *earthen* Pot, *and at the same Time* the Pot *of the Usurer* to be rubbed *'till* it was bright. *That* being done, *he sends* a Boy *to the Usurer*, who *leaving it in Pawn*, should borrow *two Drachms* of *the Usurer*, but *should take a* Note, *that* should testify *that such* a Pot *was sent* to him. *The Usurer* not knowing *the Pot*, as *being rubbed* and *bright*, takes

ollam, utpote *defrictam* ac *nitentem*, recipit *pignus*; dat *chirographum*, et *numerat* pecuniam. *Ea pecunia* puer *emit* vinum. *Ita* prospectum est *convivio*. Tandem *cum* prandium *appararetur* fœneratori, *olla* desiderata est. *Heic* jurgium *adversus* cocum. Cum *ea* gravaretur, *affirmavit* constanter *neminem* fuisse *eo die* in culina *praeter* Antonium. *Videbatur* improbum *suspicari* hoc *de sacrificio*. Tandem *itum est* ad illum *explorandum*, an *olla* esset *apud illum*, at *nulla* reperta est. *Quid multis?* Olla *flagitata est* ab illo *serio*, quod *solus* ingressus esset *culinam* quo tempore *desiderata est*. Ille *fassus est* sumpsisse mutuo *quandam* ollam, *sed* quam *remisisset* illi *unde* sumpserat. *Cum* illi *pernegarent* id, *et* contentio *incaluisset*, Antonius, *aliquot* testibus *adhibitis*, inquit, *Videte* quam *pe-*

the Pawn, give *the Note*, and *pays* the Money. *With that Money* the Boy *buys* Wine. *Thus* Provision was made *for a Feast*. At last *when* Dinner *was preparing* for the Usurer, *the Pot* was missing. *Upon this* there was a Brawl *with the Cook Maid*. When *she* was grievously charged, *she affirmed* constantly *that nobody* had been *that Day* in the Kitchen *besides* Anthony. *It seemed* wicked *to suspect* this *of a Priest*. At length *they went* to him *in order to search*, whether *the Pot* was *with him*, but *none* was found. *What needs many Words?* The Pot *was demanded* of him *in earnest*, because *he alone* had entered *the Kitchen*, at what Time *it was missing*. He *confessed he* borrowed *a certain* Pot, *but* which *he had sent back* to him *of whom* he had it. *When* they *stifly denied* it, *and* the Contention *grew warm*, Anthony, *some* Witnesses *being taken to him*, says, *See* how *dangerous* it is *to deal* with *Men* of these *Times* without *a Note*: An Action *of Theft* would be almost laid against *me*,

riculosum

riculoſum eſt *agere* cum *hominibus* horum *temporum* ſine *chirographo*; actio *furti* propemodum intenderetur *mihi*, ni *haberem* manum *fæneratoris*, et *protulit* ſyngrapham. *Dolus* intellectus eſt: *fabula* diſſipata eſt *per* totam *regionem* cum *magno* riſu, *ollam* oppignoratam *ipſi* cujus *erat*. Homines *favent* hujuſmodi *dolis* libentius *ſi* commiſſi ſint *in odioſas* perſonas, *præſertim* eos *qui* ſolent *imponere* aliis.

unleſs *I had* the Hand *of the Uſurer*; and *he produced* the Note. *The* Roguery was underſtood; *the Story* was ſpread *through* the whole *Country* with *a great Deal of* Laughter, *that the Pot* was pawned *to him* whoſe *it was*. Men *favour* ſuch *Tricks* the more willingly, *if* they are practiſed *upon odious* Perſons, *eſpecially* thoſe *who* are wont *to impoſe upon* others.

A. Næ *tu* aperuiſti *nobis* mare *fabularum*, nominato Antonio: *ſed referam* duntaxat *unam*, eamque *brevem* quam *audivi* nuperrime. *Aliquot* belli *homunculi*, ut *dicunt*, agitabant *convivium* ſimul, *quibus* nihil *in vita* prius *quam* ridere. *Inter hos* erat *Antonius*, atque *item* alter, *et ipſe* celebris *in hoc genere* laudis, *et* velut *æmulus* Antonii. *Porro* quemadmodum

Truly *you* have opened *to us* a Sea *of Stories*, by naming Anthony: *But I will relate* only *one*, and that *a ſhort one*, which *I heard* very lately. *Some* pretty *little Fellows*, as *they call them*, kept *a Feaſt* together, *with whom* nothing *in Life* is better *than* laughing. *Among theſe* was *Anthony*, and *likewiſe* another, *he alſo* famous *in this Sort* of Praiſe, *and* as it were *a Rival* of Anthony. *Moreover* as *amongſt Philoſophers*, if *at any Time* they meet, *little Queſtions*

dum *inter philosophos*, si *quando* conveniunt, *quæstiunculæ* solent *proponi* de rebus *naturæ*, ita *hoc* statim *quæstio* nata est, *quænam* pars *hominis* esset *bona issima*. Alius *divinabat* oculos, *alius* cor, *alius* cerebrum, *alius* item *aliud*, et *quisque* ad ferebat *rationem* suæ div nationis. *Antonius* jussus *dicere* sententiam, *dixit* os *videri* sibi *honestissimam* partem *omnium*, et *addidit* nescio *quam* causam. *Tum* ille *alter*, ne quid ipsi conveniret *cum Antonio*, respondit, *eam* partem *qua* sedemus *videri* sibi *honestissimam*. Cum *id* videretur *absurdum* omnibus, *attulit* hanc causam, *quod* is *duceretur* vulgo *honoratissimus*, qui *primus* consideret, *hoc honoris* competere *parti* quam *dixisset*. Applausum est *huic* sententiæ, *et* risum est *affatim*. Homo *placuit* sibi *de hoc dicto*, et *Antonius* visus est *vic-*

used *to be proposed* about the Things *of Nature*, so *here* immediately *a Question* arose, *what* Part *of Man* was *the most honourable*. One *guessed* the Eyes, *another* the Heart, *another* the Brain, *another* likewise *another Thing*, and *every one* gave *a Reason* of his Guess. *Anthony* being ordered *to declare* his Opinion, *said* that the Mouth *seemed* to him *the most honourable* Part *of all*, and he *added* I know not *what* Reason. *Then* that *other*, that he might not in any Thing agree *with Anthony*, answered *that that* Part *on which* we sit *seemed* to him *the most honourable*. When *that* appeared *absurd* to all, *he gave* this Reason, *that* he *was reckoned* commonly *the most honourable*, who *first* sat down, *that his Honour* belonged *to that Part* which *he had named*. They applauded *this* Opinion, *and* laughed *heartily*. The Man *was pleased with* himself *for this Saying*, and *Anthony* seemed *conquered* in that Dispute. *Anthony* took no Notice, *who* had not given *the chief* Praise *of Honour* to the Mouth *for any Thing*

tas

tus in eo certamine. *Antonius* dissimulavit, *qui* non detulerat *primam* laudem *honestatis* ori *ob aliud*, nisi *quod* sciret *illum* velut *æmulum* suæ gloriæ *nominaturum* diversam *partem*. Post *aliquot* dies, *cum* uterque *vocatus esset* rursus *ad* idem *convivium*, Antonius *ingressus* offendit *æmulum* confabulantem *cum* aliquot *aliis*, dum *cœnâ* adornatur, *et* aversus *emisit* clarum ventris crepitum *ante faciem* alterius. *Ille* indignatus *inquit*, Abi *scurra*, ubinam *didicisti* stos mores? *Tum* Antonius *inquit*, Etiam *indignaris*? *Si* salutassem *te* ore, *resalutasses*, nunc *saluta* te *parte* corporis, *vel* te *judice*, honestissima *omnium*, et *vocor* scurra. *Sic* Antonius *recuperavit* gloriam *amissam* prius. *Diximus omnes*, superest *ut* judex *pronunciet*.

Ge. Faciam *id*, sed *non* priusquam *quisque* obiberit *suum cyathum*.

else, but *that* he knew *that he*, as *the Rival* of his Glory, *would name* the quite contrary *Part*. After *some* Days, *when* both of them *were invited* again *to* the same *Feast*, Anthony *entering* finds *his Rival* talking *with* some *others*, whilst *Supper* is getting ready, *and* turning his Back to him, *he let fly* a rousing Fart *before the Face* of the other. *He* being mad *says*, Get you gone *you rude Droll*, where *did you learn* these Manners? *Then* Anthony *says*, What, *are you angry*? *If* I had saluted *you* with my Mouth, *you would have saluted me again*, now I *salute* you *with a Part* of the Body, *even* you *being Judge*, the most honourable *of all*, and *I am called* a rude Droll. *Thus* Anthony *recovered the* Glory *lost* before. *We have all said*, it remains *that* the Judge *pronounce Sentence*.

I will do *it*, but *not* before *every Man* drinks off *his Glass*. Lo *I begin*, but

En *auſpicor*, ſed *lupus* in fabula

P. Levinus Panagathus *adfert* haud lærum *omen*.

L. Quid *actum eſt* inter *tam lepidos* congerrones?

Po. Quid *aliud*? certatum eſt *fabulis*, donec *lupus* intervenires.

Le. Huc *igitur* adſum, *ut* perficiam *fabulam*: volo *vos omnes* prandere prandium theologicum *apud me* cras.

Ge. Promittis *Scythicum* convivium.

L. Niſi *fatebimini* hoc *fuiſſe* jucundius *vobis* fabuloſo convivio *non recuſo* dare pœnas *in cœna*. Nihil jucundius *quam* cum *nugæ* tractentur *ſerio*.

the Wolf in the Fable.

Levinus Panagathus *brings* no unlucky *Omen*.

What *has been done* amongſt *ſuch pretty* Companions?

What *elſe*? We have been contending *in Stories*, 'till *you as a Wolf* came in.

Hither *therefore* I am come, *that* I may finiſh *the Farce*? I deſire *you all* to take a Theological Dinner *with me* To morrow.

You promiſe us *a Scythian* Feaſt.

Unleſs *you confeſs* that this *was* more pleaſant *to you* than the fabulous Feaſt, *I do not refuſe* to ſuffer Puniſhment *at Supper*. Nothing is more pleaſant *than* when *Trifles* are handled *ſeriouſly*.

ERASMI
COLLOQUIA SELECTA.

CHARON.

Charon, Genius, Alaſtor.

C. QUID *ita properas* geſtiens, *Alaſtor?*

WHY *do you haſten ſo* rejoicing, *Alaſtor?*

Al. O Charon, *opportune tu quidem.* Properabam *ad te.*

O Charon, *you come in good Time indeed.* I was haſtening *to you.*

Ch. Quid novæ rei?

What News?

A. Fero *nuntium* futurum *lætiſſimum tibi* Proſerinæque.

I bring *News* that will be *very joyful to you* and Proſerpine.

Ch. Effer *igitur* quod *fers*, et *exonera te.*

Declare *then* what *you bring*, and *unload yourſelf.*

Al. Furiæ *geſſerunt* ſuum negotium *non minus* naviter *quam* feliciter, *infecerunt* omnes *partes* orbis *tartareis* malis, *diſſidiis*, bellis, *latrociniis*, peſtilentiis, *adeo ut* jam *ſint* plane *calvæ*, emiſſis *colubris*, et *obambulent* exhauſtæ *venis*, quærentes *quic-*

The Furies *have done* their Buſineſs *no leſs* diligently *than* happily, *they have infected* all *the Parts* of the World *with helliſh* Evils, *Quarrels*, Wars, *Robberies*, Plagues, *ſo that* now *they are* quite *bald*, having diſcharged *their Snakes*, and *walk about* exhauſted *of their Poiſons*, ſeeking *whatſoever* Vipers *and* Aſps *there are*

quid viperarum *atque* aſpidum *eſt* uſquam, *quando* ſunt *tam glabræ* quam *ovum*, et *non habent* pilum *in capite*, nec *quidquam* efficacis ſucci *in pectore*. Proinde *tu fac* appares *cymbam* ac *remos*; mox enim *tanta* multitudo *umbrarum* ventura eſt, *ut* verear *ne* non ſufficias *tranſmittendis omnibus*.

Ch. Iſta *non fugerant nos*.

Al. Unde *reſciveras?*

Ch. Oſſa *pertulerat* ante biduum.

Al. Nihil *eſt* velocius *illa dea*. Sed *quid* igitur *tu ceſſas* hic?

Ch. Ita *nimirum* res *ferebat*. Profectus ſum *huc*, ut *compararem* mihi *aliquam* validam *triremem*, nam *mea cymba*, jam *putris* vetuſtate *ac* ſutilis, *non ſufficeret* huic operi, *ſi* ſunt *vera* quæ *Oſſa* narravit; *quanquam* quid *opus* erat *Oſſa?* Res *ipſa* compellit, *nam* feci naufragium.

any where, *ſeeing* they are *as bare* as *an Egg*, and *have not* a Hair *upon their Head*, nor *any Thing* of effectual Juice *in their Breaſt*. Wherefore *do you ſee* you make ready *your Boat* and *Oars*; for by and by *ſo great* a Multitude *of Ghoſts* will come, *that* I am afraid *leſt* you ſhould not be ſufficient *to ferry them all over*.

Thoſe Things *were not unknown to us*.

From whom *had you heard them?*

Oſſa *brought us News* two Days ago.

Nothing *is* ſwifter *than that Goddeſs*. But *why then do you loiter* here?

See *forſooth* the Matter *obliged me*. I came *hither* that *I might provide* myſelf *ſome* ſtrong *Galley*, for *my Boat*, now *rotten* with Age, *and* patched up, *will not be ſufficient* for this Work; *if* thoſe Things are *true* which *Oſſa* told, *although* what *Need* was there *of Oſſa?* The Thing *itſelf* obliges me, *for* I have been ſhipwrecked.

Al.

Al. Nimiram *totus distillas*, ſuſpicabar *te redire* e balneo.

Ch. Imo *enatabam* e Stygia palude.

Al. Ubi *reliquiſti* umbras?

Ch. Natant *cum ranis*.

Al. Sed *quid* narravit *Oſſa*?

Ch. Tres *monarchas* orbis *ruere* in mutuum exitium *capitalibus* odiis. *Nec ullam* partem *orbis Chriſtiani* eſſe *immunem* a furiis, *nam* illi *tres* pertrahunt *omnes* reliquos *in conſortium* belli. *Omnes* eſſe *talibus* animis, *ut* nemo *velit* cedere *alteri*; nec *Danum*, nec *Polonum*, nec *Scotum*, nec *vero* Turcam *eſſe* in otio; *moliri* dira; *peſtilentiam* ſævire *ubique*, apud *Hiſpanos*, apud *Britannos*, apud *Italos*, apud *Gallos*. Ad hæc novam *luem* natam *ex varietate* opinionum, *quæ* ſic vitiavit *animos* omnium, *ut* ſit *nulla* ſincera *amicitia* uſquam, *ſed* frater *diffidat* fra-

Indeed *you drop all over*, I ſuſpected *you were returning* from the Bath.

Nay, indeed, *I ſwam* out of the Stygian Lake.

Where *did you leave* the Souls?

They are ſwimming *with the Frogs*.

But *what* ſaid *Oſſa*?

That Three *Monarchs* of the World *were ruſhing* upon mutual Deſtruction *with capital* Hatreds. *And that no* Part *of the Chriſtian World* was *free* from the Furies, *for* thoſe *three* draw *all* the reſt *into a Share* of the War. *That they all* were *of ſuch* Minds, *that* no one *would* yield *to another*; neither *the Dane*, nor *the Pole*, nor *the Scot*, nor *indeed* the Turk *was* at quiet; *that they attempted* diſmal things; *that the Plague* raged *every where*, amongſt *the Spaniards*, amongſt *the Britons*, amongſt *the Italians*, amongſt *the French*. Beſides that there was a new *Plague* riſen *from the Variety* of Opinions, *which* has ſo vitiated *the Minds* of all, *that* there is *no* ſincere *Friendſhip* any where, *but* Brother *diſtruſts* Brother,

tri, *nec* uxor conveniat *cum marito*. Spes est, *magnificam* perniciem *hominum* naſciturum *hinc* quoque *olim*, ſi *res* pervenerit *a linguis* et *calamis* ad manus.

nor does the Wife agree *with her Huſband*. There is Hope, *that a noble* Deſtruction *of Men* will ariſe *from hence* too *hereafter*, if *the Thing* comes *from Tongues* and *Quills* to Hands.

Al. Oſſa *narravit* omnia *hæc* veriſſime; *nam* ipſe *vidi* plura *his oculis*, aſſiduus *comes* et *adjutor* furiarum, *quæ* nullo tempore *declararunt* ſemagis dignas *ſuo nomine*.

Oſſa *told* all *theſe Things* very truly; *for* I *ſaw* more *with theſe Eyes*, being a conſtant *Companion* and *Aſſiſtant* of the Furies, *which* at no Time *declared* themſelves *more* worthy *of their Name*.

Ch. Atqui *periculum* eſt, *ne* quis *dæmon* exoriatur, *qui* adhortetur *ſubito* ad pacem; *et* animi *mortalium* ſunt *mutabiles*. Nam *audio* eſſe *quendam* polygraphum *apud ſuperos* qui *non deſinit* inſectari *bellum* calamo, *et* adhortari ad pacem.

But *the Danger* is, *leſt* any *Dæmon* ſhould ſtart up, *that* ſhould exhort them *ſuddenly* to Peace; *and* the Minds *of Mortals* are *changeable*. For *I hear* there is *a certain* Scribler *with thoſe above*, that *does not ceaſe* to rail at *the War* with his Pen, *and* exhort them to Peace.

Al. Ille *canit* ſurdis *jampridem*. Olim *ſcripſit* querimoniam *profligatæ* pacis, *nunc* ſcripſit *epitaphium* eidem *extinctæ*. Sunt *alii* contra, *qui* juvent *noſtram rem* non minus *quam* ipſæ furiæ.

He *ſings* to them that have been deaf *long ſince*. Formerly *he wrote* a Complaint *of vanquiſhed* Peace, *now* he has writ *an Epitaph* for the ſame *being dead*. There are *others* on the other Hand, *who* help on *our Buſineſs* no leſs *than* the Furies themſelves.

Ch.

Ch. Quinam isti?

Al. Sunt *quædam* animalia *pullis* et *candidis* palliis, *cinericiis* tunicis, *ornata* variis *plumis*. Hæc *nunquam recedunt* ab aulis *principum*: instillant *in aurem* amorem *belli*: Hortantur *proceres* et *plebem* eodem. *Clamitant* in evangelicis concionibus, *bellum* esse *justum*, sanctum *et* pium. *Quoque magis mireris* fortem *animum* hominum, *clamitant* idem *apud* utramque *partem*. Apud Gallos *concionantur* Deum *stare* pro Gallis, *nec posse* vinci, *qui* habeat *Deum* protectorem. *Apud* Anglos *et* Hispanos, *hoc bellum* non geri *a Cæsare*, sed *a Deo*. Tantum præbeant *se* fortes *viros*, victoriam *esse* certam. *Quod si* quis *interciderit*, eum *non perire*, sed *recta subvolare* in cœlum *armatum* sicut *erat*.

C. Et *tanta fides habetur* istis?

Al. Quid *non potest* simulata *religio*? Huc

Who are they?

They are *certain* Animals *in black* and *white* Garments, *with ash-coloured* Tunicks, *adorned* with divers *Feathers*. These *never depart* from the Courts *of Princes*: they instil *in their Ear* the Love *of War*: they advise *the Nobles* and *common People* to the same. *They bawl out* in their Sermons, *that the War* is *just*, holy, *and* pious. *And that you may the more admire* the stout *Mind* of the Men, *they say* the same *with* both *Sides*. Amongst the French *they preach* that God *stands up* for the French, *and that he cannot* be conquered, *who* has *God* for his Protector. *Amongst* the English *and* Spaniards, *that this War* is not carried on *by Cæsar*, but *by God*. Let them only shew *themselves* stout *Men*, the Victory *is* certain. *But if* any one *falls* that he *does not perish*, but *flies directly* into Heaven, *armed* as *he was*.

And *is so great Credit given* to them?

What *cannot* pretended *Religion do*? To this *is accedit*

accedit juventus, *imperitia* rerum, *sitis* gloriæ, *ira*, animus *pronus* natura *ad id* quo *vocatur*. His facile imponitur, *nec plaustrum perpellitur* difficile, *propendens* ad ruinam *suapte sponte*.

added Youth, *Ignorance* of Things, *a Thirst* of Glory, *Anger*, a Mind *prone* by Nature *to that* to which *it is invited*. These are easily imposed upon, *nor is the Waggon pushed on* difficultly, *that leans* towards a Fall *of itself*.

Ch. Ego *lubens fecero* aliquid *boni* istis animalibus.

I *would willingly do* some *Good* to those Animals.

Al. Appara *lautum* convivium. *Potes* nihil *gratius*.

Prepare *a fine* Feast. *You can do* nothing *more acceptable*.

Ch. Ex malvis, *lupinis*, et *porris*, nam *non est* alia *annona* apud nos, *ut scis*.

Of Mallows, *Lupines*, and *Onions*, for *there is no* other *Provision* with us, *as you know*.

Al. Imo *ex perdicibus*, capis *et* phasianis, *si* vis *esse* gratus *convivator*.

Nay *Partridges*, Capons, *and* Pheasants, *if* you will *be* a grateful *Entertainer*.

Ch. Sed *quæ* res *movet* istos, *ut* promoveant *bellum* tantopere? *Aut* quid *commodi* metunt *hinc*.

But *what* Thing *moves* them, *that* they should promote *the War* so much? *Or* what *Advantage* do they reap *hence*?

Al. Quia *capiunt* plus *emolumenti* e morientibus *quam* e vivis. *Sunt* testamenta, *parentalia*, bullæ, *multaque* alia *lucra* non *aspernanda*. Denique *malunt* versari *in castris*, quam *in suis alveariibus*. Bellum

Because *they receive* more *Benefit* from the Dead *than* the Living. *There are* Wills, *Funeral Rites*, Bulls, *nay many* other *Gains* not *to be despised*. Finally *they had rather* be *in Camps*, than *in their Cells*. War *makes* many *Bishops*, who *in Peace* were not so much as valued

gignit

gignit multos *episcopos*, qui *in pace* ne quidem fiebant *teruntii*.

Ch. Sapiunt.

Al. Sed *quid* opus *est* triremi?

Ch. Nihil, *si* velim *facere naufragium* rursus *in media palude*.

Al. Ob multitudinem?

Ah. Scilicet.

Al. Atqui *vehis* umbras, *non* corpora, *quantulum autem* ponderis *habent* umbræ?

Ah. Sint *tipulæ*, tamen *vis* tipularum *potest* esse *tanta*, ut onerent *cymbam*. Tum *scis* et cymbam *esse* umbratilem.

Al. At *ego memini* vidisse *nonnunquam* tria *millia* umbrarum *pendere* a tuo clavo, *cum* esset *ingens* turba, *nec* cymba *caperet* omnes, *nec* tu sentiebas *ullum* pondus.

Ah. Fateor *esse* tales *animas*, quæ *demigrarunt* paulatim *e corpore* tenuato *phtisi* aut *hectica*. Cæterum *quæ* revelluntur *subito* e crasso corpore, *fe-runt* multum *corporeæ*

at a Farthing.

They are wise.

But *what* Need *is there* of a Galley?

None, *if* I would *be ship-wrecked* again *in the Middle of the Lake*.

Because of the Number?

Yes.

But *you carry* Souls, *not* Bodies, *and how little* Weight *have* Souls?

Let them be *Water-Spiders*, yet *the Number* of Water-Spiders *may* be *so great*, as to load *my Boat*. Then *you know* my Boat too *is* made of Shadow.

But *I remember* I have seen *sometimes* three *thousand* Souls *hang* at your Helm, *when* there was *a great* Multitude, *and your Boat would not hold* all, *nor* did you perceive *any* Weight.

I confess *there are* such *Souls*, which *have departed* by Degrees *out of a Body* wasted *with a Consumption* or *hectic Fever*. But *those which* are pulled *suddenly* out of a gross Body, *bring* much *of the bodily* Mass

molis

molis *secum*. Apoplexia autem, *synanche*, pestilentia, *sed* præcipue *bellum*, mittit *tales*.

Al. Non opinor *Gallos* aut *Hispanos* adferre *multum* ponderis

Ch. Multo *minus quam cæteri* quamvis *ei horum animæ* non veniunt *omnino* plumeæ. *Cæterum* tales *veniunt* aliquoties *e Britannis*, e Germanis *belle* pastis, *ut* nuper *periclitatus fim* vehens *decem* duntaxat, *et* nisi *feciſſem jacturam*, perieram *una* cum *cymba*, vectoribus, *et* naulo.

Al. Ingens *discrimen!*

Ch. Quid *censes* fieri *interea*, cum *crassi* satrapæ, *thrasones*, et *polymachæroplacidæ* accedunt?

Al. Arbitror *nullos* ex his *qui* pereunt *in justo* bello *venire* ad te; *nam* aiunt *eos* subvolare *recta* in cœlum.

Ch. Nescio *quo* subvolent. *Scio* illud *unum*, quoties *est* bellum, *tot* veniunt *ad*

along with them. And the Apoplexy, *the Quinzy*, the Plague, *but* especially *War* sends *such.*

I do not think *that the French* or *Spaniards* bring *much* Weight.

Much *less* than *others*, though *their Souls too* do not come *altogether* as light as Feathers. *But* such *come* often *from the Britons*, from the Germans *well* fed, *that* lately *I was in Danger* carrying *ten* only, *and* unless *I had thrown some things overboard*, I had been lost, *together* with *the Boat*, the Passengers, *and* Freight Money.

A prodigious *Danger.*

What *do you think* is the Case *in the mean Time*, when *gross* Lords, *Hectors*, and *Bullies* come.

I suppose *none* of those *who* die *in a just* War *come* to you; *for* they say *that they* fly up *directly* into Heaven.

I know not *whither* they fly to. *I know* this *one Thing*, as often as *there is* a War, *so many* come *to me*,

me,

me, saucii *lacerique*, ut *demirer* ullum *superesse* apud superos. *Nec* veniunt *solum* onusti *crapula*, et *abdomine*, verum *etiam* bullis, *sacerdotiis*, plurimisque *aliis* rebus.

wounded *and mangled*, that *I wonder* that any one *is left* with those above. *Nor* do they come *only* loaded *with the Dregs of hard Drinking* and *big Bellies*, but *also* with Bulls, *Livings*, and very many *other* Things.

Al. Sed *non deferunt* ista *secum*.

But *they do not bring* those Things *with them*.

Ch. Verum; *sed* qui *veniunt* recentes *adferunt* somnia *talium* rerum.

True; *but* those which *come* fresh *bring* the Dreams *of such* Things.

Al. Itane gravant somnia?

Do Dreams load you so?

Ch. Gravant *meum* cymbam. *Quid* dixi *gravant?* Demerserunt *jam*. Postremo *putas* tot *obolos* habere *nihil* sarcinæ?

They do load *my* Boat. *What* said I, *load it?* They sunk it *just now*. Finally *do you think* so many *Halfpennies* have *no* Weight?

Al. Equidem *arbitror*, si *ferunt* æreos.

Truly *I think so*, if *they bring* brazen ones.

Ch. Proinde *certum est mihi* prospicere *de navi*, quæ *sufficiat* oneri.

Wherefore *I am resolved* to look out *for a Ship* which *may suffice* for the Burden.

Al. O felicem te?

O happy you!

Ch. Quid ita?

Why so?

Al. Quia *ditescet* propediem.

Because *you will grow rich* presently.

Ch. Ob *multitudinem* umbrarum.

Because *of the Number* of Ghosts.

Al. Næ.

Yes.

Ch. Siquidem *adferant* suas opes *secum*;

If *they brought* their Riches *along with them*;

cum; nunc *qui* deplorant *in cymba*, se reliquisse *apud superos* regna, *præsulatus*, abbatias, *innumera* talenta *auri*, adferunt *nihil* ad me *præter* obolum. *Itaq*; quod *corr sum est* mihi *jam* ter mille *annis*, id totum *effundendum est* in unam triremem.

Al. Sumptum faciat oportet *qui* quærit *lucrum*.

Ch. At *mortales*, ut *audio*, negotiantur *felicius*, qui *favente Mercurio* ditescunt *intra triennium*.

Al. Sed *iidem* decoquunt *nonnunquam*: tuum *lucrum* minus, *sed certius*.

Ch. Nescio *quam* certum. *Si* quis *deus* exoriatur *nunc*, qui *componat res principum*, hæc *tota* sors *perierit* mihi.

Al. De ista re *quidem* jubeo *dormias* in utramvis aurem. *Nihil est quod metuas* pacem *intra decennium*. Romanus *pontifex* unus *hortatur* sedulo *quidem* ad concordi-

Now *they who* lament *in the Boat* that they left *with those above* Kingdoms, *Bishopricks*, Abbies, *innumerable* Talents *of Gold*, bring *nothing* to me *besides* a Half-penny. *Therefore* what *has been scraped together* by me *now* these three thousand *Years*, all that *must be laid out* in one Galley.

He must be at Charge, *who* seeks *Gain*.

But *Men*, *as I hear* trade *more luckily*, who *by the favour of Mercury*, grow rich *in three Years*.

But *the same* break *sometimes*. Your *Gain* is less, *but* more certain.

I know not *how* certain. *If* any *God* should arise *now*, that *should settle* the Affairs *of Princes*, this *whole* Booty *will be lost* by me.

For that Matter *truly* I bid you *sleep* on either Ear. *You need not fear* a Peace *within these ten Years*. The Roman *Pontiff* alone *exhorts* diligently *indeed* to Concord; *but* he washes *a Brick*. The Ci-

am,

ani, *sed* lavat *latera*. Et civitates *murmurant* tædio *malorum*. Nescio *qui* populi *conferunt* susurros, *disputantes*, iniquum esse *si* humanæ *res* misceantur *sursum deorsum*, ob *privatas* iras *aut* ambitionem *duorum* triumve. *Sed* crede *mihi*, furiæ *vincent* confinia *quamlibet* recta. *Cæterum* quid *opus* erat *petere superos*? At non sunt *fabri* apud nos? *Certe* habemus *Vulcanum*.

C. Pulchre, *si* quæram æream navim.

Al. Aliquis *accersetur* minimo.

Ch. Ita *est*, sed *materia* deficit *nos*.

Al. Quid *audio*? nihil *sylvarum* illic?

Ch. Etiam *nemora* quæ *fuerant* in Elysiis campis *absumpta sunt*.

Ch. In quem usum *tandem*?

Ch. Exurendis *umbris* hæreticorum, *adeo ut* nuper *coacti simus* effodere *carbones* e visceribus *terræ*.

Al. Quid! *An non*

ties too *murmur* out of Weariness *of their Calamities*. I know not *what* People *join* their Whispers, *saying*, 'tis unreasonable *that* human *Affairs* should be jumbled *up and down*, for *the private* Resentments, *or* Ambition, *of two* or three. *But* believe *me*, the Furies *will conquer* Counsels *never so* good. *But* what *Need* was there *to go to those above*? Are there no *Workmen* with us? *Certainly* we have *Vulcan*.

Right, *if* I wanted *a brazen* Ship.

Some body *may be sent for* for a small Matter.

So *it is*, but *Wood* fails *us*.

What *do I hear*? Is there nothing *of Woods* there?

Even *the Grows* which *were* in the Elysian Fields *are consumed*.

For what Use *pray*?

For burning *the Souls* of Hereticks, *so that* lately *we were forced* to dig *Coals* out of the Bowels *of the Earth*.

What! *Cannot* these

possunt

quid viperarum *atque* aſpidum *eſt* uſquam, *quando* ſunt *tam glabræ* quam *ovum*, et *non habent* pilum *in capite*, nec *quidquam* efficacis ſucci *in pectore*. Proinde *tu fac* appares *cymbam* ac *remos*; mox enim *tanta* multitudo *umbrarum* ventura eſt, *ut* verear *ne* non ſufficias *tranſmittendis omnibus*.

Ch. Iſta *non fugerant nos*.

Al. Unde *reſciveras?*

Ch. Oſſa *pertulerat* ante biduum.

Al. Nihil *eſt* velocius *illa dea*. Sed *quid* igitur *tu ceſſas* hic?

Ch. Ita *nimirum* res *ferebat*. Profectus ſum *huc*, ut *compararem* mihi *aliquam* validam *triremem*, nam *mea cymba*, jam *putris* vetuſtate *ac* futilis, *non ſufficerit* huic operi, *ſi* ſunt *vera* quæ *Oſſa* narravit; *quanquam* quid *opus* erat *Oſſa?* Res *ipſa* compellit, *nam* feci naufragium.

any where, *ſeeing* they are *as bare* as *an Egg*, and *have not* a Hair *upon their Head*, nor *any Thing* of effectual Juice *in their Breaſt*. Wherefore *do you ſee* you make ready *your Boat* and *Oars*; for by and by *ſo great* a Multitude *of Ghoſts* will come, *that* I am afraid *leſt* you ſhould not be ſufficient *to ferry them all over*.

Thoſe Things *were not unknown to us*.

From whom *had you heard them?*

Oſſa *brought us News* two Days ago.

Nothing *is* ſwifter *than that Goddeſs*. But *why then do you loiter* here?

See *forſooth* the Matter *obliged me*. I came *hither* that *I might provide* myſelf *ſome* ſtrong *Galley*, for *my Boat*, now *rotten* with Age, *and* patched up, *will not be ſufficient* for this Work; *if* thoſe Things are *true* which *Oſſa* told, *although* what *Need* was there *of Oſſa?* The Thing *itſelf* obliges me, *for* I have been ſhipwrecked.

Al.

Al. Nimirum *totus distillas*, suspicabar *te redire* e balneo.

Ch. Imo *enatabam* e Stygia palude.

Al. Ubi *reliquisti* umbras?

Ch. Natant *cum ranis*.

Al. Sed *quid* narravit *Ossa*?

Ch. Tres *monarchas* orbis *ruere* in mutuum exitium *capitalibus* odiis. *Nec ullam* partem *orbis Christiani* esse *immunem* a furiis, *nam* illi *tres* pertrahunt *omnes* reliquos *in consortium* belli. *Omnes* esse *talibus* animis, *ut* nemo *velit* cedere *alteri*; nec *Danum*, nec *Polonum*, nec *Scotum*, nec *vero* Turcam *esse* in otio; *moliri* dira; *pestilentiam* sævire *ubique*, apud *Hispanos*, apud *Britannos*, apud *Italos*, apud *Gallos*. Ad hæc novam *luem* natam *ex varietate* opinionum, *quæ* sic vitiavit *animos* omnium, *ut* sit *nulla* sincera *amicitia* usquam, *sed* frater *diffidat* fra-

Indeed *you drop all over*, I suspected *you were returning* from the Bath.

Nay, indeed, *I swam* out of the Stygian Lake.

Where *did you leave* the Souls?

They are swimming *with the Frogs*.

But *what* said *Ossa*?

That Three *Monarchs* of the World *were rushing* upon mutual Destruction *with capital* Hatreds. *And that no* Part *of the Christian World* was *free* from the Furies, *for* those *three* draw *all* the rest *into a Share* of the War. *That they all* were *of such* Minds, *that* no one *would* yield *to another*; neither *the Dane*, nor *the Pole*, nor *the Scot*, nor *indeed* the Turk *was* at quiet; *that they attempted* dismal things; *that the Plague* raged *every where*, amongst *the Spaniards*, amongst *the Britons*, amongst *the Italians*, amongst *the French*. Besides that there was a new *Plague* risen *from the Variety* of Opinions, *which* has so vitiated *the Minds* of all, *that* there is *no* sincere *Friendship* any where, *but* Brother *distrusts* Brother.

A. Cum *illo* opulento?

With *that* rich Man?

B. Sed *sordidissimo*.

But *very sordid*.

A. Narras *simile* monstri.

You tell me *a Thing like* a Prodigy.

B. Minime. *Sic* divites *fiunt* qui *emergunt* e summa inopia.

No. *So* rich Men *are* that *rise* from extreme Poverty.

A. Quid ita libuit *commorari* tot *menses* apud *talem* hospitem?

Why had you such a Mind *to stay* so many *Months* with *such* an Host.

B. Erat *quod* alligaret, *et* sic *animus* erat *tunc*.

There was something *that* obliged me, *and* so *my Mind* was *then*.

A. Sed *dic* obsecro, *quo apparatu* vivit ille.

But *tell me* I pray you *upon what Provision* does he live.

B. Dicam, *quandoquidem* commemoratio *actorum* laborum *solet* esse *jucunda*.

I will tell you, *seeing* the Relation *of past* Troubles *uses* to be *pleasant*.

A. Futura est *mihi* certe.

It will be so *to me* certainly.

B. Illud *incommodi* accessit *a cælo*, cum *agerem* illic. *Boreas* spirabat *tres* totos *menses*, nisi *quod* illic *nescio* quomodo *nunquam perseverat* ultra *octavum* diem.

That *Inconvenience* came *from Heaven*, when *I lived* there. *The North Wind* blew *three* whole *Months*, but *that* there *I know not* how *it never continues* beyond *the eighth* Day.

A. Quomodo *igitur* spirabat *tres* totos *menses*?

How *then* did it blow *three* whole *Months*?

B. Sub eum diem *mutabat* stationem *velut* ex constituto, *sed*

About that day *it changed* its Station *as it were* on Purpose, *but* after *eight*

post

poſt octo horas *migravit* in priorem locum.

A. Ibi *opus erat* luculento *foco* tenui *corpuſculo.*

B. Erat *ſatis* ignis, *ſi* ſuppetiſſet *copia* lignorum. *Sed* ne *noster* Antronius *faceret quid impendii* hoic, *evellebat* radices *arborum* ex ruſculis *inſularibus*, neglectas *ab aliis*, idque *fere* noctu. *Ex his* nondum *bene* ſiccis *ignis* ſtruebatur, *non* abſq; *fumo*, ſed *ſine* flamma, *non* qui *calefaceret*, ſed *qui* præſtaret, *ne poſſet* dici *vere* eſſe *nullum* ignem *ibi*. Unicus autem *ignis* durabat *totum* diem, *adeo* temperatum *erat* incendium.

Hours *it ſhifted* into its former Place.

There *was Need* of a bright *Fire* for a thin *Body*.

There was *enough* of Fire, *if* there had been *Plenty* of Wood. *But* leſt *our* Antronius *ſhould be at any Charge* here, *he pulled up* the Roots *of Trees* out of ſome Grounds *in the Iſlands*, neglected *by others*, and that *commonly* in the Night. *Out of theſe* not yet *well* dry a *Fire* was made, *not* without *Smoak*, *without* Flame, *not* that *would warm*, but *which but* would effect, *that it could not* be ſaid *truly* that there was *no* Fire *there*. And one *Fire* laſted *the whole* Day, *ſo* moderate *was* the Burning.

A. Erat *durum* hybernare *illic*.

B. Imo *erat* multo *durius* æſtivare.

A. Qui ſic?

B. Quoniam *ædomus habebat* tantum *pulicum* et *cimicum*, ut *nec liceret* eſſe *quietum* interdiu, *nec* capere *ſomnum* noctu.

A. Miſeras divitias!

It was *hard* to winter *there*.

Nay *it was* much *harder* to ſummer.

How ſo?

Becauſe *that* Houſe *had* ſo many *Fleas* and *Gnats*, that *it was neither poſſible* to be *quiet* by Day, *nor* take *Reſt* by Night.

Miſerable Riches!

A. Præſertim

B. Præsertim *in hoc* genere *pecoris.*

Especially *in this* Kind *of Cattle.*

A. Oportet fœminas *esse* ignavas *illic.*

The women must *be* idle *there.*

B. Latitant, *nec* versantur *inter viros:* ita *fit* ut *illic* fœminæ *sint* nihil *aliud* quam *fœminæ*; et *eo* ministeria *desint* viris, *quæ* solent *suppeditari* ab eo sexu.

They lie hid, *nor* do they converse *amongst the Men:* so *it comes to pass* that *there* Women *are* nothing *else* but *Women*; and *those* Services *are wanting* to the Men, *that* use *to be supplied* by that Sex.

A. Sed *non pigebat Antronium* tractationis?

But *was not Antronius weary* of that Treatment?

B. Nihil *erat* dulce *illi* educato *in hujusmodi sordibus* præter *lucrum*: habitavit *ubivis* potius *quam* domi, *negotiabatur* in omni re. *Scis autem* eam urbem *esse* mercurialem *præ cæteris.* Ille *nobilis* pictor *existimavit* deplorandum *si* dies *abiisset* absque linea. *Antronius* deplorabat *longe* magis *si* dies *præteriisset* absque lucro; *quod* si *quando* evenisset, *quærebat* Mercurium *domi.*

Nothing *was* pleasant *to him* brought up *in such Nastiness* but *Gain*: He lived *any where* rather *than* at Home; *he traded* in every Thing. *And you know* that City *is* busied in Trade *above others.* That *noble* Painter *thought it* a Thing to be lamented, *if* a Day *passed* without a Stroke, *Antronius* lamented it *much* more, *if* a Day *passed* without Gain, *which* if *at any Time* it happened *he sought* Gain *at Home.*

A. Quid faciebat?

What did he do?

B. Habebat *cisternam* in ædibus, *ex more* ejus civitatis.

He had *a Cistern* in his House, *according to the Custom* of that City. *There illic*

Illic hauriebat *aliquot* ſitulas *aquæ*, et *infundebat* in vinaria vaſa. *Hic* erat *certum* lucrum.

A. Fortaſſe *vinum* erat *æquo vehementius*.

B. Imo *erat* plus *quam* vappa; *nam* nunquam emebat *vinum* niſi *corruptum*, quo *emeret* minoris. *Ne* quid *ex eo* periret, *ſubinde* miſcebat *fæces* decem annorum, *volvens* ac *revolvens* omnia, *quo* videretur *muſtum*. Neque enim ille paſſus fuiſſet *ullam* micam *fæcis* perire.

A. At *ſi* qua fides *medicis*, tale *vinum* gignit *calculos* veſicæ.

B. Non errant *medici*; nam *erat* nullus *annus* in ea domo *tam* felix, *quin* unus *atque* alter *periret* calculo. *Neque* ille horrebat *funeſtam* domum.

A. Non?

B. Colligebat *etiam* vectigal *a mortuis*, nec *aſpernabatur* lucellum *quamvis* exiguum.

he drew *ſome* Buckets *of Water*, and *poured them* into the Wine Veſſels. *Here* was *certain* Gain.

Perhaps *the Wine* was *too ſtrong*.

Nay *it was* more *than* dead Drink; *for* he never bought *Wine* unleſs *it was corrupted*, that *he might buy it* cheaper. *Leſt* any *of it* ſhould be loſt, *now and then* he mixed *Dregs* of ten Years old, *rumbling* and *jumbling* all together, *that* it might ſeem *new Wine*. For he would not have ſuffered *any* Bit *of Dregs* to be loſt.

But *if* any Credit muſt be given *to the Doctors*, ſuch *Wine* breeds *the Stone* of the Bladder.

The Doctors are not miſtaken; for *there was* no *Year* in that Houſe *ſo* happy, *but* one *and* another *died* of the Stone. *Nor* did he dread *a mournful* Houſe.

No?

He collected *alſo* Tribute *of the Dead*; nor *did he deſpiſe* Gain, *though never ſo* ſmall.

A. Dicis *furtum*.

B. Negotiatores *vocant* lucrum.

A. Quid *interea* bibebat *Antronius?*

B. Idem *nectar* ferme.

A. Non ſenſit *malum?*

B. Erat *durus*, qui *poſſet* eſſe *vel* fœnum, *et*, ut *dixi*, fuerat *educatus* a teneris *annis* in talibus *deliciis*. Exiſtimabat *nihil* certius *hoc lucro*.

A. Quid ita?

B. Si *ſupputes* uxorem, *filios*, filiam, *generum*, operas, *et* famulas, *alebat* domi *triginta* tria *corpora*. Jam *quo* dilutius *vinum* erat, *hoc* parcius *bibebatur* et *ſerius* exhauriebatur. *Hic* ſubducito. *mihi*, quam non pœnitendam *ſummam* fitula *aquæ* addita *in ſingulos dies* conficiat *in annum*.

A. O ſordes!

B. Atqui *non minus* compendii *redibat* ex pane.

A. Quo pacto?

B. Emebat *vitiatum* triticum, *quod* alius *noluiſſet* emere.

You ſpeak *of Theft*.

Tradeſmen *call it* Gain.

What *in the mean Time* drank *Antronius?*

The ſame *Nectar* commonly.

Did he perceive no *Harm?*

He was *hard*, who *could* eat *even* Hay, *and*, as *I ſaid*, he had been *brought up* from his tender *Years* in ſuch *Dainties*. He looked upon *nothing* more certain *than this Gain*.

Why ſo?

If *you reckon* his Wife, *Sons*, Daughter, *Son-in-law*, Work-folks, *and* Maids, *he maintained* at Home, *thirty-three Bodies*. Now *by how much the* weaker *the Wine* was, *by ſo much* the more ſparingly *it was drank*, and *the later* it was drawn off. *Here* reckon *for me*, what a conſiderable *Sum* a Bucket *of Water* added *for every Day* would make *in a Year*.

A. O Sneakingneſs!

But *no leſs* Profit *aroſe* from the Bread.

How?

He bought *ſpoiled* Wheat *which* another *would not* buy. *Here* was preſent

Heic præsens *lucrum* statim, *quod* emebat *minoris*. Cæterum *medicabatur* vitio *arte*.

A. Qua *tandem*?

B. Est *genus* argillæ *non* dissimile *frumento*, quo *videmus* equos *delectari*, dum *et arrodunt* parietes, *et* bibunt *libentius* ex lacunis *turbidis* ea argilla. *Admiscebat* tertiam *partem* ejus terræ.

A. Est *istuc* medicari?

B. Certe *vitium* tritici *minus sentiebatur*. An putas *hoc* lucrum *quoque* aspernandum? *Adde* jam *aliud* stratagema: *Subigebat* panem *domi*, nec id *crebrius*, etiam *æstate*, quam *bis* in mense.

A. Istuc *est* apponere *lapides* non *panes*.

B. Aut *si* quid *est* durius *lapide*. Sed *remedium* erat *paratum* huic *malo* quoque.

A. Quodnam?

B. Macerabant *fragmenta* panis *vino* immersa *cyathis*.

A. Labra *habebant*

Gain immediately, *because* he bought it *cheaper*. But *he cured* the Fault *by Art*.

What *pray*?

There is *a Sort* of Clay *not* unlike *Meal*, with which *we see* Horses *are pleased*, whilst *they both gnaw* Walls, *and* drink, *more willingly* out of Ditches *muddled* with that Clay. *He mixed* a third *Part* of that Earth.

Is *that* curing?

Certainly *the Fault* of the Wheat *was less perceived*. Do you think *this* Gain *also* to be despised? *Add* now *another* Stratagem: *He made* his Bread *at home*, and that not *oftener*, even *in Summer*, than *twice* in a Month.

That *is* to serve up *Stones* not *Loaves*.

Or *if* any Thing *be* harder *than a Stone*. But *a Remedy* was *provided* for this *Evil* too.

What?

They soaked *Pieces* of Bread *in Wine* being dipped *in the Glasses*.

* Lips *had* like *Let-*

* A proverbial expression, taken from an ass browsing on thistles, *lettuce well suited to such lips*.

similes *lactucas*. Sed *ferebant operæ* talem *tractationem?*

B. Primum *narrabo* apparatum *primatum* ejus familiæ, *quo* divines *facilius* quomodo *operæ* tractentur.

A. Cupio *audire*.

B. Erat *nulla* mentio *illic* de jentaculo. *Prandium* differebatur *fere* in primam *horam* a meridie.

A. Quamobrem?

B. Antronius *paterfamilias* expectabatur: *Cænabatur* interdum *ad decimam horam*.

A. At *tu* solebas *esse* impatientior *inediæ*.

B. Eoque *subinde* clamabam *ad Orthrogonum* generum *Antronii*, (nam *agebamus* in eodem *conclavi*) Heus *Orthrogone*, non cœnatur *hodie* apud Synodios? *Respondit* commode *Antronium* adfuturum *brevi*. Cum *viderem* nihil *apparari*, et *stomachus* latraret; *Heus*, inquam, *Orthrogone*, erit perendum *fame* hodie?

iuce. But *did the Work Folks bear with* such *Treatment?*

First *I will tell you* the Provisions *of the principal Persons* of his Family, *that* you may guess *the more easily* how *Work Folks* are treated.

I desire *to hear*.

There was *no* Mention *there* of *Breakfast*. *Dinner* was put off *commonly* 'till the first *Hour* after Noon.

What for!

Antronius *the Master of the Family* was waited for. *We supped* sometimes *at the tenth Hour*.

But *you* used *to be* more impatient *under Fasting*.

And therefore *now and then* I cried out *to Orthrogonus*, Son-in-Law *of Antronius*, (for *we were* in the same *Room*) Soho, *Orthrogonus*, do they not sup *to-day* amongst the Synodians? *He answered* softly, *that Antronius* would come *presently*. When *I saw* nothing *got ready*, and *my Stomach* barked; *Soho*, I say, *Orthrogonus*, must we perish *with Famine* Today? *He alledged in Excusabat*

Excusabat horam, *aut* aliquid *simile*. Cum *non ferrem* latratum *stomachi*, interpellabam *occupatum* rursus *Quid futurum est?* inquam, *eritne moriendum* fame? *Ubi* jam *Orthrogonus* consumpsisset *omnem tergiversationem*, abiit *ad famulos*, jussitque *mensam* adornari. *Tandem* cum *nec* Antronius *rediret*, nec *quidquam* appararetur, *Orthrogonus* victus *meis conviciis*, descendebat *ad uxorem*, socrum, *ac* liberos, *clamitans*, ut *apparent* cænam.

A. Nunc *saltem* expecto *cænam*.

B. Ne propera. *Tandem* claudus *famulus* prodibat *præfectus* ei negotio, *non* admodum *dissimilis* Vulcano; *insternit* mensam *linteo*. Ea *prima* spes *cænæ*. Tandem *post* longam *vociferationem*, vitreæ *phialæ* afferuntur *cum* aqua *limpida* sane.

A. Altera *spes* cœnæ.

B. Ne propera, *in-*

cuse the Hour, *or* some *like Thing*. When *I could not bear* the barking *of my Stomach*, I interrupted him *being busy* again. *What will become of us?* say I, *must we die* of Hunger? *When* now *Orthrogonus* had spent *all his Excuses*, he went *to the Servants*, and ordered *the Table* to be spread. *At length* when *neither* Antronius *returned*, nor *any Thing* was got ready, *Orthrogonus* being prevailed upon *by my Reproaches*, went down *to his Wife*, Mother-in Law, *and* Children, *crying out*, that *they should make ready* Supper.

Now *however* I expect *the Supper*.

Be not hasty. *At length* a lame *Servant* came out *appointed for* that Business, *not* very *unlike* Vulcan; *he covers* the Table *with a Cloth*. That was *the first* Hope *of Supper*. At last *after* long *Shouting*, Glass *Vials* are brought, *with* Water *clear* indeed.

Another *Hope* of Supper.

Do not hasten, *I say*.

quam. Rurſus *poſt* atroces clamores, *phiala* plena *iſtius* fæculenti *nectaris* adfertur.

A. O *bene* factum!

B. Sed *fine* pane. Nihil *periculi* adhuc. *Nemo famelicus* bibit *tale* vinum *lubens*. Clamatum eſt *iterum* uſque ad ravim. *Tum* demum *illi* panis *apponitur*, quem *urſus* vix frangeret *dentibus*.

O. Certe *jam* conſultum eſt *vitæ*.

B. Sub multam noctem *tandem* Antronius *venit*, fere *hoc* inauſpicatiſſimo *proœmio* ut *diceret* ſtomachum ſibi dolere.

A. Quid *mali* auſpicii *hic?*

B. Quia *tunc* erat *nihil* quod ederetur.

A. Dolebat re vera?

B. Adeo *ut* ſolus *devoraturus fuerit* tres *capos* ſi *quis* dediſſet *gratis*.

A. Expecto *convivium*.

B. Primum *patina* cum *fabacea* farina *apponebatur* illi, *quod* ge-

Again, *after* fierce Clamours, *a Vial* full *of this* dreggy *Nectar* is brought.

O *well* done!

But *without* Bread. Nothing *of Danger* yet. *No hungry Body* drinks *ſuch* Wine *willingly*. I ſhouted *again* even to Hoarſeneſs. *Then* at laſt *that* Bread *is ſet on*, which *a Bear* could ſcarce break *with his Teeth*.

However *now* Proviſion is made *for Life*.

Late at Night *at laſt* Antronius *comes*, commonly *with this* moſt unlucky *Preface*, that *he ſaid* his Stomach was out of Order.

What *ill* Luck *was here?*

Becauſe *then* there was *nothing* to eat.

Was it out of order indeed.

So much *that* He alone *would have eaten* three *Capons*, if *any one* would have given them *for nothing*.

I wait for *the Feaſt*.

Firſt *a Diſh* with *Bean* Meal *was ſerved up* for him, *which* Kind *of Victuals* is

nus

nus *opsonii* venditur *illic* tenuibus. *Aiebat* se uti *hoc* remedio *adversus* omne *genus* morbi.

A. Quot *convivæ* eratis.

B. Interdum *octo* aut *novem*. Inter quos *erat* ille *doctus* Verpius, *quem* arbitror *non ignotum* tibi; *et* major natu *filius*.

A. Quid *apponebatur* illis?

B. An non satis est *frugi hominibus*, quod *Melchisedeck* obtulit *Abrahamæ* victori *quinque regum*?

A. Nihil *opsonii* igitur?

B. Erat *nonnihil*.

A. Quodnam?

B. Memini *nos fuisse* novem *convivas* numero *immensa*, cum *numerarem* non nisi *septem* foliola *lactucæ* innatantia *aceto*, sed *absque* oleo.

A. Devorabat ille *igitur* suas fabas *solus*?

B. Emerat *vix semiobolo*, nec *tamen* vetabat, *si* quis *assidens* proxime *vellet gustare*;

sold *there* to the poor. *He said* he used *this* Remedy *against* every *Kind* of Disease.

How many *Guests* were you?

Sometimes *eight* or *nine*. Amongst whom *was* that *learned Man* Verpius, *who* I think *is not known* to you; *and* his elder *Son*.

What *was served up* to them?

Is not that enough *for moderate Men*, which *Melchisedeck* offered *to Abraham* the Conqueror *of five Kings*?

Nothing *of other Victuals* then?

There was *something*.

What?

I remember *we were* nine *Guests* in Number *at Table*, when *I counted* but *seven* little Leaves *of Lettice* swimming *in Vinegar*, but *without* Oil.

Did he devour *then* his Beans *by himself*?

He had bought them *for scarce a Farthing*, nor *yet* did he forbid it, *if* any one *sitting* next him *had a Mind*

re; ſed *videbatur* incivile *eripere* ſuum *cibum* languido.

A. Secabantur folia, *quemadmodum* proverbium *meminit* de cumino?

B. Non; *ſed* lactucis *abſumptis* a primoribus, *reliqui* immergebant *panem* aceto.

A. Quid autem *poſt* ſeptem *folia*?

B. Quid *niſi* caſeus *clauſula* conviviorum?

A. Hiccine erat *perpetuus* apparatus?

B. Propemodum? *niſi* quod *interdum*, ſi *expertus fuiſſet* Mercurium *propitium*, eo die *erat* paulo *profuſior*.

A. Quid tum?

B. Jubebat *tres* recentes *uvas* emi *uno* nummulo *æreo*. Ea res *exhilarabat* totam familiam.

A. Quidni?

B. Id *duntaxat* eo tempore; *cum* eſt *ſumma* vilitas *uvarum* ibi.

A. Proin *profundebat* nihil *extra autumnum*?

B. Profundebat. *Sunt* illic *naviculato-*

to taſte; but *it ſeemed* uncivil *to take* his *Victuals* from the ſick Man.

Were the Leaves cut, *as* the Proverb *makes mention* of Cumin?

No; *but* the Lettices *being eat up* by the chief Perſons, *the reſt* dipped *their Bread* in the Vinegar.

But what *after* the ſeven *Leaves*?

What *but* Cheeſe, *the Concluſion* of Feaſts?

Was this *his perpetual* Proviſion?

Almoſt; *but* that *ſometimes*, if *he had found* Mercury *favourable*, that Day *he was* a little *more profuſe*.

What then?

He ordered *three* freſh *Bunches of Grapes* to be bought *with one* little Piece of Money *of Braſs*. That Thing *rejoiced* the whole Family.

Why not?

That *only* at that Time, *when* there is *a very great* Cheapneſs *of Grapes* there.

Wherefore *did he ſpend* nothing *out of Autumn*?

He did ſpend. *There are* there *Boatmen*, who *take* a

res,

res, qui *hauriunt* quoddam *minutum* genus *concharum*, potissimum *e latrinis*. Hi *significant* certo *clamore* quid *habeant* venale. *Interdum* jubebat *emi* ab his *dimidio* nummuli, *quem* illi *appellant* Bagathinum. *Tum vero* dixisses *esse* nuptias *in ea familia*. Nam *erat* opus *igni*, licet *percoquantur* celerrime. *Atque* hæc *quidem* post caseum *loco* bellariorum.

A. Bella *bellaria* mehercule. *Sed* nihil carnium apponebatur *unquam*, aut *piscium?*

B. Tandem *victus* meis clamoribus, *cæpit* esse *splendidior*. Quoties autem *volebat* videri *Lucullus*, hi *ferme* erant *missus:*

A. Istuc *vero* lubens audiero.

B. Primo loco *jusculum* dabatur, *quod* illi, *nescio* ob quam causam, *appellant* miniſtram.

A. Lautum, *opinor*.

certain *little* Sort *of Shell-fiſh*, chiefly *out of the Sewers*. Theſe *give Notice* by a certain *Cry* what *they have* to ſell. *Sometimes* he ordered ſome *to be bought* of them *for Half* a Piece of Money, *which* they *call* Bagathinus. *But then* you would have ſaid *that there was* a Wedding *in that Family*. For *there was* Need *of a Fire*, altho' *they be boiled* very quickly. *And* theſe were *indeed* after the Cheeſe *inſtead* of Sweetmeats.

Pretty *Sweetmeats* indeed. *But* was no Fleſh ſerved up *ever*, or *Fiſh?*

B. Tandem *victus* meis clamoribus, *cæpit* eſſe *ſplendidior*. Quoties autem *volebat* videri *Lucullus*, hi *ferme* erant *miſſus:*

At laſt *being overcome* with my Clamours, *he began* to be *more ſplendid*. But as often as *he had a Mind* to ſeem *a Lucullus*, theſe *commonly* were *his Diſhes*.

A. Istuc *vero* lubens audiero.

That *indeed* I would willingly hear.

B. Primo loco *jusculum* dabatur, *quod* illi, *nescio* ob quam causam, *appellant* miniſtram.

In the firſt Place *a Broth* was given us, *which* they, I *know not* for what Cauſe, *call* Miniſtra.

A. Lautum, *opinor*.

Dainty, *I ſuppoſe*.

B. Conditum *his aromatibus.* Cacabus *amovetur* igni *plenus* aquæ; *conjiciunt* in eum *aliquot* fragmenta *caſei* bubulini, *qui* jam olim *induruit in ſaxum.* Nam *opus eſt* bona *ſecuri* ad defringendum aliquid. *Cum* ea *fragmenta* coperint *ſolvi* tepore *aquæ,* inficiunt eam, *ne poſſit* dici *mera* aqua. *Præparant* ſtomachum *hoc juſculo.*

A. Dignum ſuibus.

B. Dein *paulum* carnium *de ventre* veteris vaccæ *apponitur,* ſed *elixum* ante quindecim dies.

A. Fœtet *igitur.*

B Maxime, *ſed* remedium *adhibetur.*

A. Quodnam?

B. Dicam, *ſed* vereor *ne imiteris.*

A. Sc licet.

B. Miſcent *ovum* caleſactæ *aquæ;* eo jure *perfundunt* carnem; *ita* oculi *falluntur* magis *quam* nares. *Nam* fœtor *erumpit* per omnia. *Si* dies *requirit* eſum *piſcium,* interdum *tres*

Seaſoned *with the Spices.* A Kettle *is ſet upon* the Fire *full* of Water, *they throw* into it *ſome* Pieces *of Cheeſe* made of Cow's Milk, *which* long before *was grown as hard as a Stone.* For *there is Need of* a good *Ax* to break any Thing off. *When* thoſe *Fragments* begin *to be diſſolved* by the Warmth *of the Water,* they give it a Taſte, *that it cannot* be called *meer* Water. *They prepare* the Stomach *with this Broth.*

Fit for Swine.

Then *a little* Fleſh *of Tripe* of an old Cow *is ſerved up,* but *boiled* fifteen Days before.

It ſtinks *then.*

Yes, *but* a Remedy *is applied.*

What?

I will tell you, *but* I fear *leſt you ſhould imitate it.*

Yes.

They mix *an Egg* with warm *Water;* with that Sauce *they ſprinkle* the Fleſh; *ſo* the Eyes *are deceived* more *than* the Noſtrils. *For* the Stink *breaks* through all. *If* the Day *requires* the eating *of Fiſh,* ſometimes *three* Gilthead

aurate

auratæ *apponuntur*, nec *hæ* magnæ, *cum* sint *septem* aut *octo* convivæ.

A. Nihil *preterea?*

B. Nihil *nisi* ille *saxeus* caseus.

A. Narras *mihi* novum Lucullum: *sed* qui *potuit* tam *exilis* apparatus *sufficere* tot convivis, *præsertim* refectis *nullo jentaculo?*

B. Imo *ne fis* insciens, *socrus*, nurus, *minor natu* filius, *famula*, et *aliquot* parvuli *alebantur* ex reliquiis *ejus convivii.*

A. Tu *quidem* auxisti *meam* admirationem, *non ademisti.*

B. Vix possum *describere* istuc *tibi*, nisi *prius* depinxero *ordinem* convivii.

A. Pinge *igitur.*

B. Antronius *obtinebat* primum *locum*, nisi *quod* ego *sedebam* dexter illi, *velut* extraordinarius. *E regione* Antronii *Orthrogonus*; Verpius *assidebat* Orthrogono; *Strategus*, natione *Græcus*, Verpio. *Natu*

are served up, nor *these* great ones, *when* there are *seven* or *eight* Guests.

Nothing *besides?*

Nothing *but* that *stony* Cheese.

You tell *me* of a new Lucullus: *But* how *could* such *splendor* Provision *suffice* so many Guests, *especially* refreshed *with no Breakfast?*

Nay, *that you may not be* ignorant, *a Mother-in-Law*, a Daughter-in-Law, *the younger* Son, *a Maid*, and *some* little ones *were fed* out of the Remains *of that Meal.*

You *indeed* have increased *my* Admiration, *not taken it away.*

I can hardly *describe* that *to you*, unless *first* I paint *the Order* of the Feast.

Paint it *then.*

Antronius *had* the first *Place*, but *that* I *sat* upon his right Hand, *as* an extraordinary Person. *Over against* Antronius *Orthrogonus*; Verpius *sat by* Orthrogonus; *Strategus*, by Nation *a Greek*, by Verpius. *His eldest* Son *sat* on the left Hand of Antronius.

major filius *assidebat* sinister Antronio. *Si* quis *convivа* accessit, *locus* dabatur *pro dignitate*. Primum *erat* minimum *periculi* vel *discriminis* de jure; *nisi quod* fragmenta *casei* bubulini *natabant* in discis *procerum*. Cæterum *quoddam* vallum *fiebat* ex *ferme* quatuor *phialis* vini *aquæque*, ut *nemo* posset *attingere* quod *erat* appositum, *præter tres*, ante quos *patina* stabat; *nisi* quis *sustinuisset* esse *impudentissimus*, et *transilire* septa. *Nec* tamen *ea patina manebat* diu; *sed* tollebatur *mox*, ut *aliquid* superesset *familiæ*.

A. Quid *igitur* edebant reliqui?

B. Deliciabantur *suo more*.

A. Qui?

B. Macerabant *illum* argillaceum *panem* vino *vetustissimæ* fæcis.

A. Tale *convivium* oportuit esse *perbreve*.

B. Frequenter *prolixius* hora.

If any *Guest* came in, *a Place* was given him *according to his Worth*. First *there was* very little *of Danger* or *Hazard* as to the Broth; *but that* Pieces *of Cheese* made of Cow's Milk *swam* in the Dishes *of the great Folks*. But *a certain* Rampart *was made* out of *commonly* four *Vials* of Wine *and Water*, that *no body* could *touch* what *was* served up, *besides three*, before whom *the Dish* stood; *unless* any one *would have endured* to be *very impudent*, and *to leap over* the Hedge. *Nor* yet *did that Dish stay* long, *but* was taken away *presently*, that *something* might be left *for the Family*.

What *then* did the rest eat?

They feasted *after their Fashion*.

How?

They soaked *that* Clay *Bread* in Wine *of very old* Dregs.

Such *a Feast* must have been *very short*.

Often *longer* than an Hour.

A. Qui

A. Qui potuit?

B. Sublatis *mox*, ut *dixi*, quæ *non carebant* periculo, *caseus* apponebatur, *unde* erat *nullum* periculum, *ne* quisquam *abraderet* quidquam *escario cultello*. Illa *præclara* fæx *manebat*, et *suus cujusque panis*. Atque *fabulæ* miscebantur *tuto* inter *hæc bellaria*. Interim *senatus* fœminarum *prandebat*.

A. Quid *operæ* interim?

B. Habebant *nihil* commune *nobiscum*; prandebant *ac* cœnabant *suis horis*.

A. Verum *cujusmodi* apparatus?

B. Istuc *est* tuum *divinare*.

A. At *hera* vix sufficit *Germanis* in jentaculum, *tantundem* in merendam, *sesquihora* in prandium, *duæ* horæ *in cœnam*; ac *nisi* expleantur *affatim* eleganti *vino*, bonis *carnibus* ac *piscibus*, deserunt *patronum*, ac *fugiunt* in bellum.

How could it?

These Things being taken away *presently*, as *I said*, which *did not want* Danger, *the Cheese* was set on, *from whence* there was *no* Danger, *lest* any one *should scrape* any Thing *with an eating-Knife*. That *famous* Dregs *staid*, and *every one's Bread*. And *Stories* were mixed *safely* amongst *these Sweetmeats*. In the mean Time *the Parliament* of Women *dined*.

What did *the Work Folks* in the mean Time?

They had *nothing* common *with us*; they dined *and* supped *at their own Hours*.

But *of what Sort* was the Provision?

That *is* your Part *to guess*.

But *an hour* hardly suffices *the Germans* for Breakfast, *as much* for Drinking, *an Hour and a Half* for Dinner, *two* Hours *for Supper*; and *unless* they be filled *plentifully* with fine *Wine*, good *Flesh* and *Fish*, they forsake *their Master*, and *fly* into the War.

B. Cuique

B. Cuique genti eſt *ſuus mos.* Itali *impendunt* minimum *gulæ*, maluntpecuniam quam *voluptatem*; et *ſunt* ſobrii *naturâ* quoque, *non* ſolum *inſtituto.*

A. Nunc *profectò* non miror *te rediiſſe* nobis *tam exilem*, ſed *demiror* te rediiſſe *omnino* vivum, *præſertim* cum *aſſuevisſes* antea *capis*, perdicibus, *turturibus*, et *phaſianis.*

B. Plane perieram, *niſi* remedium *repertum fuiſſet.*

A. Res *male agitur*, ubi *eſt* opus *tot* remediis.

B. Effeceram *ut* quarta *pars* pulli *elixi* daretur *mihi* jam *languſcenti*, in ſingula convivia.

A. Nunc *incipies* vivere.

B. Non *admodum.* Exiguus pullus *emebatur*, ne *multum* impenderetur; *cujuſmodi* ſex *non ſufficerent* uni Polono *boni ſtomachi* in jentaculum. *Nec dabant cibum* emptо, *ne eſſet quid* impendi.

Every Nation has *its own Way.* The Italians *beſtow* very little *upon the Throat*, they had rather have *Money* than *Pleaſure*; and *they are* ſober *by Nature* too, *not* only *by Cuſtom.*

Now *truly* I do not wonder *that you are returned* to us *ſo thin*, but *I wonder* that you are returned *at all* alive, *eſpecially* when *you were accuſtomed* before *to Capons*, Partridges, *Pigeons*, and *Pheaſants.*

I had certainly periſhed *unleſs* a Remedy *had been found out.*

The Matter *is ill managed*, where *there* is *Need of ſo many* Remedies.

I had prevailed *that* a fourth *Part* of a Pullet *boiled* ſhould be given *me* now *languiſhing*, for every Meal.

Now *you will begin* to live.

Not *very much.* A ſmall Pullet *was bought*, leſt *much* ſhould be expended; *of which Sort* ſix *would not ſuffice* one Polander *of a good Stomach* for Breakfaſt. *Nor did they give Meat* to it when bought, *that there might not be any Thing* of
pendi.

pendii. *Quare* ala *aut* pœples *enecti* macie, *et* semivivi coquebatur. *Jecur* dabatur *filio* Orthrogoni *infanti*. Mulieres autem *ebibebant* jus *semel* atque *iterum*, nova *aqua* infusa *subinde*. Itaque *pœples* veniebat *ad me* siccior *pumice*; et *insipidior* quovis *putri* ligno. *Jus* erat *nihil* nisi *mera* aqua.

A. Et *tamen* audio *genus avium* esse *illic* copiosissimum, *et* elegans *et* vile.

B. Est *prorsus*, sed *pecunia* est *carior* illis.

A. Dedisti satis pœnarum, *etiamsi* occidisses *Romanum* pontificem, *aut* si *minxisses* ad sepulchrum *divi* Petri.

B. Sed *audi* reliquum *fabulæ*. Scis *esse* in quaqua *hebdomada* quinque *dies*, quibus *vescimur* carnibus.

A. Nimirum.

B. Itaque *emebant* duntaxat *duos* pullos. *Die Jovis* fingebant *se* oblitas *emere*, ne *vel*

Charge. *Wherefore* a Wing *or* a Leg of it *mortified* with Leanness, *and* Half alive was boiled. *The Liver* was given *to the Son* of Orthrogonus *an Infant*. But the Women *supped of* the Broth *once* and *again*, new *Water* being poured in *now and then*. Wherefore *the Leg* came *to me* drier *than a Pumice Stone*, and *more insipid* than any *rotten* Wood. *The Broth* was *nothing* but *mere* Water.

And *yet* I hear *that Fowl* is *there* very plentiful, *and* fine *and* cheap.

It is *indeed*, but *Money* is *dearer* to them.

You have suffered Punishment enough, *although* you had killed *the Roman* Pontiff, *or* if *you had pissed* against the Sepulchre *of St*. Peter.

But *hear* the rest *of the Story*. You know *there are* in every *Week* five *Days*, upon which *we eat* Flesh.

Yes.

Wherefore *they bought* only *two* Pullets. On *Thursday* they pretended *they* forgot *to buy one*, lest

apponerent

apponer ent totum *pullum* eo die, *vel* aliquid *superesset*.

A. Næ *iste* Antronius *superat* Plautinum *Eucliònem*. Sed *quo remedio* consulebas *vitæ* piscariis diebus?

B. Dederam *negotium* cuidam *amico*, ut *emeret* tria *ova* mihi *meo ære* in singulos dies, *duo* in prandium, *unum* in cœnam. *Sed* huic *quoque* fœminæ *pro* recentibus *care* emptis *supponebant* semiputria. *Ut* crederem *præclare mecum actum*, si *esset* unum *ex tribus* quod *posset* edi. *Tandem* emeram *et* utrem *purioris* vini *mea pecunia*; cæterum *mulieres* effracta *sera*, intra paucos dies *exsorbuerunt*, Antronio *non admodum irato*.

A. Itane, *nullus erat* illic, *qui misereseret* tui?

B. Misereceret! *Imo* videbar *illis* quispiam *gluto* et *helluo*, qui *unus* devorarem *tantum* ciborum. *Itaque* Orthrogonus *ad-*

oither they should serve up a whole *Pullet* that Day, *or* something *should be left*.

Truly *that* Antronius *outdoes* Plautus's *Euclio*. But *by what Remedy* did you provide *for Life* on Fish Days?

I gave *a Charge* to a certain *Friend* that *he should buy* three *Eggs* for me *with my own Money* for every Day, *two* for Dinner, *one* for Supper. *But* here *likewise* the Women *for* fresh ones *dear*-bought *put me* half rotten ones. *That* I thought *they dealt well with me*, if *there was* one *of three* that *could* be eaten. *At length* I bought *likewise* a Cagg *of purer* Wine *with my own Money*; but *the Women* having broken *the Lock*, in a few Days *drew it off*, Antronius *not being very angry*.

Ay, *was there none* there *that pitied* you?

Pitied! *Nay* I seemed *to them* some *Glutton* and *a Gormandizer*, who *alone* devoured *so much* Meat. *Therefore* Orthrogonus *advised* me *now and then* to

monebat.

monebat me *subinde*, ut habeem *rationem* ejus regionis; *et* consulerem *meæ* incolumitati; *et* commemorabat *aliquot* nostrates, *quibus* edacitas *conciliasset* illic *aut* mortem, *aut* aliquem *gravissimum* morbum. *Cum* is *videret* me fulcire *corpusculum* quibusdam *deliciis*, quas *pharmacopolæ* venditant *illic* ex pineis nucleis, *aut* peponum, *melonumque*, fructum *et* assiduis *laboribus*, et *inedia*, et *jam* etiam *morbo*, subornat *medicum*, amicum *mihi* ac *familiarem*, ut persuadeat *moderationem* victus. *Egit* hoc *mecum* diligenter; *moxque* sensi *subornatum*, nec respondi tamen. *Cum* ageret *idem* mecum *accuratius*, nec faceret finem *admonendi*, Dic *mihi*, inquam, *egregie vir*, loqueris *isthæc* serio *an* joco? *Serio*, inquit. *Quid* igitur *suades* ut faciam? *Abstine* a cœnis *in totum*; et *adde* vino, *ut mini-*

have *a Regard* to that Country, *and* take care of *my* Security; *and* he mentioned *some* of our Countrymen, *upon whom* Gluttony *had brought* there *either* Death, *or* some *very grievous* Distemper. *When* he *saw* me prop up *my poor Body* with some *Dainties* which *the Apothecaries* sell *there* of Pine Kernels, *or* of Cucumbers, *and Melons*, being broken *both* with continual *Fatigues* and *Fasting* and *now* also *with a Distemper*, he procures *a Doctor*, a Friend *to me* and *Acquaintance*, to persuade me to *a Moderation* of Diet. *He treated upon* this *with me* diligently; *and presently* I perceived *he was put upon it*, yet I did not answer. *When* he treated upon *the same Thing* with me *more accurately*, and did not make an End *of advising me*, Tell *me*, say I, *excellent Sir*, do you say *those Things* in Earnest, *or* in Jest? *In Earnest*, says he. *What* then *do you advise me* to do? *Abstain* from Suppers *altogether*; and *add* to your Wine, *at least*, half *Water*. I laughed at *his famous Ad-*

mum

mum, dimidium *aquæ*. Risi *præclarum consilium*. Si *cupis* me *extinctum*, effet *mors* huic corpuſculo, *et* raro *et* exili, *et* ſubtiliſſimis *ſpiritibus*, abſtinere *vel ſemel* a cœna. *Habeo id compertum* toties *ipſa re*, ut *non libeat* experiri *iterum*. Quid autem *cenſes* futurum, *ſi* ſic pranſus *temperem* a cœna? *Et* jubes *aquam* addi *tali vino*? Quaſi *non præſtaret* bibere *puram* aquam *quam* fæculentam. *Nec* dubito *quin* Orthrogonus *jufſerit* te *loqui* hæc. *Medicus* ſubrifit, *ac* mitigavit *conſilium*. Non loquor *hæc*, inquit, *doctiſſime* Gilberte, *quod* arceam *te* a cœnis *in totum*; licebit *guſtare* ovum *et* bibere *ſemel*, ſic enim *ipſo vivo*. Ovum *coquitur* in cœnam, *capio* inde *dimidium* vitelli, *do* reliquum *filio*, mox *hauſto* ſemicyatho *vini*, ſtudeo *in multam noctem*.

vico. If *you deſire to have* me *dead*, it would be *Death* to this poor Body, *both* thin *and* ſpare, *and* of very ſubtle *Spirits*, to abſtain *but once* from Supper. *I have found that* ſo often *by Experience*, that *I have no Mind* to try *again*. And what *do you think* would be, *if* when I have ſo dined *I ſhould abſtain* from Supper? *And* do you order *Water* to be added *to ſuch Wine?* As though *it were not better* to drink *pure* water *than* dreggy. *Nor* do I doubt *but* Orthrogonus *bid* you *ſay* this. *The Doctor* ſmiled, *and* qualified *his Advice*. I do not ſay *theſe Things*, quoth he, *moſt learned* Gilbert, *that* I would reſtrain *you* from Suppers *altogether*; you may *taſte* an Egg, *and* drink *once*; for ſo *I myſelf live*. An Egg *is boiled* for Supper, *I take* from hence *half* of the Yolk, *I give* the reſt *to my Son*, by and by *having drank* half a Glaſs *of Wine*, I ſtudy *'till late at Night*.

A. Num

A. Num medicus prædicabat *istbæc* vera?

Did the Doctor say *these Things* truly?

B. Verissima. *Nam* ipse *ambulans* forte *per viam* redibam *a sacro*, et *comes* admonuerat *medicum* habitare *illic*; libuit *videre* illius *regnum*, erat *autem dominicus* dies: *pulsavi* fores, *apertæ sunt*; ascendi, *offendo* medicum *prandentem* cum filio, *et* eodem *famulo*: apparatus *erant* duo *ova*, nihil *præterea*.

Very truly. *For* I myself *walking* by Chance *along the Street*, was coming *from Prayers*; and *my Companion* had told me *that the Doctor* lived *there*; I had a Mind *to see* his *Kingdom*, and it was *the Lord's* Day: *I knocked at* the Door, *it was opened*; I went up, *I find* the Doctor *dining* with his Son, *and* the same *his Servant*: The Provision *was* two *Eggs*, nothing *besides*.

A. Homines oportuit esse *exsangues*.

The Men must have been *void of Blood*.

B. Imo *ambo* erant *pulchre habito* corpore, *vivido* ac rubido *colore*, lætis oculis.

Nay *both* were *of a good like* Body, *of a lively* and ruddy *Colour*, with chearful Eyes.

A. Est *vix* credibile.

It is *scarce* credible.

B. At *ego narro* compertissima. *Nec* ille solus vivit *ad istum modum*, sed *complures* alii, *et* clari imaginibus, *et* re lauta. *Polyphagia* et *polypotia*, crede *mihi*, est *res* consuetudinis, *non* naturæ. *Si* quis *assuescat* paulatim, *proficiet* eo *tandem*, ut

But *I tell you* Things I know very well. *Nor* does he alone live *after that Manner*, but *many others both* nobly descended, *and* of a good Estate. *Much Eating* and much *Drinking*, believe *me*, is *a Thing* of Custom, *not* Nature. *If* any one *would use himself* by Degrees, *he would improve* to that Degree *at last*,

faciat

faciat idem *quod* Milo, *qui* abſumpſit *totum* bovem *eodem* die.

A. Immortalem Deum! *Si* licet *tueri* valetudinem *tam parvo* victu, *quantum* impendiorum *perit* Germanis, *Anglis*, Danis, *et* Polonis?

B Plurimum *haud dubie*, et *quidem* non *ſine* gravi *detrimento* tum *valetudinis*, tum *ingenii*.

A. Sed *quid* obſtabat *quo minus ille victus ſufficeret* tibi?

B. Quia *aſſueveram* diverſis, *et* erat *ſerum* jam *mutare* conſuetudinem; *quanquam* exiguitas *ciborum* non tam offendebat *me* quam *corruptio*. Duo *ova* poterant *ſufficere*, ſi *fuiſſent* recens *nata*: cyathus *vini* erat *ſatis*, niſi *vapida* fæx *daretur* pro vino: *dimidium* panis *aluiſſet*, niſi *argilla* daretur *pro pane*.

A. Antronium *eſſe* adeo *ſordidum* in tantis opibus!

B. Arbitror *ejus cenſum* non fuiſſe *in-*

that *he might do* the ſame *that* Milo did, *who* eat up *a whole* Ox *in the ſame* Day.

Immortal God! *If* it be poſſible *to maintain* one's Health *with ſo little* Victuals, *how much* Charge is *loſt* by the Germans, *Engliſh*, Danes, *and* Poles?

Very much *no doubt*, and *indeed* not *without* grievous *Prejudice* both *to the Health*, and alſo *to a Man's Parts*.

But *what* hindered *that Diet would not ſuffice* you?

Becauſe *I had been accuſtomed* to different Things, *and* it was *too late* then *to change* a Cuſtom; *although* the ſmall Quantity *of the Victuals* did not ſo much offend *me* as *the Corruption*. Two *Eggs* might *have ſufficed*, if *they had been* new *laid*: A Glaſs *of Wine* was *enough*, but that *dead* Dregs *was given me* for Wine: *Half* a Loaf *would have fed me*, but that *Clay* was given me *for Bread*.

That Antronius *ſhould be* ſo *ſordid* in ſo much wealth.

I believe *his Eſtate* was not *leſs than* eighty *thouſand*

ter-

tra octoginta *millia* ducatorum. *Nec* erat *ullus* annus, *quo* lucrum *mille* ducatorum *non accederet*, ut dicam *parcissime*.

Ducats. *Nor* was there *any* Year, *in which* the Gain *of a thousand* Ducats *was not added to it*, to speak *very sparingly*.

A. Sed *num* juvenes illi, *quibus* hæc *parabantur*, utebantur *eadem* parsimonia?

But *whether or no* did the young Men, *for whom* this *was provided*, use *the same* Frugality?

B. Utebantur; *sed* domi *duntaxat*, foris *liguriebant*, scortabantur, *ludebant* alea. *Cumque* pater *gravaretur* impendere *teruncium* in gratiam *honestissimorum* convivarum, *juvenes* perdebant *interdum* sexaginta *ducatos* una nocte *alea*.

They did use it; *but* at Home *only*, abroad *they fared daintily*, whored, *played* at Dice. *And whereas* the Father *thought much* to expend *a Farthing* on the Account *of the most honourable* Guests, *the young Fellows* lost *sometimes* sixty *Ducats* in one Night *at dice*.

A. Sic *solent* perire *quæ* corraduntur *sordibus*. Verum incocumis *e tantis* periculis, *quo* te confers?

So *that uses* to be lost, *which* is scraped together *by Covetousness*. But now that you are escaped *out of so great* Danger, *whither* did you betake yourself?

B. Ad vetustissimum *contubernium* Gallorum, *sarturus* quod dispendii *factum est* illic.

To a very old *Club* of French Men, *to make up* what Loss *I suffered* there.

DILU-

ERASMI
COLLOQUIA SELECTA.

DILUCULUM.

A. HODIE *volebam* te conventum, *sed* negabaris *esse* domi.

B. Non mentiti sunt *omnino*. Non eram *quidem* tibi, *sed* eram *tum* mihi maxime.

A. Quid *ænigmatis* est *istud?*

B. Nosti *illud* vetus *proverbium*. Non dormio *omnibus*. Nec *jocus* Nasicæ *fugit te* cui volenti *invisere* familiarem *Ennium*, cum *ancilla* jussu *heri*, negasset *esse* domi: *Nasica* sensit *et* discessit. *Cæterum* ubi *Ennius* vicissim *ingressus* domum *Nasicæ*, rogaret *puerum* num *esset* intus, *Nasica* clamavit *de conclavi*, inquiens, *Non sum* domi. *Quumque* Ennius

TO-DAY *I was desirous* to have met with you, *but* you were denied *to be* at Home.

They did not lie *altogether*. I was not *indeed* for you, *but* I was *then* for myself very much.

What *Riddle* is *that?*

You know *that* old *Proverb*, I do not sleep *for all Men*. Nor *does the Jest* of Nasica *escape you* to whom desirous *to visit* his Friend *Ennius*, when *the Maid*, by the Order *of her Master*, denied *that he was* at Home; *Nasica* perceived it, *and* departed. *But* when *Ennius* in his Turn *entering* the House *of Nasica* asked *the Boy* whether *he was* within, *Nasica* shouted *from the Parlour*, saying, *I am not* at Home. *And when* Ennius

nius

nius *agnita* voce *dixisset*, Impudens, *non agnosco* te *loquentem?* Imo, *inquit* Nasica, *tu* impudentior, *qui* non habes *fidem* mihi, *cum* ego *crediderim* tuæ ancillæ.

knowing his Voice, *said*, You impudent Fellow, *do not I knew* you *speaking?* Nay, *says* Nasica, *you are* more impudent, *who* do not give *Credit* to me, *whereas* I *trusted* your Maid.

A. Eras *fortassis* occupatior.

You were *perhaps* busy.

B. Imo *suaviter* otiosus.

Nay *sweetly* idle.

A. Rursum *torques* ænigmate.

Again *you trouble me* with a Riddle.

B. Dicam *igitur* explanate. *Nec* dicam *ficum* aliud *quam* ficum,

I will tell you *then* plainly. *Nor* will I call *a Fig* any thing else *than* a Fig.

A. Dic,

Tell me.

B. Altum dormiebam.

I was fast asleep.

A. Quid ais? *Atqui* octava *hora* præterierat *jam*, cum *sol* surgat *hoc mense* ante quartam.

What say you? *But* the eighth *Hour* had passed *then*, whereas *the Sun* riseth *this Month* before the fourth.

B. Liberum est *soli* per me *quidem* surgere *vel* media nocte, *modo* liceat *mihi* dormire *usque* ad satietatem.

It is free *for the Sun* for me *indeed* to rise *even* at Midnight, *so that* it be allowed *me* to sleep *to* Satisfaction?

A. Verum *utrum* istuc accidit *casu*, an *est* consuetudo?

But *whether* did that happen *by Chance*, or *is it* a Custom?

B. Consuetudo *prorsus*.

Custom *entirely*.

A. Atqui *consue-*

But *the Custom* of a

tudo

tudo rei *non* bonæ *eſt* peſſima.

B. Imo *nullus* ſomnus *eſt* ſuavior *quam* poſt ſolem exortum.

A. Qua hora *tandem* ſoles *relinquere* lectum?

B. Inter *quartam* et *nonam*.

A. Spatium *ſatis amplum*. Reginæ *vix* tot horis comuntur, *ſed* unde *veniſti* in iſtam conſuetudinem?

B. Quia *ſolemus* proferre *convivia* luſus, *et* jocus *in multam noctem*. Penſamus *id diſpendii* matutino ſomno.

A. Vix unquam vidi *hominem* perditius *prodigum* te.

B. Videtur *mihi* parſimonia *magis* quam *profuſio*. Interim *nec abſumo* candelas, *nec* deteroveſtes

A. Præpoſtera *frugalitas* quidem *ſervare* vitrum *ut* perdas *gemmas*. Ille *philoſophus* aliter ſapuit, *qui* rogatus *quid* eſſet *pretioſiſſimum*, reſpondit *tempus*. Porro *cum* conſtet *diluculum* eſſe

Thing *not* good *is* very bad.

Nay *no* Sleep *is* pleaſanter *than* after the Sun is riſen.

What Hour *at laſt* do you uſe *to leave* your Bed?

Betwixt *the fourth* and *the ninth*.

Time *long enough*. Queens *hardly* are ſo many Hours a dreſſing, *but* how *came you* into that Cuſtom?

Becauſe *we uſe* to prolong *Feaſts*, Games, *and* Jeſts *'till late at Night*. We make up *that Loſs* by Morning Sleep.

I ſcarce ever ſaw *a Man* more perniciouſly *prodigal* than you.

It ſeems *to me* Frugality *rather* than *Prodigality*. In the mean Time *I neither conſume* Candles, *nor* wear *Cloaths*.

Prepoſterous *Frugality* indeed *to ſave* Glaſs *that* you may loſe *Jewels*, That *Philoſopher* was otherwiſe minded, *who* being aſked *what* was *the moſt precious Thing*, anſwered, *Time*. Moreover, *ſince* it is agreed *that the Morning* is *the beſt*

optimam

optimam partem *totius* diei, *tu gaudes* perdere *quod* eſt *pretioſiſſimum* in pretioſiſſima re.

Part *of the whole* Day, *you love* to loſe *that* is *the moſt precious* in the moſt precious Thing.

B. An hoc perit *quod* datur *corpuſculo?*

Is that loſt, *which* is given *to the Body?*

A. Imo *detrahitur* corpuſculo, *quod* tum *ſuaviſſime afficitur*, maximeq; vegetatur, *cum* reficitur *tempeſtivo* moderatoq; *ſomno*, et *corroboratur* matutina vigilia.

Nay *it is taken* from the Body, *which* then *is moſt ſweetly affected*, and moſt of all recruited, *when* it is refreſhed *with ſeaſonable* and moderate *Sleep*, and *is ſtrengthened* with Morning Watching.

B. Sed eſt *dulce* dormire.

But it is *pleaſant* to ſleep.

A. Quid *poteſt* eſſe *dulce* ſentienti *nihil?*

What *can* be *pleaſant* to one that perceives *nothing?*

B. Hoc *ipſum* eſt *dulce* ſentire *nihil* moleſtiæ.

This *very Thing* is *pleaſant* to perceive *nothing* of Trouble.

A. Atqui *ſunt* feliciores *iſto nomine*, qui *dormiunt* in ſepulchris; *nam* nonnunquam *inſomnia* ſunt *moleſta* dormienti.

But *they are* more happy *in that Reſpect* who *ſleep* in their Graves; *for* ſometimes *Dreams* are *troubleſome* to a Man aſleep.

B. Aiunt *corpus* ſaginari *maxime* eo ſomno.

They ſay *that the Body* is fattened *moſt of all* with that ſleep.

A. Iſta *eſt* ſagina *gliriũm*, non *hominum*. Animalia *quæ* parantur *epulis* recte ſaginantur. *Quorſum attinet* homini *accerſere* obeſitatem, *niſi* ut *in-*

That *is* the Fattening *of Dormice*, not *of Men*. Animals *that* are prepared *for Feaſts* are rightly fattened. *What ſignifies it* for a Man *to procure* Fatneſs, *but* that *he may go* loaded *with*

cedat onuſtus *graviore* ſarcina? *Dic* mihi, *ſi* haberes *famulum* utrum *malles* obeſum, *an* vegetum *et* habilem *ad omnia munia?*

B. Atqui *non ſum* famulus.

A. Sat eſt *mihi*, quod *malles* miniſtrum *aptum* officiis *quam* bene *ſaginatum.*

B. Plane mallem.

A. At *Plato* dixit *animum* hominis *eſſe* hominem, *corpus* eſſe *nihil* aliud *quam* domicilium, *aut* inſtrumentum. *Tu* certe *fateberis*, opinor, *animam* eſſe *principalem* portionem *hominis*, corpus *miniſtrum* animi.

B. Eſto, *ſi* vis.

A. Cum *tibi nolles* miniſtrum *tardum* abdomine, *ſed* malles *agilem* et *alacrem*, cur *paris* ignavum *et* obeſum *miniſtrum* animo?

B. Vincor *veris.*

A. Jam *accipe* aliud *diſpendium.* Ut *animus* longe *præſtat* corpori *ita* fateris *opes* animi

a heavier Pack? *Tell* me, *if* you had *a Servant*, whether *you had rather have him* fat, *or* lively *and* fit *for all Services?*

But *I am not* a ſervant.

It is enough *for me*, that *you had rather have* a Servant *fit* for Service, *than* well *fattened.*

Indeed I had rather.

But *Plato* ſaid *that the Soul* of a Man *is* the Man, *that the Body* is *nothing* elſe *than* a Houſe, *or* Inſtrument. *You* however *will confeſs*, I ſuppoſe, *that the Soul* is *the principal* Part *of Man*, the Body *the Servant* of the Mind.

Let it be ſo, *if* you will.

Since *you would not have* a Servant *heavy* with a great Belly, *but* had rather have one *nimble* and *briſk*, why *do you provide* a lazy *and* fat *Servant* for the Mind?

I am overcome *with Truth.*

Now *hear* another *Loſs.* As *the Mind* far *excels* the Body, *ſo* you confeſs *that the Riches* of the Mind *far*

longe

longe præcellere *bona* corporis.

B. Dicis probabile.

A. Sed *inter bona* animi, *sapientia* tenet *prima*.

B. Fateor.

A. Nulla *pars* diei *est* utilior *ad parandam* hanc, *quam* diluculum, *cum* sol *exoriens* novus *adfert* vigorem, *et* alacritatem *omnibus*, discutitque *nebulas* consuetas *exhalani* e ventriculo, *quæ* solent *obnubilare* domicilium *mentis*.

B. Non repugno.

A. Nunc *supputa* mihi *quantum* eruditionis *possis* parere *tibi* illis *quatuor* horis, *quas* perdis *intempestivo* somno.

B. Multum *profecto*.

A. Expertus sum *plus* effici *in studiis*, una hora *matutina*, quam *tribus* postmeridianis, *idque* nullo *detrimento* corporis.

B. Audivi.

A. Deinde *reputa* illud; *si* conferas *in summam* jacturam *singulorum dierum*, quantus *tumulus* sit futurus.

excel *the good things* of the Body.

You say what is likely.

But *amongst the good things* of the Mind, *Wisdom* has *the first Place*.

I confess.

No *Part* of the Day *is* more useful *for the getting of* this *than* the Morning, *when* the Sun *rising* fresh *brings* Vigour *and* Briskness *to all things*, and dissipates *the Fumes* that use *to be exhaled* out of the Stomach, *which* are wont *to cloud* the Habitation *of the Mind*.

I do not say nay.

Now *reckon up* for me *how much* Learning *you might* get *to yourself* in those *four* Hours, *which* you lose *in unseasonable* Sleep.

Much *indeed*.

I have experienced *that more* is done *in one's Studies*, in one Hour *in the Morning*, than *in three* in the Afternoon, *and that* with no *Damage* to the Body.

I have heard so.

Then, *consider* that; *if* you cast up *into a Sum* the Loss *of every Day*, how great *a Mass* it will be.

B. Ingens *profecto*.

A. Qui *profundit* gemmas *et* aurum *temere*, habetur *prodigus*, et *accipit* tutorem ; *qui* perdit *hæc* bona *tanto* pretiosiora, *nonne est* multo *turpius* prodigus ?

B. Sic *apparet*, si *perpendamus* rem *recta* ratione.

A. Jam *expende* illud *quod* Plato *scripsit*, nihil *esse* pulchrius, *nihil* amabilius *sapientia*, quæ *si* posset *cerni* corporeis *oculis*, excitaret *incredibiles* amores *sui*.

B. Atqui *illa* non potest *cerni*.

A. Fateor, *corporeis* oculis, *verum* cernitur *oculis* animi, *quæ* est *potior* pars *hominis*, et *ubi* est *incredibilis* amor, *ibi* oportet *adsit* summa *voluptas*, quoties *animus* congreditur *cum* tali amica.

B. Narras *verisimile*.

A. Ito *nunc* et *commuta* somnum, *imaginem* mortis, *cum hac* voluptate, *si* videtur.

A great one *truly*.

He that *squanders away* Jewels *and* Gold *rashly*, is reckoned *a Prodigal*, and *receives* a Guardian ; *he that* throws away *these* good things *so much* more precious, *is not he* much *more scandalously* prodigal ?

So *it appears*, if *we examine* the Matter *by right* Reason.

Now *consider* that *which* Plato *writ*, that nothing *is* more beautiful, *nothing* more lovely *than Wisdom*, which *if* it could *be seen* with bodily *Eyes*, would raise *incredible* Love *of itself*.

But *that* cannot *be seen*.

I confess, *with bodily* Eyes, *but* it is seen *with the Eyes* of the Mind, *which* is *the better* Part *of Man*, and *where* there is *incredible* Love, *there* must *be* the greater *Pleasure*, as oft as *the Mind* confers *with* such a Mistress.

You say *what is likely*.

Go *now* and *change* Sleep, *the Image* of Death, *for* this *Pleasure*, if *it seems good*.

B. Verum

B. Verum *interim* nocturni *lusus* pereunt.

But *in the mean Time* nightly *Sports* are loſt.

A. Perdit *plumbum* bene, *qui* vertit *in aurum*. Natura *tribuit* noctem *somno*. Exoriens *sol* revocat *cum* omne *genus* animantium, *tum* præcipue *hominem*, ad munia *vitæ*. Qui *dormiunt*, inquit *Paulus*, dormiunt *nocte*; et *qui* ſunt *ebrii*, ſunt *ebrii* nocte. *Proinde* quid *eſt* turpius *quam* cum *omnia animantia* expergiſcantur *cum* ſole, *quædam* etiam *ſalutent* eum *nondum* apparentem, *ſed* adventantem *cantu*; cum *elephantus* adoret *orientem* ſolem, *hominem* ſtertere *diu* poſt *exortum* ſolis? *Quoties* ille *aureus* ſplendor *illustrat* tuum *cubiculum*, nonne videtur *exprobrare* dormienti, *ſtulte*, quid *gaudes* perdere *optimam* partem *vitæ tuæ*? Non luceo *in hoc* ut *dormiatis* abditi, *ſed* ut *invigiletis* honeſtiſſimis rebus. *Nemo* accendit *lucernam*, ut

He loſes *Lead* well, *who* turns it *into Gold*. Nature *has given* the Night *for Sleep*. The riſing *Sun* calls upon *both* every *Kind* of living Creatures, *and* eſpecially *Man*, to the Offices *of Life*. They who *ſleep*, ſays *Paul*, ſleep *in the Night*; and *they who* are *drunk*, are *drunk* in the Night. *Therefore* what *is* more ſcandalous *than* when *all Animals* awake *with* the Sun, *ſome* alſo *ſalute* him *not yet* appearing *but* coming, *with ſinging*, when *the Elephant* adoreth *the riſing* Sun, *that Man* ſhould ſnore *a long Time* after *the Riſing* of the Sun? *As often as* that *golden* Splendor *enlightens* your *Bed Chamber*, does it not ſeem *to upbraid* you ſleeping, *thou Fool*, why *doſt thou love* to loſe *the beſt* Part *of thy Life*? I do not ſhine *for this* that *you may ſleep* in private, *but* that *you may mind* the moſt honourable Things. *No body* lights *a Candle* that *he may ſleep*, but *that* he may do *ſome* Work: *And* doſt thou nothing elſe

dormiat, ſed *ut* agat *aliquid* operis: *et* nihil aliud quam ſtertis *ad hanc lucernam* pulcherrimam *omnium?*

B. Declamas *belle.*

A. Non *belle*, ſed *vere.* Age, *non dubito* quin *audiveris* frequenter *illud* Heſiodeum, *parſimonia* eſt *ſera* in fundo.

B. Frequentiſſime, *nam*, vinum *eſt* optimum *in medio* dolio.

A. Atqui *prima* pars *in vita* nimirum, *adoleſcentia*, eſt *optima.*

A. Profecto *ſic* eſt.

B. At *diluculum* eſt *hoc* diei, *quod* adoleſcentia *vitæ.* An non faciunt *igitur* ſtulte, *qui* perdunt *adoleſcentiam* nugis, *matutinas* horas *ſomno?*

A. Sic *apparet.*

B. An eſt *ulla* poſſeſſio, *quæ* ſit *conferenda* cum *vita* hominis?

A. Ne *univerſa* gaza *quidem* Perſarum.

B. An non odiſſes *hominem* vehementer, *qui* poſſet *ac* vellet *decurtare* vitam *tibi* malis *artibus* ad aliquot annos?

but ſnore *by this Candle*, the fineſt *of all?*

You declaim *prettily.*

Not *prettily*, but *truly.* Well, *I doubt not* but *you have heard* frequently *that* of Heſiod, *Sparing* is *too late* in the Bottom.

Very frequently, *for* wine *is* the beſt *in the Middle* of the Caſk.

But *the firſt* Part *in Life*, to wit, *Youth*, is *the beſt.*

Truly *ſo* it is.

But *the Morning* is *that* to the Day, *which* Youth is *to Life.* Do not they do *therefore* fooliſhly, *who* loſe *their Youth* in Trifles, *their Morning* Hours *in Sleep?*

So *it appears.*

Is there *any* Poſſeſſion *that* is *to be compared* with *the Life* of Man?

Not *all* the Treaſure *indeed* of the Perſians.

Would you not hate *the Man* very much, *who* could *and* would *ſhorten* your Life *for you* by evil *Arts* for ſome Years?

A. Ipſe

A. Ipſe *mallem* exipere *vitam* illi.

B. Verum *arbitror* pejores *et* nocentiores, *qui* volentes *reddunt* vitam *breviorem* ſibi.

A. Fateor *ſi* quis *tales* reperiuntur.

B. Reperiuntur! *Imo* omnes *ſimiles* tui *faciunt* id.

A. Bona verba.

B. Optima. *Reputa* ſic *cum* tuo animo, *nonne Plinius videtur* dixiſſe *rectiſſime*, vitam *eſſe* vigiliam, *et* hominem *vivere* hoc *pluribus* horis, *quo* majorem *partem* temporis *impenderit* ſtudiis? *Somnus enim* eſt *quædam mors*. Unde *et* fingitur *venire* ab inferis, *et* dicitur *germanus* mortis *ab Homero*. Itaque *quos* ſomnus *occupat*, nec cenſentur *inter vivos*, nec *inter mortuos*, ſed *tamen* potius *inter mortuos*.

A. Ita *videtur* omnino.

B. Nunc *ſubducito* rationem *mihi*, quantam *portionem* vitæ *reſecent* ſibi, *qui* ſingulis

I *had rather* take *his Life* from him.

But *I think them* worſe *and* more miſchievous, *who* voluntarily *make* Life *ſhorter* to themſelves.

I confeſs *if* any *ſuch* are found.

Found! *Nay* all *like* you *do* that.

Good Words.

Very good. *Think* thus *with* your Mind, *does not Pliny ſeem* to have ſaid *very rightly*, that Life *is* a Watch, *and* that Man *lives* ſo many *the more* Hours, *by how much* the greater *Part* of his Time *he ſpends* in his Studies? *For Sleep* is *a Sort of Death*. From whence *alſo* it is pretended *to come* from Hell, *and* is called *the Couſin-german* of Death *by Homer*. Wherefore *thoſe whom* Sleep *ſeizeth* are neither thought *amongſt the Living*, nor *amongſt the Dead*, but *yet* rather *amongſt the Dead*.

So *it ſeems indeed*.

Now *caſt up* the Account *for me*, how great *a Part* of Life *they cut off* from themſelves, *who* every Day

diebus *perdunt* tres *aut* quatuor *horas* ſomno.

A. Video *immenſam* ſummam.

B. Nonne haberes *alcumiſtam* pro deo, *qui* poſſet *adjicere* decem *annos* ſummæ *vitæ*, et revocare *provectiorem* ætatem *ad vigorem* adoleſcentiæ?

A. Quid ni haberem?

B. Sed *potes* præſtare *hoc* tam *divinum* beneficium *tibi*.

A. Quid ſic?

B. Quia *mane* eſt *adoleſcentia* diei, *juventus* fervet *uſque ad* meridiem. *Mox* virilis ætas, *cui* ſuccedit *veſpera* pro ſenecta; *occaſus* excipit *veſperam*, velut *mors* diei. *Parſimonia autem* eſt *magnum* vectigal, *ſed* nuſquam *majus* quam *hoc*. An non igitur adjunxit *ſibi* ingens *lucrum*, qui *deſiit* perdere *magnam* partem *vitæ*, eamq; *optimam*?

A. Prædicas vera.

B. Proinde *eorum querimonia* videtur *admodum* impudens, *qui* accuſant *naturam*, *loſe* three *or* four *Hours* in Sleep.

I ſee *an immenſe* Sum.

Would not you reckon *the Alchymiſt* for a God, *that* could *add* ten *Years* to the Sum *of your Life*, and call back *advanced* Age *to the Vigour* of Youth?

Why ſhould I not reckon him ſo?

But *you may* do *this* ſo *divine* a Benefit *to yourſelf*.

How ſo?

Becauſe *the Morning* is *the Youth* of the Day, *Youth* keeps warm *'till* Noon. *By and by* the manly Age, *after which* comes *the Evening* for old Age; *Sun-ſet* ſucceeds *the Evening*, as *the Death* of the Day. *And Frugality* is a *great* Revenue, *but* no where *greater* than *here*. Has not he therefore procured *to himſelf* a great *Gain*, who *has ceaſed* to loſe *a great* Part *of his Life*, and that *the beſt*?

You ſay true.

Wherefore *their Complaint* ſeems *very* impudent, *who* accuſe *Nature* for having bounded *the Life* of

quod

quod finierit *vitam* hominis *tam angustis* spatiis, *cum* ipsi *sponte* amputent *sibi* tantum *ex eo* quod *datum est*. Vita *est* longa *satis* cuique, *si* dispensetur *parce*. Nec *est* mediocris *profectus*, si *quis* gerat *quæque* suo tempore. *A prandio* vix sumus *semihomines*, cum *corpus* onustum *cibis* aggravat *mentem*. Nec *est* tutum *evocare* spiritus *ab officina* stomachi, *peragentes* officium *concoctionis* ad superiora; *multo* minus *a cœna*. At *homo* est *totus* homo *matutinis horis*, dum *corpus* est *habile* ad omne ministerium, *dum* alacer *animus* viget, *dum* omnia *organa* mentis *sunt* tranquilla *et* serena, *dum* particula *divinæ* auræ *spirat*, ut ait ille, *ac* sapit suam originem, *et* rapitur *ad honesta*.

A. Tu concionaris *quidem* eleganter.

B. Faber ærarius *ob* vile *lucellum* surgit *ante lucem*, et *amor* sapientiæ *non potest* Man *within so narrow* a Compass, *when* they *of their own Accord* cut off *from themselves* so much *of that* which *was given them*. Life *is* long *enough* for every one, *if* it be disposed of *sparingly*. Nor *is it* a mean *Proficiency*, if *a Man* does *every Thing* in its Time. *After Dinner* we are scarce *half Men*, when *the Body* loaded *with Meat* oppresses *the Mind*. Nor *is it* safe *to call off* the Spirits *from the Workhouse* of the Stomach, *performing* the Offices *of Concoction* to the upper Parts, *much* less *after Supper*. But *a Man* is *wholly* Man *in the Morning Hours* whilst *the Body* is *fit* for all Service, *whilst* the chearful *Mind* is vigorous, *whilst* all *the Organs* of the Mind *are* quiet *and* serene, *whilst* the Parcle *of divine* Air *breathes*, as a certain one says, *and* has a Tincture of its Original, *and* is carried out *to honourable Things*.

You preach *indeed* finely.

A Brazier *for* poor *Gain* rises *before Light*, and *the Love* of Wisdom *cannot* awake *us*, that *we*

expergefacere *nos*, ut *audiamus* saltem *solem* evocantem *ad inæstimabile* lucrum *Medici* fere *non dant* pharmacum *nisi* diluculo, *illi* norunt *aureas* horas, *ut subveniat* corpori, *nos non novimus eas* ut locupletemus *et* sanemus *animum?* Quod *si* hæc *habent* leve *pondus* apud te, *audi* quid *illa* cœlestis *sapientia* apud Solomonem, *loquatur*. Qui *vigilaverint* ad me, *inquit*, mane *invenient* me. In *mysticis* psalmis, *quanta* commendatio *matutini temporis?* Mane *propheta* extollit *misericordiam* domini, *mane* ejus vox *auditur*, mane *ejus deprecatio* prævenit *dominum*. Et *apud Lucam* evangelistam *populus* expetens *sanitatem* et *doctrinam* a domino *confluit* ad illum *mane*. Quid *suspiras?*

may hear at least *the Sun* calling us up *to inestimable* Gain. *Doctors* commonly *give not* Physic *but* in the Morning; *they* know *the golden* Hours, *to relieve* the Body, *do not we know them* to enrich *and* cure *the Mind?* But *if* these Things *have* little *Weight* with you, *hear* what *that* heavenly *Wisdom* with Solomon *says*. They that *watch* for me, *says she*, in the Morning *shall find* me. *In the mystical* Psalms *how great is* the Commendation *of the morning Time?* In the Morning *the Prophet* extols *the Mercy* of the Lord, *in the Morning* his Voice *is heard*, in the Morning *his Prayer* anticipates *the Lord*. And *in Luke* the Evangelist, *the People* desiring *Health* and *Instruction* from the Lord, *flock in* to him *in the Morning*. Why *do you sigh?*

A. Vix teneo lachrymas, *cum* subit *quantam* jacturam *vitæ* fecerim.

I scarce refrain from Tears, *when* I think *how great* a Waste *of Life* I have made.

B. Est *supervacaneum*

It is *needless* to be tor-

neum diſcruciari *ob ea* quæ *non poſſunt* revocari, *ſed* tamen *poſſunt* farciri *poſterioribus curis.* Incumbe *huc* igitur *potius* quam *facias jacturam* futuri temporis *quoque* inani deploratione *præteritorum.*

A. Mones bene, *ſed diutina* conſuetudo *jam facit me ſui juris.*

B. Phy! Clavus *pellitur* clavo, *conſuetudo conſuetudine.*

A. At *durum eſt* relinquere *ea* quibus *diu aſſueveris.*

B. Initio *quidem*; ſed *diverſa* conſuetudo *primum* lenit *eam* moleſtiam, *mox* vertit *in ſummam voluptatem*, ut *non oporteat te* pœnitere *brevis moleſtiæ.*

A. Vereor ut non ſuccedat.

B. Si *eſſes* ſeptuagenarius, *non retraherem* te *a ſolitis.* Nunc *vix egreſſus es* decimum ſeptimum *annum*, opinor. *Quid autem eſt* quod *iſta ætas non poſſit* vincere, *ſi* adſit *modo* promptus *animus?*

mented *for thoſe Things*, which *cannot* be recalled, *but* yet *may* be cured *by future Care.* Apply yourſelf *to this* therefore *rather* than *make a Waſte* of the Time to come *too* by a vain lamenting *of what is paſt.*

You adviſe *well*, but *long* Cuſtom *has now brought me under its Dominion.*

Puh! A Nail *is driven out* by a Nail, *Cuſtom* is overcome *by Cuſtom.*

But *it is hard* to leave *thoſe Things* to which *you have been long uſed.*

At the Beginning *indeed*, but *a different* Cuſtom *firſt* mitigates *that* Trouble, *by and by* turns it *into the greateſt pleaſure*, that *you ought not* to be concerned *for a ſhort Trouble.*

I am afraid it will not ſucceed.

If *you were* ſeventy Years old, *I would not take* you *off from what you were uſed to.* Now *you are ſcarce paſt* the ſeventeenth *Year*, I believe. *And what is it* which *that* Age *cannot* conquer, *if* there be *but* a ready *Mind?*

A. Qui-

A. Quidem *aggrediar*, conaborque, *ut* fiam *philologus* ex philypno.

B. Si *feceris id*, ſcio ſatis, *poſt* paucos *dies*, et *gratulaberis* ſerio *tibi*, et *ages* mihi *grates*, qui monuerim.

Truly *I will attempt it*, and endeavour, *that* I may become *a Philologer* of a Lover of Sleep.

If *you do that*, I know well enough, *after* a few *Days*, both *you will rejoice* in earneſt *to yourſelf*, and *give* me *Thanks*, who adviſed you to it.

COLLOQUIUM SENILE.

Euſebius, Pampyrus, Polygamus, Glycion.

Eu. QUAS *novas* aves *video* hic? *Niſi* animus *fallit* me, *aut* oculi *proſpiciunt* parùm, *video* tres *veteres* congerrones *meos* confidentes, *Pampyrum*, Polygamum, *et* Glycionem.

WHAT *new* Birds *do I ſee* here? *Unleſs* my Mind *deceives* me, *or* my Eyes *diſcern* but little, *I ſee* three *old* Companions *of mine* ſitting together, *Pampyrus*, Polygamus, *and* Glycion.

Pa. Quid tibi vis *cum* vitreis *oculis*, faſcinator? *Congredere* propius *Euſebi*.

What do you mean *with* your glaſs *Eyes*, you Wizard? *Come* nearer *Euſebius*.

Po. Salve *Euſebi*, *multum exoptate*.

God ſave you *Euſebius*, much *longed for*.

Gly. Sit *bene* tibi *optime* vir.

May it be *well* with you *very good* Sir.

Eu. Una *ſalute*, ſalvete *omnes*. Quis *deus* aut *caſus* felicior *deo* conjunxit *nos*? Nam *nemo* noſtrum *vidit*

In one *Salutation*, God ſave you *all*. What *God*, or *Chance* more lucky *than a God*, has joined *us*? For *none* of us *has ſeen* another

alium

alium *jam* quadraginta *annis*, opinor. *Mercurius* non potuiſſet *contrahere* nos *in unum* melius *ſuo caduceo*.

Eu. Quid *agitis* hic?

Pa. Sedemus.

Eu. Video, *ſed* qua de cauſa?

Po. Operimur *currum*, qui *devehat* nos *Antwerpiam*.

Eu. Ad mercatum?

Po. Scilicet; *ſed* ſpectatores *magis* quam *negotiatores*.

Eu. Et *nobis eſt iter* eodem. *Verum* quid *obſtat*, quo minus eatis?

Po. Nondum convenit *cum* aurigis.

Eu. Difficile *genus* hominum; *ſed* viſne *ut* imponamus illis?

Po. Liberet *ſi* liceret.

Eu. Simulemus *nos* velle *abire* ſimul *pedibus*.

Po. Credant *citius* cancros *volaturos*, quam *nos* tam *grandes* confecturos *hoc* iter *pedibus*.

Gl. Vultis *rectum* ac *verum* conſilium?

Po. Maxime.

now this forty *Years*, I think. *Mercury* could not *have brought* us *together* better *with his Rod*.

What *are you doing* here?

We are ſitting.

I ſee, *but* for what Cauſe?

We are waiting for *a Coach*, that *ſhould carry* us *to Antwerp*.

To the Mart?

Yes; *but* Spectators *more* than *Traders*.

And *I am travelling* to the ſame Place. *But* what *hinders* that you do not go?

We are not yet agreed *with* the Coachmen.

A hard *Kind* of Men: *But* are you willing *that* we ſhould impoſe upon them?

It would pleaſe me *if* it could be.

Let us pretend *that we* will *go* together *on Foot*.

They would believe *ſooner* that Crabs *would fly*, than *that we* ſo *elderly* ſhould diſpatch *this* Journey *on Foot*.

Would you have *right* and *true* Advice?

Yes.

Gl. Illi

Gl. Illi *potant*, quo diutius *faciunt* id, *hoc* plus *periculi* erit, *ne alicubi* dejiciant *nos* in lutum.

P. Oportet venias *admodum diluculo*, ſi *velis* aurigam *ſobrium*.

Gl. Quo *perveniamus* maturius *Antverpiam*, ſtipulemus *currum* nobis *quatuor* ſolis. *Cenſeo* tantillum *pecuniæ* contemnendum. *Hoc* damnum *penſabitur* multis *commoditatibus*. Sedebimus *commodius*, ac *tranſigemus* hoc *iter* ſuaviſſime *mutuis* fabulis.

Po. Glycion *ſuadet* recte.

Gl. Tranſegi. *Conſcendamus*. Voh! *nunc* libet *vivere*, poſteaquam *contigit* mihi *videre* ſodales *olim* cariſſimos, *ex* tanto intervallo.

Eu. Ac *videor* mihi *reputeſcere*.

Po. Quot *annos* ſupputatis, *ex quo* convixiſtis *Lutetiæ*?

Eu. Arbitror *non* pauciores *quadraginta* duobus,

They *are drinking*, the longer *they do* that, *ſo much* the more *Danger* will there be, *leſt ſome where* they throw *us* into the Dirt.

You muſt come *very early*, if *you will have* a Coachman *ſober*.

That *we may come* the ſooner *to Antwerp*, let us hire *a Coach* for us *four* alone. *I think* that ſo little *Money* is to be deſpiſed. *This* Loſs *will be made up* by many *Conveniences*. We ſhall ſit *more conveniently*, and *ſhall paſs* this *Journey* moſt ſweetly *in mutual* Stories.

Glycion *adviſes* right.

I have bargained. *Let us go in*. Oh! *now* I have a Mind *to live*, after *it has happened* to me *to ſee* Companions *formerly* very dear *after* ſo long an Interval.

And *I ſeem* to myſelf *to grow young again*.

How *many Years* do you count it *ſince* we lived together *at Paris*.

I think *no* fewer *than forty* two.

Po.

Po. Tum *videbamur* omnes æquales?

Then *we seemed* all of an Age.

Eu. Ita *eramus* ferme, *aut* si *erat* quid *discriminis*, erat *perpusillum*.

So *we were* almoſt, *or* if *there was* any thing *of Difference*, it was *very little*.

Pa. At *nunc* quanta *inæqualitas*? Nam *Glycion*, habet *nihil* ſenii, *et* Poligamus *queat* videri *hujus avus*.

But *now* how great is *the Inequality*; For *Glycion* has *nothing* of old Age, *and* Polygamus *might* ſeem *his Grand Father*.

Fu. Profecto *ſic* res *habet*. Quid rei *in cauſa*?

Truly *ſo* the Thing *is*. What Thing *is the Occaſion*?

Pa. Quid? *Aut* hic *ceſſavit* ac *reſtitit* in curſu, *aut* ille *antevertit*.

What? *Either* he *has loitered* and *ſtopped* in the Race, *or* the other *has outran him*.

Eu. Oh! *anni* non ceſſant, *quantumvis* homines *ceſſent*.

Oh! *Years* do not loiter, *how much ſoever* Men *may loiter*.

Po. Die *bona* fide, *Glycion*, quot *annos* numeras?

Tell me *in good* Faith, *Glycion*, how many *Years* do you reckon?

Gl. Plures *quam* ducatos.

More *than* Ducats.

Po. Quot *tandem*?

How many *at laſt*?

Gl. Sexaginta *ſex*.

Sixty *ſix*.

Po. Sed quibus *artibus* nemoratus es *ſenectutem*? Nam *neque* canities, *neque* rugoſa *cutis* adeſt. *Oculi* vigent, *ſerius* dentium *utrinque* nitet, *color* eſt *vividus*, corpus *ſuccubantum*.

But by what *Arts* have you kept off *old Age*? For *neither* Hoarineſs, *nor* a wrinkled *Skin* is yet come upon you. *The Eyes* are brisk, *the Row* of Teeth *on each ſide* is neat, *the Colour* is *lively*, and the Body *full of Blood*.

Gl. Dicam *meas* artes,

I will tell *my* Arts, *ſo be*

artes, *modo* tu narres *nobis* viciſſim *tuas* artes, *quibus* acceleraſti *ſenectutem*.

Po. Recipio *me facturum*. Dic *igitur*, quo *contuliſti* te *relicta* Lutetia.

Gl. Recte *in patriam*. Commoratus *illic* fere *annum*, cœpi *deſpicere* de eligendo *genere* vitæ. *Quam* rem *ego* credo *habere* non *leve* momentum *ad felicitatem*. Circumſpiciebam *quid* ſuccederet *cuiquam*, quid *ſecus*.

Po. Miror *fuiſſe tibi* tantum *mentis*, cum *nihil* fuerit *nugacius* te *Lutetiæ*.

Gl. Tum *ætas* ferebat; *et* tamen, *o bone*, non geſſi *omnem* rem *hic* meo marte.

Po. Mirabar.

Gl. Priuſquam *aggrederer* quidquam, *adii* quendam *e civibus*, grandem natu, *prudentiſſimum* longo *uſu* rerum, *et* probatiſſimum *teſtimonio* totius *civitatis*, ac *meo judicio*, feliciſſimum *etiam*.

you tell *us* again *your* Arts, *by which* you haſtened on *old Age*.

I undertake *that I will do it*. Tell us *then*, whither *did you betake* yourſelf *after you left* Paris?

Directly *into my Country*. Having ſtaid *there* almoſt *a Year*, I began *to conſider* about chooſing *a Way* of Life. *Which* Thing *I* believe *to have* no *ſmall* Moment *towards Happineſs*. I conſidered *what* ſucceeded *with any one*, what did *otherwiſe*.

I wonder *you had* ſo much *Senſe*, whereas *nothing* was *more trifling* than you *at Paris*.

Then *my Age* allowed it; *and* yet, *good Sir*, I did not manage *the whole* Affair *here* by my own Conduct.

I wondered.

Before *I attempted* any thing, *I went* to one *of the Citizens*, elderly, *very wiſe* by long *Experience* in Affairs, *and* very well approved of *by the Teſtimony* of the whole *City*, and *in my Judgement* very happy *too*.

Eu. Sa-

Eu. Sapiebas.

Gl. Uſus *hujus* conſilio *duxi* uxorem.

Po. Pulchre dotatam?

Gl. Mediocri *dote*: ea *res* ceſſit *mihi* plane *ex animi ſententia.*

Po. Quot *annos* natus *eras* tum?

Gl. Ferme *viginti* duos.

Po. O felicem te!

Gl. Non debeo *totum* hoc *fortunæ*, ne quid erres.

Po. Qui fic?

Gl. Dicam, *alii* diligunt, *ego* delegi *judicio*, priuſquam *diligerem*, et *tamen* duxi *hanc* magis *ad poſteritatem* quam *ad voluptatem.* Vixi *cum ea* ſuaviſſime *non* plures *octo* annos.

Po. Reliquit *orbum?*

Gl. Imo *duo* filii, *totidemque* filiæ *ſuperſunt.*

Po. Viviſne *privatus*, an *fungeris* magiſtratu?

Gl. Eſt mihi *publicum* munus. *Majora* poterant *contingere*,

You were wiſe.

Uſing *his* Advice, *I married* a Wife.

With a good Fortune?

With a moderate *Fortune:* That *Thing* fell out *to me* truly *according to my Heart's Deſire.*

How many *Years* old *were you* then?

Almoſt *twenty* two.

O happy you!

I do not owe *all* this *to Fortune*, do not miſtake.

How ſo?

I will tell you. *Others* love *before* they chuſe, *I* choſe *judiciouſly*, before *I loved*, and *yet* I married *her* more *for iſſue* than *for Pleaſure* I lived *with her* moſt pleaſantly *no* more *than eight* Years.

Did ſhe leave you *childleſs?*

Nay *two* Sons, *and as many* Daughters *ſurvive her.*

Do you live *a private Perſon*, or *do you bear* any Office?

I have *a public* Office. *Greater Places* might *have fallen to me*, but *I choſe* this

verum

verum *delegi* hoc *mihi*, quod *haberet* tantum *dignitatis*, ut *vindicaret* me *a contemptu*, cæterum *minime* obnoxium *molestiis* negotiis. *Ita* nec est *quod* quisquam *objiciat* me *vivere* mihi. *Et* est unde dem operam *amicis* quoque *nonnunquam* : contentus *hoc* ambii *nihil* magis : *verum* gessi *magistratum* sic *ut* dignitas *accreverit* illi *ex me*. Ego *duco* hoc *pulchrius* quam *sumere mutuo* dignitatem *ex splendore* muneris.

Nihil *verius*.

Gl. Sic *consenui* inter *meos* cives *charus* omnibus.

Eu. Istuc *est* difficillimum, *cum* dictum sit *non* abs re, *eum* qui *habet* neminem *inimicum*, nec habere *quenquam* amicum ; *et* invidiam *esse* semper *comitem* felicitatis.

Gl. Invidia *solet* comitari *insignem* felicitatem. *Mediocritas* est *tuta*. Et *hoc* fuit *mihi* perpetuum *studium*, ne comparar *for myself*, because *it had* so much *of Honour*, that *it would secure* me *from Contempt*, but *not at all* liable *to troublesome* Business. *So* there is no Reason *that* any one *should object* that I *live* for myself. *And* I have it in my Power to be serviceable *to my Friends* too *sometimes* : content *with this*, I sought *no* more : *But* I bore *my Office* so, *that* Dignity *accrued* to it *from me*. I *reckon* this *handsomer* than *to borrow* Dignity *from the Splendour* of an Office.

Nothing *more true*.

Gl. Thus *I grew old* amongst *my* Citizens *dear* to all.

Eu. That *is* very hard, *seeing* it had been said *not* without Reason, *that he* who *has* nobody *his Enemy*, has not *any one* his Friend ; *and* that Envy *is* always *the Companion* of Happiness.

Gl. Envy *uses* to attend upon *extraordinary* Happiness. *A Mean* is *safe*. And *this* was *my* constant *Care*, not to procure to myself any Advantage *by the Dis-*

rem

rem quid mei commodi *ex incommodis* aliorum. *Ingressi* memet *nullis* negotiis, *sed* præcipue *continui* me *ab his*, quæ *non poterant* suscipi *sine* offensa *multorum*. Itaque *si* amicus *erit* juvandus, *benefacio* illi *sic*, ut *parem* nullum *inimicum* mihi *hac de causa*. Et *si* quid *simultatis* ortum fuerit *alicunde*, aut lenio *purgatione*, aut *extinguo* officiis, *aut* patior *intermori* dissimulatione. *Abstineo* semper *a contentione*; quæ *si* inciderit, *malo* facere jacturam *rei* quam *amicitiæ*. In cæteris *ago* quendam Mitionem, *arrideo* omnibus; *saluto* et *resaluto* benigniter. *Repugno* nulliusanimo. Damno *institutum* aut *factum* nullius: *præfero* me *nemini*: quod *volim* taceri, *credo* nemini: *non scrutor* aliorum *arcana*, et *si* forte *novi* quid *nunquam effutio*. Aut taceo *de his* qui *non sunt* præsentes, *aut* loquor *advantage* of others. *I thrust* myself *into no* Business, *but* especially *kept* myself *from that* which *could not* be undertaken *without* the Offence *of many*. Wherefore *if* a Friend *is* to be assisted, *I befriend* him *so*, that *I procure* no *Enemy* to myself *upon that Account*. And *if* any *Difference* arises *on any hand*, I either soften it *by clearing myself*, or *quash it* by Kindness, *or* suffer it *to die away* by taking no Notice. *I abstain* always *from Contention*; which *if* it happen, *I had rather* suffer the Loss *of Money* than *Friendship*. In other Things *I act* a Mitio, *I smile upon* all Men; *I salute* and *re-salute* kindly. *I oppose* no Man's *Inclinations*. I condemn *the Usage* or *Actions* of no Man. *I prefer* myself *before no body*. What *I would have* concealed, *I trust* to no body: *I examine not into* other Men's *Secrets*, and *if* by chance *I knew* any Thing, *I never blab it*. I either hold my Tongue *of those* who *are not* present, *or* speak *friendly* and *civilly*. A great *Part* of the Quarrels *amongst*

amice,

amice ac *civiliter*. Magna *pars* simultatum *inter* homines *nascitur* ex intemperantia *linguæ*. Nec excito *nec* alo *alienas* simultates. *Sed* ubicunque *opportunitas* datur, *aut extinguo*, aut *mitigo*. His rationibus *hactenus* vitavi *invidiam*, et *alui* benevolentiam *meorum* civium.

Men *arises* from the Intemperance *of the Tongue*. I neither excite *nor* promote *other Men's* Quarrels. *But* whereſoever *an Opportunity* is given, *I either put an end to them*, or *leſſen them*. By theſe Means *hitherto* I have avoided *Envy*, and *preſerved* the Good-will *of my* Citizens.

Po. Non ſenſiſti *cælibatum* gravem?

Did not you find *a ſingle Life* troubleſome?

Gl. Nihil *unquam* accidit *mihi* quidem *acerbius* in vita *morte* uxoris; *ac* optaſſem *vehementer*, illam *conſenescere* una *mecum*, et *frui* communibus *liberis*; ſed *quando* viſum eſt *aliter* ſuperis, *judicavi* ſic *expedire magis* utrique; *neque* putavi *cauſam* cur *diſcruciarem* me *inani* luctu, *præſertim* cum *is* nihil prodeſſet *defunctæ*.

Nothing *ever* happened *to me* indeed *more bitter* in my Life, *than the Death* of my Wife: *And* I could have wiſhed *mightily*, that ſhe *might have grown old* together *with me*, and *enjoyed* our common *Children*; but *ſince* it ſeemed *otherwiſe* to God, *I judged it ſo to be better* for both: *Neither* did I think *there was any Cauſe* why *I ſhould torment* myſelf *with vain* Mourning, *eſpecially* ſince *that* would do no good *to the deceaſed*.

Po. Nunquamne inceſſit libido *repetendi matrimonii*, præſertim *eum* iſtud *ceſſiſſet* feliciter?

Had you never a Deſire *to marry again*, eſpecially *ſince* it *fell out* luckily.

Gl. Inceſſit libido; *ſed* duxeram *uxorem*

I had Deſire; *but* I had married *a Wife* for the Sake cauſa

cauſa *liberorum*; non duxi *rurſus* cauſa *liberorum*.

of Children; I did not marry *again* for the Sake *of Children*.

Po. At *eſt* miſerum *cubare* ſolum *totas* noctes.

But *it is* miſerable *to lie* alone *whole* Nights.

Gl. Nihil *eſt* difficile *volenti*. Tum *cogita* quantas *commoditates* cælibatus *habeat*. Quidam *decernunt* ex omni re, *ſi* quid *incommodi* ineſt: *qualis* ille *Crates* videtur *fuiſſe*, cujus titulo *fertur* epigramma *colligens* mala *vitæ*. Iſtud *proverbium placet* his, *optimum* non naſci. *Metrodorus* arridet *mihi* magis, *decerpens* undiquaque, *ſi* quid *boni* ineſt. *Nam* ſic *vita* fit *dulcior*. Et *ego* induxi *animum* ſic, *ut* oderim *vel* expetam *nihil* vehementer. *Ita* fit, *ut* ſi *quid* boni *contingat*, non efferar *aut* inſoleſcam, *ſi* quid *decedat*, non admodum crucier.

Nothing *is* difficult *to one that is willing*. Then *conſider* how great *Advantages* a ſingle Life *has*. Some *take* out of every Thing, *if* any *Inconveniency* is in it? *Such as* that *Crates* ſeems *to have been*, under whoſe Name *goes* an Epigram, *collecting* the Evils *of Life*. That *Proverb* pleaſes them, *'tis beſt* not to be born. *Metrodorus* pleaſes *me* more, *gathering* from all Sides, *if* any *Good* be in a thing. *For* ſo *Life* becomes *more* pleaſant. And *I* have brought *my Mind* to that, *that* I hate *or* deſire *nothing* very much. *So* it comes to paſs, *that* if *any* Good *happens to me*, I am not elated *or* inſolent; *if* any thing *is loſt*, I am not much troubled.

Po. Næ *tu* es *philoſophus* ſapientior *Thalete* ipſo, *ſi* quidem *potes* iſtud.

Truly *you* are *a Philoſopher* wiſer *than Thales* himſelf, *if* indeed *you can do* that.

Gl. Si

Gl. Si *quid* ægritudinis *obortum eſt* animo, *ut* vita *mortalium* fert *multa* hujuſmodi, *ejicio* ex animo *protinus*, ſive *ſit* ira *ex offenſa*, ſive *quid* aliud *factum* indigne.

If *any thing* of Trouble *ariſes* in my Mind, *as* the Life *of Mortals* produces *a great many things* of this kind; *I caſt it* out of my Mind *immediately*, whether *it be* Anger *from any Offence* or *any thing* elſe *done* unworthily.

Po. At *ſunt* quædam *injuriæ* quæ *moveant* ſtomachum *vel* placidiſſimo: *et* tales *ſunt* frequenter *offenſæ* famulorum.

But *there are* ſome *Injuries* which *would raiſe* Reſentment *even* in the meekeſt Man: *And* ſuch *are* frequently *the Offences* of Servants.

Gl. Patior *nihil* reſidere *in animo*: ſi *queam* mederi, *medeor*: ſin *minus*, cogito *ſic*, quid *proderit* me *ringi*, re *habitura* nihilo *melius*? Quid multis? *Patior* ut ratio impetret *hoc* a me *mox*, quod *tempus* paulo *poſt* impetrabit *a me*. Certe *eſt* nullus *dolor* animi *tantus* quem *patiar* ire cubitum *mecum*.

I ſuffer *nothing* to ſettle *in my Mind*: If *I can* cure it, *I do cure it*: But if *not*, I think *thus*, what *will it ſignify* for me *to be vexed*, the Thing *being like to be* nothing *the better*? What needs many Words? *I ſuffer* Reaſon to obtain *that* of me *preſently*, which *Time* a little *after* would obtain *of me*. However *there is* no *Trouble* of Mind *ſo great* which *I ſuffer* to go to Bed *with me*.

Eu. Nihil *mirum* *ſi* tu *non ſeneſcis*, qui *ſis* tali *animo*.

No Wonder *if* you *do not grow old*, who *are* of ſuch *a Mind*.

Gl. Atque *adeo* ne reticeam *quid* apud amicos, *cavi* cum primis *ne committerem* quid *flagitii*, quod

And *accordingly* that I may not conceal *any thing* with my Friends, *I took care* eſpecially *not to commit* any *Crime*, which *might poſſet*

pessit esse *probro* vel *mihi* vel *meis* liberis; *nam* nihil *est* irrequietius *animo* conscio *sibi* mali. *Quod* si *quid* culpæ *sit* admissum, *non eo* cubitum, *priusquam* reconciliaro *me* Deo. *Convenire* bene *cum* Deo *est* fons *veræ* tranquilitatis: *nam homines* non possunt *nocere* his *magnopere*, qui *vivunt* sic.

be *a Scandal* either *to me* or *my* Children; *for* nothing *is* more restless *than a Mind* conscious *to itself* of any thing that is bad. *But* if *any* Fault *be* committed, *I do not go* to Bed, *before* I reconcile *myself* to God. *To agree* well *with* God *is* the Fountain *of true* Tranquility: *For Men* cannot *hurt* them *much*, who *live* so

Eu. Num *quando* metus *mortis* cruciat *te?*

Whether *at any Time* does the Fear *of Death* torment *you?*

Gl. Nihilo *magis* quam *dies* nativitatis *macerat*. Scio *moriendum*. Ista *solicitudo* fortasse *adimat* mihi *aliquot* dies *vitæ*, certe *possit* adjicere *nihil*. Itaque *committo* hanc *totam* curam *Deo*. Ipse *curo* nihil *aliud* quam *ut* vivam *bene* suaviterque.

No *more* than *the Day* of my Birth *troubles me*. I know *I must die*. That *Trouble* perhaps *would take away* from me *some* Days *of my Life*, however *it could* add *nothing*. Wherefore *I commit* this *whole* Care *to God*. I *mind* nothing *else* but *that* I may live *well* and pleasantly.

Po. At *ego* senescerem *tædio*, si *degerem* tot *annos* in *eadem* urbe, *etiamsi* contingat *vivere* Romæ.

But *I* should grow old *with Weariness*, if *I should live* so many *Years* in *the same* City, *although* it should happen to me *to live* at Rome.

Gl. Mutatio *loci* quidem *habet* nonnihil

The Change *of Place* indeed *has* something *of*

hil *voluptatis*; vero *ut* peregrinationes longinquæ *addunt* prudentiam *fortaſſe, ita* habent *plurimum* periculorum. *Videor* mihi *obire* totum *orbem* tutius *in* geographica tabula, *neque videre* paulo *plus* in hiſtoriis, *quam* ſi *volitarem* viginti *totos* annos, *ad exemplum* Ulyſſis, *per* omnes *terras* mariaque. *Habeo* prædiolum, *quod* abeſt *non* plus *quam* duobus *millibus* paſſuum *ab urbe*. Ibi *fio* ruſticus *ex* urbano *nonnunquam*. Atque *recreatus* ibi, *redeo* novus *hoſpes* in urbem: *nec* ſaluto *ac* ſalutor *aliter* quam *ſi* renavigaſſem *ex* inſulis *nuper* ir.ventis.

Pleaſure; but *as* Travelling into foreign Countries *gives* prudence *perhaps, ſo* has it *very much* Danger. *I ſeem* to myſelf *to paſs over* the whole *World* more ſafely *in* a Map, *and to ſee not* a little *more* in Hiſtories, *than* if *I roved about* twenty *whole* Years, *after the Example* of Ulyſſes, *through* all *Lands* and Seas. *I have* a little Eſtate *which* is diſtant *no* more *than* two *thouſand* Paces *from the City*. There *I become* a Countryman *of* a Citizen *ſometimes*. And *being refreſhed* there, *I return* a new *Gueſt* into the City; *nor* do I ſalute *and* am ſaluted *otherwiſe* than *if* I had ſailed back *from* the Iſlands *lately* found out.

Eu. Non adjuvas *valetudinem* pharmacis?

Do you not ſupport *your Health* by Phyſick?

Gl. Mihi nihil rei *cum* medicis. *Nec incidi* venam *unquam*, nec *devoravi* catapotia, *nec* hauſi *potiones*. Si *quid* laſſitudinis *aboritur*, propello *malum* moderatione *victus*, aut *ruſticatione*.

I have nothing to do *with* the Doctors. *I have neither opened* a Vein *at any Time*, nor *ſwallowed* Pills, *nor* drank *Potions*. If *any* Languor *ariſes*, I remove *the Evil* by a Moderation *of Diet*, or *living in the Country*.

Eu.

Eu. Nihilne tibi *cum* ſtudiis ?

Gl. Eſt ; *nam* in his *eſt* præcipua *oblectatio* vitæ. *Verum* oblecto, *non* macero *me* his. *Siquidem* ſtudeo *vel* ad voluptatem, *vel* ad utilitatem *vitæ*, non autem *ad oſtentationem*. A cibo *aut paſcor* literatis *fabulis*, aut *adhibeo* lectorem. *Nec* unquam incumbo *libris* ultra *horam*. Tum *ſurgo*, et *arrepta* teſtudine, *vel cantillo* obambulans *pauliſper* in cubiculo, *vel* repeto *mecum* quod *legerim*, et *ſi* congerro *eſt* in promptu, *refero* ; mox *redeo* ad librum.

Eu. Dic *bona* fide, *ſentis* nulla *incommoda* ſenectutis, *quæ* ferunt *eſſe* plurima ?

Gl. Somnus *eſt* aliquanto *deterior*, nec *eſt* memoria *perinde* tenax, *niſi* infixero *aliquid*. Liberavi *meam* fidem, *expoſui* vobis *meas* magicas *artes*, quibus *alo* meam *juventutem*. Nunc *referat Polygamus* pari

Have you nothing to do *with* Studies?

I have ; *for* in theſe *is* the chief *Diverſion* of my Life. *But* I divert, *not* torment *myſelf* with them. *For* I ſtudy *either* for Pleaſure, *or* for the Convenience *of Life*, and not *for Oſtentation*. After Meat *I am either cheared* with learned *Stories*, or *I employ* a Reader. *Nor* do I ever mind *my Books* above *an Hour*. Then *I riſe*, and *taking up* my Fiddle, *I either play* whilſt I walk *a little* in my Chamber, *or* I run over *with myſelf* what *I have read*, and *if* a Companion *be* at hand, *I relate it to him* ; by and by, *I return* to my Book.

Tell me *in good* Truth, *do you perceive* no *Inconveniences* of old Age, *which* are reported *to be* very many?

My Sleep *is* ſomething *worſe*, nor *is* my Memory *ſo* tenacious, *unleſs* I fix *any thing in it*. I have diſcharged *my* Credit, *I have related* to you *my* magical *Arts*, whereby *I keep up* my Youth. Now *let Polygamus relate* with the like *Faithfulneſs*, how

fide

fide, unde *collegerit* tantum *senii*.

Po. Equidem *celabo* nihil *tam fidos* ſodales.

Eu. Narrabis *etiam* tacituris.

Po. Cum *agerem* Lutetiæ, *ipſi* noſtis *quam non abhorruerim ab Epicuro*.

Eu. Sane *meminimus*, ſed *arbitrabamur* te *relicturum* iſtos *mores* una *cum* adoleſcentia *Lutetiæ*.

Po. Ex *multis* quas *adamaram* illic, *abduxi* unam *mecum* domum *eamque* gravidam.

Eu. In *paternas* ædes?

Po. Recta; *ſed* mentitus *eam* eſſe *conjugem* cujuſdam *amici* mei, *qui* venturus *eſſet* mox.

Eu. Credidit *pater* id?

Po. Imo *olfeeit* rem *intra* quatriduum. *Mox* fuere *ſæva* jurgia. *Nec* tamen *temperabam* interim *a conviviis*, ab alea, *cæteriſque* malis *artibus*. Quid multis? *he contracted* ſo much *old Age*.

Truly *I will conceal* nothing *from ſo faithful* Companions.

You will tell it *too* to thoſe who will hold their Tongues.

When *I lived* at Paris, *you yourſelves* know *how far I was from diſliking Epicurus*.

Indeed *we do remember*, but *we thought* that you *would leave* thoſe *Manners* together *with* your Youth *at Paris*.

Of *many* which *I had loved* there, *I carried* one *with me* Home, *and her* with Child.

Into *your Father's* Houſe?

Directly; *but* pretending *that ſhe* was *the Wife* of a certain *Friend* of mine, *who* would come *by and by*.

Did *your Father* believe it?

Nay *he ſmelt out* the Matter *within* four Days. *Preſently* there was *cruel* Scolding. *Nor* yet *did I abſtain* in the mean time *from Feaſts*, from Dice, *and other* bad *Arts*. What needs many Words? *When* my

Cum

Cum pater *non faceret* finem *objurgandi* negans *se* velle *alere* tales *gallinas* domi, *ac* subinde *minitans* abdicationem, *verti solum*, et *demigravi* alio *cum* mea *gallina*. Ea *genuit* mihi *aliquot* pullos.

Father *would not make* an End *of Scolding*, denying *that he* would *keep* such *Hens* at Home, *and* now and then *threatening* to discard me, *I ran away*, and *removed* to another Place *with* my *Hen*. She *brought* me *some* Chickens.

Gl. Unde *res suppetebat?*

Where *had you Money?*

Po. Mater *dabat* nonnihil *furtim*, ac *præterea* plus *satis* æris alieni *conflatum est*.

My Mother *gave me* something *by stealth*, and *besides* more *than enough* of Debt *was contracted*.

Eu. Reperiebantur *tam* fatui *ut* crederent *tibi?*

Were there any found *so* fooliſh *as* to truſt *you?*

Po. Sunt *qui* credant *nullis* libentius.

There are thoſe *who* truſt *none* more willingly.

Eu. Quid *tandem?*

What *at laſt?*

Po. Tandem *cum* pater *serio* pararet *abdicationem*, amici *interceſſerunt* et *compoſuerunt* hoc *bellum* his legibus, *ut* ducerem uxorem *noſtratem*, et *repudiarem* Gallam.

At laſt, *when* my Father *in earneſt* was preparing *to diſinherit me*, Friends *interceded*, and *make up* this *Difference* upon theſe Terms, *that* I ſhould marry a Woman *of our own Country*, and *divorce* my French Woman.

Eu. Erat *uxor?*

Was ſhe *your Wife?*

Po. Verba *futuri* temporis *interceſſerant*, ſed *congreſſus* præſentis *temporis* acceſſerat.

Words *of the future* Time *had paſſed betwixt us*, but *a Rencounter* of the preſent Time had been added to them.

Eu. Qui *licuit igitur* divertere *ab illa?*

How *could you then* part *from her?*

Po. Poſt *reſcitum eſt* eſſe meæ Gallæ *maritum* Gallum, *unde* ſubduxerat *ſe* pridem.

Eu. Habes *ergo* uxorem *nunc?*

Po. Non niſi *hanc* octavam.

Eu. Octavam! *Non dictus es* Polygamus *ſine* augurio. *Fortaſſe* omnes *deceſſerunt* ſteriles.

Po. Imo *nulla non* reliquit *aliquot* catulos *domi meæ.*

Eu. Ego *malim* tot *gallinas*, quæ *ponerent* ova *mihi* domi. *Non tædet* polygamiæ?

Po. Adeo tædet, *ut* ſi *hæc* octava *moreretur* hodie, *ducerem* nonam *perendie.* Imo *hæc* male habet *me*, quod *non liceat* habere *binas* aut *ternas*, cum *unus* gallus *poſſideat* tot *gallinas.*

Eu. Equidem *haud miror*; ſi *parum pinguiſti*, quocque *collegeris* tantum *ſenili*: nam *nihil* accelerat *ſenectutem* æque quam *immodicæ* atque *intempeſtivæ*

Afterwards *it was known* that my French-woman had *a Huſband* a French-man, *from whom* ſhe had withdrawn *herſelf* long before.

Have you *therefore* a Wife *now?*

But *this* eighth.

An eighth! *You were not called* Polygamus *without* Augury. *Perhaps* they all *died* barren.

Nay *every one* left *ſome* young ones *in my Houſe.*

I *had rather have* as many *Hens*, that *might lay* Eggs *for me* at Home. *Are you not weary* of marrying ſo often?

I am ſo weary, *that* if *this* eighth *ſhould die* To-day, *I would marry* a ninth *the next Day after To-morrow.* Nay *this* vexes *me*, that *it is not lawful* to have *two* or *three*, when *one* Cock *has* ſo many *Hens.*

Truly *I do not wonder*, if *you are not fat*, and that *you have contracted* ſo much *of old Age*: For *nothing* haſtens on *old Age* ſo much as *exceſſive* and *unſeaſonable* Drinking, *extravagant* Love

tive

tivæ compotationes, *impotentes* amores *mulierum*, et *immoderata* falacitas. *Sed* quis *alit* familiam?

Ho Mediocris *res* acceſſit *ex obitu* parentum, *et* laboro *gnaviter* manibus.

Eu. Deſciviſti *igitur* a literis.

Po. Plane *ab æquis*, quod aiunt, *ad aſinos*; ex heptatechno *factus* faber *monotechnus*.

Eu. Miſer!

Po. Nunquam vixi *cælebs* ultra *decem* dies, *ſemperque* nova nupta *expulit* veterem *luctum*. Habetis *ſummam* vitæ meæ *bona* fide. *Atque* utinam *Pampirus* narret *nobis* quoq; *fabulam* ſuæ vitæ, *qui* portat *ætatem* belle *ſatis*. Nam, *ni* fallor, *eſt* grandior *me* duobus *aut* tribus *annis*.

Pa. Dicam *equidem* ſi *vobis vacat* audire *tale* ſomnium.

Eu. Imo *erit* voluptas *audire*.

Pa. Ubi *redieſſem* domum, *ſtatim* ſenex *pater* cœpit *urgere* me, *ut amplecterer* aliquod

of Women, and *immoderate* Wantonneſs. *But* who *maintains* your Family?

A ſmall, *Eſtate* came to me *by the Death* of my Parents, *and* I work *hard* with my Hands.

You have deſerted *therefore* from Letters.

Indeed *from Horſes*, as they ſay, *to Aſſes*; of a Man of ſeven Arts *I am become* a Workman *of one Art*.

Poor Man!

I never lived *a ſingle Man* above *ten* Days, *and always* a new-married Wife *expelled* my old *Sorrow*. You have *the Sum* of my Life *in good* Earneſt. *And* I wiſh *Pampirus* would tell *us* too *the Story* of his Life, *who* bears *Age* well *enough*. For, *unleſs* I am miſtaken, *he is* elder *than me* by two *or* three *Years*.

I will tell you *indeed* if *you are at leiſure* to hear *ſuch* a Dream.

Nay *it will be* a Pleaſure *to hear it*.

When *I had returned* Home, *immediately* my aged *Father* began *to urge* me *o embrace* ſome *Way* of Life,

genus vitæ, *unde* nonnihil *quæstus* accederet *rei familiari*; ac *post* longam *consultationem* negotiatio *placuit*.

Po. Miror *hoc* genus *vitæ* arrisisse *potissimum*.

Pa. Eram *natura* sitiens *cognoscendi* novas *res*, varias *regiones*, urbes, *linguas*, ac *mores* hominum. *Negotiatio* videbatur *maxime* apposita *ad id*: ex quibus *nascitur* prudentia.

Po. Sed *miseria*, videlicet, *quæ* sit *emenda* plerumque *magnis* malis.

Pa. Sic *est*. Itaque *pater* numeravit *satis amplam* sortem, *ut* auspicarer *negotiationem*. Simulque *uxor* cum *magna* dote *ambiebatur*, sed *ea forma*, quæ *poterat* commendare *et* indotatam.

Eu. Successit?

Pa. Imo *priusquam* redirem *domum*, et *sors* et *usura* periit.

Eu. Naufragio *fortasse*.

Pa. Plane *naufragio*,

whereby something *of Increase* might accrue *to our Estate*: And *after* long *Consultation*, Merchandise *pleased me*.

I wonder *that this* Kind *of Life* pleased you *especially*.

I was *by Nature* greedy *of knowing* new *Things*, divers *Countries*, Cities, *Languages*, and *Manners* of Men. *Merchandise* seemed *the most* apposite *to that Purpose*: From which Things *ariseth* Prudence.

But *miserable*, truly *that which* is *to be bought* for the most part *with great* Evils.

So *it is*, Wherefore *my Father* gave me *a good large* Stock, *that* I might begin *my Merchandise* And at the same Time *a Wife* with *a great* Fortune *was courted*, but *of that Beauty*, which *might* recommend one *even* without a Fortune.

Did it succeed?

Nay *before* I returned *Home*, both *Principal* and *Use* was gone.

By Shipwreck *perhaps*.

Plainly *by Shipwreck*, for

gia, nam *impegimus* in ſcopulum *periculoſiorem* quavis *Malea*.

we ſtruck upon a Rock *more dangerous* than any *Malea*.

Eu. In quo *mari* occurrit *iſte* ſcopulus? *Aut* quod *nomen* habet?

In what *Sea* occurs *that* Rock? *Or* what *Name* has it?

Pa. Non poſſum *dicere* mare; *ſed* ſcopulus *eſt* infamis *exitiis* multorum. *Latine* dicitur *Alea*; quomodo *vos* Græci *nominetis* neſcio.

I cannot *tell* the Sea; *but* the Rock *is* infamous *for the Ruin* of many. *In Latin* it is called *Alea*; how *you* Greeks *name it* I know not.

Eu. O te ſtultum!

O you Fool!

Pa. Imo *pater* ſtultior, *qui* crederet *tantam* ſummam *adoleſcenti*.

Nay *my Father* was more fooliſh, *who* truſted *ſo great* a Sum *to a young Man*.

Gl. Quid *factum eſt* deinde?

What *was done* then?

Pa. Nihil *eſt factum*, ſed *cæpi* cogitare *de ſuſpendio*.

Nothing *was done*, but *I began* to think *of Hanging*.

Gl. Erat *pater* adeo *implacabilis*?

Was *your Father* ſo *implacable*?

Pa. Interim *excidi ab uxore*, miſer. *Nam* parentes *puellæ* ſimul atque *cognoverunt* hæc *auſpicia*, renunciarunt *affinitatem*; *et* amabam *perditiſſime*.

In the mean time *I was baulked of my Wife*, poor Man. *For* the Parent *of the Girl*, as ſoon as *they knew* theſe *Omens*, renounced *Affinity with me*; *and* I loved *moſt deſperately*.

Gl. Miſeret me *tui*. Sed *interim* quid *conſilii* tentatum eſt?

I pity *you*. But *in the mean Time* what *Courſe* was tried?

Pa. Id *quod* ſolet *in deſperatis rebus*. *Pa-*

That *which* is uſual *in deſperate Caſes*. *My Father*

ter abdicabat, *res* perierat, *uxor* perierat. *Quid plura?* Deliberabam *ferio* mecum, *an* ſuſpenderem *me*, an *conjicerem* me met *aliquo* in monaſterium.

Eu. Crudele *conſilium*. Scio *utrum* elegeris, *mitius* genus *mortis*.

Pa. Imo *quod* viſum eſt *mihi* tum *crudelius*, adeo *totus* diſplicebam *mihi*.

Gl. Atqui *complures* dejiciunt *ſe* eo, *ut* vivant *ſuavius*.

Pa. Corraſo *viatico* ſubduxi *me* furtim *procul* a patria.

Gl. Quo *tandem?*

Pa. In Hiberniam. *Illic* factus ſum *canonicus* ex horum genere, *qui* ſunt *linei* extime, *lanei* intime.

Gl. Hybernaſti *igitur* apud *Hibernos?*

Pa. Non. *Sed* verſatus *apud* hos *duos* menſes, *navigavi* in Scotiam.

diſcarded me, *my Subſtance* was gone, *my Wife* was gone. *What needs more Words?* I deliberated *ſeriouſly* with myſelf, *whether* I ſhould hang *myſelf*, or *put* myſelf *ſomewhere* into a Monaſtery.

A cruel *Reſolution*. I know *which* you choſe, *the milder* Kind *of Death*.

Nay *what* ſeemed *to me* then *the more cruel*, ſo *entirely* did I diſpleaſe *myſelf*.

But *a great many* put *themſelves* in there, *that* they may live *more pleaſantly*.

Having ſcraped together *Money for my Journey*, I withdrew *myſelf* privately *to a great Diſtance* from my Country.

Whither *at laſt?*

Into Ireland. *There* I was made *a Canon* of their Kind, *who* are *Linen* without, *and Woollen* within.

Did you winter *then* amongſt *the Iriſh?*

No. *But* having been *with* them *two* Months, *I ſailed* into Scotland.

Gl. Quid

Gl. Quid *offendit* te *apud* illos?

What *offended* you *among* them?

Ph. Nihil *nisi* quod *illud* institutum *videbatur* mihi *mitius* quam *pro meritis* ejus *qui* erat *dignus* non *uno* suspendio.

Nothing *but* that *that* Constitution *seemed* to me *more gentle* than *to suit the Deserts* of him *who* was *worthy* not *of a single* Hanging.

Eu. Quid *feceſti* in Scotia?

What *did you do* in Scotland?

Pa. Illic *ex lineo* factus sum *pelliceus* apud Carthusios.

There *of a Linen Man* I become *a Leathern one* amongst the Carthusians.

Eu. Homines *plane* mortuos *mundo*.

Men *plainly* dead *to the World*.

Pa. Ita *viſum eſt* mihi *cum* audirem *illos* canentes.

So it *appeared* to me *when* I heard *them* singing.

Gl. Quid, *mortui canunt* etiam? *Quot* menſes *egiſti* apud *illos* Scotos?

What, *do the Dead sing* too? *How many* Months *did you spend* with *thoſe* Scots?

Pa. Propemodum *ſex*.

Almoſt *ſix*.

Gl. O conſtantiam!

O Conſtancy!

Eu. Quid *offendit* illuc?

What *offended you* there?

Pa. Quia *vita* vita *eſt mihi* ſegnis *et* delicata; *deinde* reperi *multos* illic *cerebri* non *admodum* ſani, *ob ſolitudinem* ut *arbitror*. Mihi erat *parum* cerebri, *verebar* ne *totum periret*.

Becauſe *the Life* ſeemed *to me* lazy *and* nice; *then* I found *many* there *of a Brain* not *very* ſound, *becauſe of the Solitude*, as *I imagine*. I had *but little* Brain, *I was afraid* leſt *it ſhould all be loſt*.

Po. Quo *devolaſti* deinde?

Whither *did you fly* then?

Pa. In Galliam. *Reperi* illic *quosdam* totos *pullatos*, ex instituto *divi* Benedicti, *qui* testantur *colore* vestis *se* lugere *in* hoc mundo; *et* inter *hos* qui *pro* summa *veste* ferrent *cilicium* simile *reti*.

Into France. *I found* there *some* all in *black*, of the Order *of St.* Benedict, *who* testify *by the Colour* of their Coat, *that they* mourn *in* this world; *and* amongst *them* some who *for* their upper *Garment* wore *Hair-cloth* like *a Net*.

Gl. O gravem *macerationem* corporis!

O grievous *Mortification* of the Body!

Pa. Hic *egi* undecim *menses*.

Here *I spent* eleven *Months*.

Eu. Quid *obstitit*, quo minus maneres *illic* perpetuo.

What *hindered you* from staying *there* always?

P. Quia *illic* reperi *plus* ceremoniarum *quam* veræ *pietatis*. Præterea *audieram* esse *quosdam* multo *sanctiores* his *quos* Bernardus *revocasset* ad *severiorem* disciplinam, *pulla* veste *mutata* in candidam: *apud* hos *vixi* decem *menses*.

Because *there* I found *more* of Ceremonies *than* true *Piety*. Besides *I had heard* that there were *some* much *more holy* than these *whom* Bernard *had brought* to *more severe* Discipline, *the black* Garment *being changed* into a white: *With* these *I lived* ten *Months*.

Eu. Quid *offendebat* hic?

What *offended you* here?

P. Nihil *admodum*; nam *reperi* hos *sodales* commodos *satis*. Sed *Græcum* proverbium *movebat* me. *Itaque* decretum erat *mihi* non esse *monachum*,

Nothing *very much*; for *I found* these *Companions* good *enough*. But *the Greek* Proverb *moved* me. *Wherefore* I was resolved *either* not to be *a Monk*, or *to be* a Monk *remarkably*. I had

cham, aut *esse* monachum *insigniter*. Acceperam *esse* quosdam *Brigidenses*, homines *plane* cœlestes. *Contuli* me *ad hos*.

heard *there were* some *Brigidensians*, Men *truly* celestial. *I betook* myself *to them*.

Eu. *Quot menses* egisti *illic*?

How many *Months* did you spend *there*?

Pa. Biduum, *nec* id *sane* totum.

Two Days, *nor* that *indeed* entire.

Gl. Displicuit hoc genus vitæ *usque adeo*?

Did this Kind of Life displease you *so much*?

Pa. Non recipiunt *nisi qui obstringat* se *mox*. professioni. *At* ego *nondum adeo insaniebam* ut *præberem* me *facile* capistro, *quod* nunquam liceret *excutere*. Et *quoties* audiebam *virgines* canentes, *uxor* erepta *cruciabat* animum.

They admit no one *that does not bind* himself *immediately* to the Profession. *But* I *was not yet so mad* as *to put* myself *easily* into a Noose, *which* I should never be able *to shake off*. And *as often as* I heard *the Virgins* singing, *the Wife* I had lost *tormented* my Mind.

Gl. Quid *deinde*?

What *then*?

Pa. Animus *ardebat* amore *sanctimoniæ*. Tandem *obambulans* incidi *in quosdam* præferentes *crucem*. Hoc *signum* arrisit *mihi* Protinus, *sed* varietas *remorabatur* electionem. *Alii* gestabant *albam*, alii *rubram*, alii *viridem*, alii *versicolorem*, alii *simplicem*, alii *duplicem*. Ego, *ne relinquerem*

My Mind *was inflamed* with the Love *of Holiness*. At last *as I was walking* I lighted *upon some* carrying *a Cross*. This *Badge* pleased *me* immediately, *but* the Variety *hindered* my Choice. *Some* bore *a white one*, some *a red*, some *a green*, some *a party-coloured*, some *a single*, some *a double one*. *I, that I might not leave* any thing *untried*, wore *almost* all *the Sorts*.

quid *intentatum*, gessi *ferme* omnes *formas*. Verum *comperi* ipsa re, *esse* longe *aliud* circumferre *crucem* in pallio *seu* tunica, *quam* in corde. *Tandem* fessus *inquirendo*, sic *cogitabam* mecum, *ut* assequar *omnem* sanctimoniam *semel*, petam *sanctam* terram, *ac* redibo *domum* onustus *sanctimonia*.

But *I found* by the Thing itself, *that it is* quite *another Thing* to carry *a Cross* upon a Gown, *or* a Tunick, *than* in the Heart. *At last* being weary *with enquiring*, thus *I thought* with myself, *that* I may get *all* Holiness *at once*, I will go to *the Holy* Land, *and* will return *Home* loaded *with Holiness*.

Po. Num profectus es *eo*?

Did you go *thither*?

Pa. Maxime.

Yes.

Po. Unde *suppetebat* viaticum?

Whence *had you Money* for your Journey?

Pa. Demiror *istud* venire tibi in mentem *nunc* denique *ut rogares*, ac *non percunctatum fuisse* multo *ante*. Sed *nosti* proverbium, *quævis* terrâ *alit* artificem.

I wonder *that this* is come into your Mind *now* at last *to ask*, and *that you did not ask that* long *before*. But *you know* the Proverb, *any* Country *maintains* an Artist.

Gl. Quam *artem* circumferebas?

What *Art* did you carry about?

P. Chiromanticam

The Chiromantick.

Gl. Ubi *didiceras* eam?

Where *had you learnt* it?

Pa. Quid refert?

What signifies that?

Gl. Quo præceptore?

Under what Master?

P. Eo *qui* docet *nihil non*, ventre. *Prædicebam* præteri-

Him *who* teaches *every Thing*, the Belly. *I foretold* Things past, *present*, and

ta,

ta, *præsentia*, et *futura*.

Cl. Et *sciebas?*

Pa. Nihil *minus*; sed *divinabam* audacter, *idque* tuto, *videlicet*, pretio *accepto* prius.

P. Poterat *tam* ridicula *ars* alere *te?*

Pa. Poterat, *et* quidem *cum* duobus *famulis*; tantum *fatuorum* et *fatuarum* est *ubique*. Attamen *cum* adirem *Hierosolymam*, addideram *me* in comitatum *cujusdam* magnatis, *prædivitis*, qui *natus annos septuaginta*, negabat *se* moriturum *æquo* animo, *ni* adiisset *Hierisolymam* prius.

Eu. Et *reliquerat* uxorem *domi?*

Pa. Atque *sex* liberos *etiam*.

Eu. O senem *impie* pium! *Atque* rediisti *illinc* sanctus?

Pa. Vis *fatear* verum? *Aliquanto* deterior *quam* iveram.

Eu. Sic, *ut* audio, *amor* religionis *est* excussus.

to come.

And *did you know them?*

Nothing *less*, but I *guessed* boldly, *and that* safely, *that is*, my Reward *being received* first.

Could *so* ridiculous *an Art* maintain *you?*

It could, *and* indeed *with* two *Servants*; so many *foolish Men* and *foolish Women* are there *every where*. Yet *when* I went *to Jerusalem*, I joined *myself* to the Company *of a certain* great Man, *very rich*, who *being seventy Years old*, denied *that he* should die *with a contented* Mind, *unless* he went *to Jerusalem* first.

And *had he left* a Wife *at Home?*

And *six* Children *too*.

O an old Man *impiously* pious! *And* did you return *from thence* holy?

Would you have *me confess* the Truth? *Something* worse *than* I went.

Thus, *as* I hear, *the Love* of Religion *was* expelled.

Pa. Imo

Pa. Imo *magis incanduit*. Itaque *reversus* in Italiam, *addixi* me *militiæ*.

Nay *it was more inflamed*. Wherefore *returning* into Italy, *I applied* myself to *War*.

Eu. Itane *venabaris* religionem *in bello?* Quo *quid* potest *esse* sceleratius?

Ay, *did you hunt for* Religion *in War?* Than which, *what* can *be* more wicked?

Pa. Erat *sancta* militia.

It was *a holy* Warfare.

Eu. Fortassis *in Turcas?*

Perhaps *against the Turks?*

Pa. Imo *quoddam* sanctius, *ut* prædicabant *tum*.

Nay *something* more holy, *as* they said *then*.

Eu. Quidnam?

What?

Pa. Julius *secundus* belligerabat *adversus* Gallos. *Porro* experientia *multarum* rerum *etiam* commendabat *militiam* mihi.

Julius *the Second* waged War *against* the French. *Moreover* the Experience *of many* Things *likewise* recommended *War* to me.

Eu. Multarum, *sed* malarum.

Of many, *but* bad Things.

Eu. Ita *comperi* post. *Et* tamen *vixi* durius *hic* quam *in* monasteriis.

So *I found* afterwards. *And* yet *I lived* more hardly *here* than *in* the Monasteries.

Eu. Quid *tum* postea?

What *then* afterwards?

Pa. *Jam* animus *cæpit* vacillare, *utrum* redirem *ad* negotiationem *intermissam*, an *persequerer* religionem *fugientem*. Interim *venit* in mentem *posse* conjungi.

Now my Mind *began* to waver, *whether* I should return *to* Merchandize *which I had given over*, or *pursue* Religion *flying from me*. In the mean Time *it came* into my Mind *that they might* be joined together.

Eu. Quid?

Eu. Quid? *ut* esses *simul* et *negotiator* et *monachus?*

Pa. Quidni? *Nihil* religiosius *ordinibus* mendicantium; *et* tamen *nihil* similius *negotiationi*; volitant *per* omnes *terras* et *maria*; vident *multa*, audiunt *multa*, penetrant *in* omnes *domus*, plebeiorum, *nobilium* atque *regum*.

Eu. At *non* cauponantur.

Pa. Sæpe *felicius* nobis.

Eu. Quod *genus* ex his *delegisti?*

Pa. Expertus sum *omnes* formas.

Eu. Nulla placuit?

Pa. Imo *omnes perplacuerunt*, si licuisset *negotiari* statim. *Verum* perpendebam *sudandum mihi* diu *in choro* priusquam *negotiatio* crederetur *mihi*. Jamque *cœpi* cogitare *de venanda* abbatia. *Sed* primum *hic* Diana *non favet* omnibus, *et* venatio *est* sæpe *longa*. Itaque *octo* annis *consumptis* in hunc modum,

What? *that* you might be *at once* both *a Merchant* and *a Monk*.

Why not? *Nothing* is more religious *than the Orders* of the Mendicants; *and* yet *nothing* is more like *Merchandise*; they rove *through* all *Lands* and *Seas*; they see *many Things*, they hear *many Things*, they thrust *into* all *Houses*, of Commoners, *Noblemen*, and *Kings*.

But *they do not traffick*.

Oftentimes *more successfully* than *we*.

What *Sort* of *these did you choose?*

I tried *all* Sorts.

Did none please you?

Nay *they all pleased me very well*, if I might *have traded* immediately. *But* I considered *that I must sweat* a long Time *in the Company*, before *the Business of Traffick* would be trusted *to me*. And now *I begun* to think *of hunting after* an Abbot's Place. *But* in the first place *here* Diana *does not favour* all Men, *and* the Hunting *is* often *long*. Therefore *eight* Years *being spent* after this Manner, dum,

dum, *cum* mors *patris* effet *nuntiata*, reverſus *domum*, ex conſilio *matris*, duxi *uxorem*, et *redii* ad veterem *negotiationem*.

when the Death *of my Father* was *told me*, returning *Home*, by the Advice *of my Mother* I married *a Wife*, and *returned* to my old *Traffick*.

Gl. Dic *mihi*, cum *ſumeres* ſubinde *novam* veſtem, *ac* velut *transformareris* in aliud *animal*, qui *potuiſti* ſervare *decorum*?

Tell *me*, when *you took* now and then *a new* Coat, *and* as it were *were changed* into another *Creature*, how *could you* keep up *a Decorum*?

Pa. Qui *minus* quam *hi* qui *in* eadem *fabula* agunt *varias* perſonas?

Why *leſs* than *they* who *in* the ſame *Play* act *various* Parts?

Eu. Dic *nobis* bona *fide*, qui *expertus es* nullum non *genus* vitæ, *quid* probas *maxime* omnium?

Tell *us* in good *Earneſt*, you who *have tried* every *Kind* of Life, *which* do you approve *moſt* of all?

Pa. Omnia *non congruunt* omnibus: *nullum* arridet *mihi* magis *quam* hoc *quod* ſecutus ſum.

All things *do not agree* with all Men: *None* pleaſes *me* more *than* this *which* I have followed.

Eu. Tamen *negotiatio* habet *multa* incommoda.

Yet *Merchandiſe* has *many* Inconveniences.

Pa. Sic *eſt*. Sed *quando* nullum *genus* vitæ *caret* omnibus *incommodis*, orno *hanc* partem *quam* nactus ſum. *Verum* nunc *ſupereſt* Euſebius, *qui* non gravabitur *expli-*

So *it is*. But *ſeeing* no *Kind* of Life *is without* all *Inconveniences*. I mind *this* Province *which* I have got. *But* now *remains* Euſebius, *who* will not think much *to relate* ſome *Scene* of his *Life*.

eare aliquam *ſcenam* ſuæ *vitæ*.

Eu. Imo *totam* fabulam, *ſi* videtur, *nam* non habet *multos* actus.

Nay *the whole* Play, *if* it ſeems good, *for* it has not *many* Acts.

Gl. Erit *magnopere* gratum.

It will be *very* grateful.

Eu. Ubi *rediiſſem* in patriam, *deliberavi* apud me *annum* quodnam *genus* vitæ *vellem amplecti*; ſimulque *exploravi* me ipſum, *ad quod* genus *eſſem* propenſus *aut* idoneus. *Interim* præbenda *eſt oblata*, quam vocant, *ſatis opimi* proventus. *Accepi*.

When *I was returned* into my own Country, *I deliberated* with myſelf *a Year* what *Kind* of Life *I ſhould embrace*. And at the ſame Time *I examined* myſelf, *for what* Kind *I was* inclinable *or* fit. *In the mean Time* a Prebend *was offered me*, as they call it, *of a good rich* Income. *I accepted it*.

Gl. Hoc *genus* vitæ *vulgo* male audit.

This *Sort* of Life *commonly* goes under an ill Name.

Eu. Videtur *mihi* exoptandum *ſatis*, ut *humanæ* res *ſunt*. An putatis *eſſe* mediocrem *felitatem*, tot *commoda* dari *ſubito* velut *e cælo*, dignitatem, *honeſtas* ædes, *beneque* inſtructas, *ſatis amplos* annuos *reditus*, honorificum *ſodalitium*, deinde *templum* ubi, *ſi* libeat, *vaces* religioni?

It ſeemed *to me* deſirable *enough*, as *human* Affairs *are*. Do you think it *to be* a ſmall *Happineſs*, that ſo many *good Things* ſhould be given a Man *on a ſudden*, as it were *from Heaven*, Honour, *a handſome* Houſe, *and well* furniſhed, *a good large* yearly *Income*, honourable *Company*, and then *a Church*, where, *if* you have a Mind, *you may enter upon* Divine Worſhip?

Pa. Illic *luxus* of-

There *Luxury* offended

fendebat

fendebat *me*, et *infamia* concubinarum, *tum* quod *plerique* ejus generis *oderunt* literas.

Eu. Ego *non ſpecto* quid *alii* agunt, *ſed* quid *eſt* agendum *mihi*; et *adjungo* me *melioribus*, ſi *non poſſum* reddere *alios* meliores.

Po. Vixiſti *perpetuo* in iſto *genere?*

Eu. Perpetuo, *niſi* quod *egi* quatuor *annos* primum *Patavii*.

Po. Quamobrem?

Eu. Partitus ſum *hos* annos *ita*, ut *darem* ſeſquiannum *ſtudio* medicinæ, *reliquum tempus* theologiæ.

Po. Cur *id?*

Eu. Quo *melius moderarer* et *animum* et corpus, *et* nonnunquam *conſulerem* amicis. *Nam* et concionor *nonnunquam* pro mea ſapientia. *Sic* hactenus *vixi* tranquille *ſatis*, contentus *unico* ſacerdotio, *nec ambiens* quidquam *præterea*, recuſaturus *etiam* ſi *offeratur*.

Pa. Utinam *liceret* diſcere, *quod* cæteri *noſtri*, and *the Infamy* of Concubines, *and alſo* that *moſt Men* of that Way *hate* Learning.

I *do not regard* what *others* do, *but* what *is* to be done *by me*; and *I join* myſelf *to the better Sort*, if *I cannot* make *others* better.

Have you lived *always* in that *Way?*

Always, *but* that *I ſpent* four *Years* at firſt *at Patavium*.

What for?

I divided *thoſe* Years *ſo*, that *I gave* a Year and a Half *to the Study* of Phyſic, *the reſt of my Time* to Divinity.

Why *that?*

That *I might the better manage* both *Mind* and Body, *and* ſometimes *aſſiſt* my Friends. *For* I preach too *ſometimes* according to my Wiſdom. *Thus* ſo far *I have lived* quietly *enough*, content *with one* Living, *and not ſeeking* for any Thing *beſides*, and would refuſe it *too*, if *it ſhould be offered*.

I wiſh *we could* learn *what* the reſt of our Com-

noſtri

noſtri ſodales *agant*, quibuſcum *viximus* familiariter.

panions *are doing*, with whom *we lived* familiarly.

Eu. Poſſum *commemorare* quædam *de nonnullis*; ſed *video* nos *non abeſſe* procul *a civitate*; quare, *ſi* videtur, *conveniemus* in idem *diverſorium*. Ibi *per otium* conferemus *de cæteris* affatim.

I can *relate* ſome Things *of ſome of them*; but *I ſee* we *are not* far *from the City*; wherefore, *if* it ſeems good, *we will repair* to the ſame *Inn*. There *at our Leiſure* we will confer *about other Things* at large.

Hugitio Auriga. Unde *nactus es* tam miſeram *ſarcinam*, luſce?

Where *got thou* ſo miſerable *a Luggage*, Blinkard?

Henricus Auriga. Imo, *quo* defers *iſtud* lupanar, *ganeo?*

Nay, *whither* art thou carrying *that* bawdy Company, *thou Rake?*

Hug. Debueras *effundere* iſtos *frigidos* ſenes *alicubi* in urticetum, *ut calefierent*.

Thou ſhouldſt *have thrown* thoſe *frigid* old Fellows *ſomewhere* into a Bed of Nettles, *to warm them*.

Hen. Imo *tu cura* iſtum *gregem*, ut præcipites *alicubi* in profundam *lamam*, ut refrigerentur, *nam* calent plus *ſatis*.

Nay *do thou take Care* of that *Company*, to throw them *ſomewhere* into a deep *Ditch*, to cool, *for* they are more warm than *enough*.

Hug. Non ſoleo *præcipitare* meam *ſarcinam*.

I do not uſe *to overthrow* my *Load*.

Hen. Non! *Atque* vidi te nuper *dejecisse* ſex *Carthuſianos* in cœnum, *ſic* ut *emergerent* nigri, *pro candidis*. Tu *interim* ridebas,

No! *But* I ſaw *thee* lately *throw* ſix *Carthuſians* into the Dirt, *ſo* that *they came out* black, *inſtead of white*. Thou *in the mean Time*, laugheſt, *as if* the

ridebas, *quaſi* re bene geſta.

Thing had been well done.

Hug. Nec injuria; *dormiebant omnes*, et *addebant* multum *ponderis* currui meo.

Not without Reaſon: *They were all aſleep*, and *added* much *Weight* to my Coach.

Hen. At *mei* ſenes *ſublevarunt* meum *currum* egregie, *per* totum *iter* garrientes *perpetuo*. Nunquam vidi *meliores*.

But *my* old Men *have eaſed* my *Chariot* extraordinarily, *through* the whole *Journey* prating *perpetually*. I never ſaw *better*.

Hug. Tamen *non ſoles* delectari *talibus*.

Yet *thou doſt not uſed* to be pleaſed *with ſuch*.

Hen. Sed *hi* ſeniculi *ſunt* boni.

But *theſe* old Fellows *are* good.

Hug. Qui *ſcis?*

How *knoweſt thou?*

Hen. Quia *bibi* per eos *ter* per viam *inſigniter* bonam *cerevi*ſ*iam*.

Becauſe *I drank* with them *thrice* by the Road *extraordinary* good *Ale*.

Hug. Ha, ha, hæ. *Sic* ſunt *boni* tibi.

Ha, ha, hæ. *So* they are *good* with thee.

FINIS.

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